PEN NAMES AND PERSONALITIES

ANNIE RUSSELL MARBLE

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Pen Names and Personalities

By ANNIE RUSSELL MARBLE

PEN NAMES AND PERSONALITIES

A STUDY OF THE MODERN NOVEL

THE NOBEL PRIZE WINNERS IN LITERATURE

THE STORY OF LEATHER-STOCKING

Pen Names and Personalities

By

Annie Russell Marble

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY
NEW YORK ✦ LONDON ✦ MCMXXX

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To

MARY AUGUSTA JORDAN

INSPIRING TEACHER AND FRIEND

APPRECIATION IS HERE

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PREFACE

The genesis of this book may be traced to a course of lectures, given at Clark University, three years ago. By further research and friendly aid from authors and publishers, new material has been added to this nucleus on pseudonimia. The subject has proved both stimulating and entertaining, with unexpected avenues and side-tracks upon literary themes. No attempt has been made to include the scores of *journalists* who have taken pen names.

Grateful acknowledgment is here made to many publishers and individual authors who have coöperated generously in encouragement and information. To librarians in many places, especially in Washington, Boston and Worcester, is due unlimited appreciation of their untiring, cheerful assistance.

A. R. M.

Worcester, Massachusetts.

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CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

WHYS AND WHEREFORES OF PSEUDONYMS AND SOBRIQUETS

LET'S PRETEND! was the title of a recent book about children and for children. That title answers, in a general way, the query, "Why do so many authors disguise their real names?" It is the undying instinct of humanity, "Let's pretend!" Sometimes we wish to be "some one else." It is the expression of that dual, or triple, personality within the majority of men and women. The dramatic instinct in children to "dress up," to impersonate older heroes and heroines, recurs in every generation. The instinct may be less articulate in later years but it survives. If children pretend to be older than they are, there are middle-aged individuals and those of more mature years who seek to appear younger than they are. It is still "Let's pretend!" when facial powders and "liftings" are in favor, when age seeks to decoy youth by rejuvenating glands. When Hawthorne was urged "to put a coat of paint" on the Old Manse at Concord, he replied that he should "as soon think of rouging the cheeks of his venerable grandmother." That remark would not be so pertinent or polite to-day as it was eighty years ago.

To pretend is both the instinct and the privilege of authors for themselves and their creations. William J. Locke says of this dual personality:[1] "Hasn't a phase of

[1] W. J. Locke, *The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne* (Dodd, Mead, 1907).

the duality of our natures ever struck you? We have a primary or everyday nature—a thing of habit, tradition, circumstances; and we have a secondary nature which clamors for varied sensations and is quite contented with vicarious gratification. There are delicately fibered novelists who satisfy a sort of secondary berserkism by writing books whose pages reek with bloodshed. In the same way, predestined spinsters obtain vicarious enjoyment of the tender passion by reading highly colored love-stories."

Barrie writes whimsically of this dual nature in his Rectorial Address, "Courage," given at St. Andrews University, in 1922: "M'Connachie is the name I give to the unruly half of myself, the writing half. We are complement and supplement. I am the half that is dour and practical and canny; he is the farcical half; *my* desire is to be the family solicitor, standing firm on my hearth-rug among the harsh realities of the office furniture; while he prefers to fly around on one wing. . . . Beware of M'Connachie. You will all have your M'Connachies, luring you off the high road."

If the first explanation of literary disguises is the impulse, "Let's pretend!", the second is expediency. In every period of history, real names of statesmen, publicists and satirists have been hidden under evasive anonyms or pseudonyms. The specific names for disguises may be asterism, initialism, anonymity, pseudonymity, boustrophedon (where the real name is written backward) titlonym (or use of a mock title) or other forms listed by William Prideaux Courtney in *The Secrets of Our National Literature*.[2] Many pen names are symbolic, like

[2] W. P. Courtney, *The Secrets of Our National Literature* (1908), pp. 32, 33.

the familiar phrases, "Justice," "A Friend of Freedom," "An Observer," "An Objector," "A Dissenter," "Searcher for Truth." In earlier times, to sign one's own name to a political criticism in a review or a pamphlet might lead to death, imprisonment or exile. Although Defoe published anonymously his *Shortest Way with the Dissenters,* in 1702, his authorship was discovered, with the penalty of pillory and imprisonment "during the Queen's pleasure."

In more recent times, "Putnam Weale," correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph* for many years, wrote under his pen name rather than his own, Bertram Lenox Simpson, when he wished to disclose political conditions in *Indiscreet Letters from Peking, The Coming Struggle in Eastern Asia, The Truth About China and Japan* and *Why China Sees Red.* The publishers of *The Death of a Diplomat* say that the author's name on the title-page, "Peter Oldfeld," is a disguise for two men, a Swede and an Englishman, who have had close association with the League of Nations. Harold Begbie, who has recently died, used a symbolic pen name for his keen analyses of political leaders, that of "A Gentleman with a Duster."

For expediency's sake, Vladimir Jabotinsky, the head of the Palestinian Jewish Foreign Legion during the War and leader in later political activities of the Zionist Organization in Palestine, has written as "Altalena." Under this pen name is appearing this year *Judge and Fool,* based on the story of Samson and Delilah.

Another example of expediency, combined with consideration for the feelings of others, is in the pen name and work of "Ralph Connor," or the Reverend Charles W. Gordon of Winnipeg. He thought it would not be wise to use his own name in writing tales with the back-

ground of his experiences as "Sky Pilot" in camps, for he might lose the confidence of men whom he was helping. When he sent his first contributions to his editor-friend on a Canadian journal, he suggested the pen name of "Ralph Cannor." The latter word was a compound of the first three letters of Canada and Northwest. The editor wisely decided that a slight change would give a more musical sound, so he substituted an *o* for an *a* and the pseudonym was made.

This suggests a third reason for many disguises, namely, that of euphony. "Joseph Conrad" was more euphonious than Josef Theodor Konrad Korzeniowski. "Gyp" was an arresting substitute for the real name of Countess Sybille Gabrielle Marie Antoinette de Martel de Janville. "Marie Corelli" surpasses either Caroline Cody, or her adoptive name, Marion Mackay, in sound and romantic suggestions. When Frances Elizabeth MacFall wrote *The Heavenly Twins*, she chose the name of "Sarah Grand," because it was "simple, short and emphatic—not easily forgotten." "E. M. Delafield" is a clever paraphrase of the author's name, Edmée Elizabeth Marie de la Pasture. "Carmen Sylva" was both a symbolic and a musical disguise for Elizabeth, Queen of Rumania.

A fourth motive for evasion is that of *modesty*. This was more pronounced in earlier days than in current literature. An outstanding example of such motive, combined with that of expediency, is found in the history of the Brontë family, whose masks, as "Acton Bell," "Currer Bell" and "Ellis Bell," are studied, in the light of recent researches, in another chapter of this book. The same combined motives played their part in veiling the identity of Mary Ann Evans, as "George Eliot," and Mary N.

Murfree as "Charles Egbert Craddock." In the chapter upon women poets are specific examples of disguises for shy and sentimental motives.

If modesty and expediency have been exigent reasons for literary anonymity and disguise in the past, a more evident incentive in many writings has been that of challenge. It dominated the group of satirists of the Queen Anne age; it found echoes in American literature of the Revolutionary period and later. There have been "Bickerstaffs" and "Slingsbys" from the days of Steele and Swift to the present. "Iconoclast" has been a familiar pen name in several decades. "John Search" has had many companions before and since the times of Archbishop Whately. There have been "Preachers" and "Dons," from Joseph Dennie and Charles Kingsley to Leslie Stephen.

Two classes of writers delight to challenge and mystify the public—humorists and story-tellers of mystery and adventure. "Mark Twain," "Artemus Ward," "Petroleum V. Nasby," "Mr. Dooley" are examples of the first class; "J. J. Conington" or the scientist, Alfred Walter Stewart, "George W. Birmingham" or the churchman, Rev. Owen Hanney, and "S. S. Van Dine" are a few of the latter group. When Goldsmith, in despair because he failed to get a grip on public attention, wrote his *History of England, in a Series of Letters from a Nobleman to his Son,* he found a lucky ruse. Although the letters were attributed to different noblemen, the public curiosity was aroused and, in a few months, the real author gained both fame and money.

Sometimes the choice of a pseudonym is made deliberately and with purpose; more often it comes by chance.

"Clemence Dane," or Winifred Ashton, contemporary dramatist and novelist, answered a personal inquiry regarding her pen name thus: "Just chance! I was talking over with a friend the type of name that I thought effective for a pseudonym—and instanced 'Bow Bells,' 'St. Mary Axe,' 'St. Clement Dane' (city churches and names that I knew) and so, in a flash, arrived my own 'umbrella.'" It was the dullness of the printer in reading the word, "Æon," chosen by George W. Russell as his poetic *nom de plume,* that gave to him the two distinctive letters "AE." Agnes Russell Weekes became "Anthony Pryde" by a sudden, chance idea in her publisher's office. They were issuing, in the same year, her first American novel and that of Cabell—*Jurgen*—with great pride and hope for the latter, when, suddenly, the ban fell upon it from the decree of Anthony Comstock. So "Pride goeth before a fall and Anthony has caused our fall," was the suggestion that evolved the pseudonym of the English novelist.

Another droll explanation of a pseudonym, acquired by chance, is given by Josef W. Hall, or "Upton Close."[3] This adventurer in many lands, newspaper correspondent and author of books like *In the Land of the Laughing Buddha, The Revolt of Asia* and *Eminent Asians,* became "Upton Close" through the mistake of a telegraph operator. He sent a dispatch regarding fighting in China and ended with the words, "up close," meaning that he was near the scene of conflict. The telegrapher thought the words were his signature. This amused the editor so much that he used the words as a pseudonym, expanding later to "Upton Close," as more likely for a name. Many have been the hazards and escapes of this adventurer of

[3] *American Magazine,* October, 1928.

mingled blood—Swiss, French Huguenot and "Yankee from Maine," whose father had been partner of Joachim Miller, the poet.

Frequently a writer will take two or more pen names for different types of books. Examples, studied in more detail in later chapters, are Grant Allen, Isabel Ostrander, Anthony Wharton and Mrs. L. Adams Beck or "E. Barrington." An illustration of multifold disguises is that of Oswald Crawfurd. Born in London in 1834, son of John Crawfurd, noted diplomat, and the daughter of the editor of the *Morning Chronicle,* Mr. Crawfurd was given a clerkship in the foreign office soon after he left Oxford. To the end of his life, in 1909, he wrote several kinds of literature—travels, essays, political studies, poems, plays in verse and novels. To the London *Times* he contributed many of his sketches and essays. In spite of diplomatic tangles in his later life, he had happy experiences at Oporto and other stations. He chose, for his pseudonyms, "Archibald Banks," "Alex Freke Turner," "John Dangerfield," "Joseph Strange," "Humphrey St. Kayne," "George Windle Sandys" and "John Latouche." Writing under the last-mentioned mask in *Country House Essays,* in 1885, he apologized for the "impertinence of an author in using a feigned name," from modesty or "fear of the possible fierceness of critics."

"Ephesian" is a name that sounds a challenge; as a pseudonym it has been used by two dissimilar writers of our present generation, causing misapprehension and confusion. It was used first by Frederick Edwin Smith, First Earl of Birkenhead, who was born in 1872 and has written many valuable treatises on international law and kindred themes. In some of his writings, biographical

and economic studies, he has used "Ephesian" as a mask. Two years ago, in the revival of interest and books about Dickens, appeared *This Side Idolatry,* by "Ephesian." It was announced as a fictional biography, founded upon incidents in the life of Charles Dickens. The author was not Lord Birkenhead but Carl Eric Bechhofer Roberts, born in 1894, and author of various books on Russia and *The Brahmin's Treasure.* He has since written a life of the English statesman, Winston Churchill; both books on Dickens and Churchill have aroused much discussion and some resentment.

Inevitable misunderstanding because an author took the pen name of "Grant Allen," while the man with that real name had written under other pseudonyms, will be noted in a later chapter. Will the time come when pen names, like books, will be protected by "international copyright laws"?

Sobriquets and pseudonyms are sometimes confused. The latter are chosen by the author, or for the author, and are used as signatures on title pages. Sobriquets, on the other hand, are applied to authors by their friends or readers—usually synonymous terms—and remain in memory when reference is made to these authors. Among poets Pindar was called the "Theban Garden Swan," Burns was known as the "Ayrshire Bard," James Hogg was the "Ettrick Shepherd," and Whittier was the "Quaker Poet." As Bernard Barton sometimes called himself the "Quaker Poet," occasional confusion arose over this sobriquet. Because Carlyle seemed to identity himself with Teufelsdröch in *Sartor Resartus,* he was frequently mentioned by this character-name. Oliver Wendell Holmes became "the Autocrat," after his essays about this

individual "at the breakfast table." Izaak Walton won for himself the tribute of the "Compleat Angler."

The "Learned Blacksmith" has always been the identification card of Elihu Burritt, who plied his trade and extended his studies both in Connecticut and at Worcester and Boston, in Massachusetts, until his great skill in languages and his astute wisdom regarding treaties and world peace won for him international recognition. From his vigorous poems during the political agitation in the middle of the nineteenth century in England, Ebenezer Elliot was called the "Corn-Law Rhymer." "Sherlock Holmes" seemed so essentially real that his author, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, spent much time answering inquiries about *this* personality, in letters addressed to him with this character's name. R. J. Blackmore delighted to tell his friends that, in his neighborhood, it would be useless to ask for him as the "author of *Lorna Doone*," because he was everywhere known in Dartmoor as the "Market Gardener." James M. Bailey, editor of the Danbury *News* for more than a score of years before his death in 1894, was known throughout the country, where his wit was familiar, as the "Danbury *News* Man." Announcement of a new edition of the books by Robert Smith Surtees (1803-1864) recalls his creation of John Jorrocks, the sporting grocer of London, hero of *Handley Cross* and other books of humorous adventure. As "John Jorrocks," the author became known in the circles of literature and sport, especially the hunt, where he was an expert authority.

CHAPTER II

BOZ, TIBBS, PHIZ AND MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH

BOZ" was a familiar name in the Dickens family long before it was used as a pseudonym. This strange signature to the *Sketches by Boz,* that first appeared in print in August, 1834, was a name often spoken by Charles Dickens and his brothers and sisters in addressing the youngest child in that family of eight—Augustus, then seven years old. It was a contraction of "Boses," a nasal distortion of "Moses," and had been chosen by Charles Dickens because of his delight in *The Vicar of Wakefield.* Several years later, when Dickens had won his fame as author of *Pickwick,* his one-time teacher, William Giles, minister of the Baptist Church at Chatham (who had intuitively recognized the skill of the lad in writing and so shared his glory), sent him a silver snuffbox, inscribed "To the Inimitable Boz." This phrase so tickled the ears and vanity of Charles Dickens that he often used it in letters and chance writings.

Limited schooling was the preparation of Dickens for his work as novelist. Far more significant were his experiences in journalism, after he had "left the pursuit of the law for ever," in November, 1828, and had become a reporter, first on the London journal, *True Sun,* and later on the *Morning Chronicle.* He was nineteen years old when he began his reportorial adventures; as spokesman

for a group of reporters "on a strike," he met his future biographer, John Forster. The latter was immediately impressed by Dickens' "keen animation of look which would have arrested attention anywhere." To the adventures and hardships of those early days as reporter, Dickens often attributed his later literary material and methods.

While studying law he had acquired skill in stenography, which was of much service to him as reporter in the Houses of Parliament. During periods of parliamentary recess, he reviewed books and criticized theatrical performances for the *Morning Chronicle,* using his keen powers of observation. Afterwards he referred to John Black, then editor of this journal, as his first "recognizer," for he had said: "Any fool can pass judgment, more or less just or unjust, on a book or a play—but Boz can do better things; he can create works for other people to criticize. Besides, he has never been a great reader of books or plays, and knows little of them, but has spent his time in studying life. Keep Boz in reserve for great occasions. He will *aye* be ready for them." [1]

The first *Sketches* that Dickens wrote bore no signature. The pioneer installment of "Boz" was an article on "Hackney-Coach Stands," in a general column, "Sketches of London, No. 1," in the *Evening Chronicle.* Earlier he had written "a little something in secret and sent it to a magazine." Its appearance filled Dickens with excitement and nervousness that prevented him from "writing legibly for a time." The success of the *Sketches* gave him encouragement that soon became determination to

[1] Frederick George Kitton, *Charles Dickens, His Life, Writings and Personality* (1902), p. 29.

be a writer of fiction. Financially, they brought him small returns, even "the modest sum of half-a-guinea a page" proving too heavy a tax upon the resources of the *Chronicle's Monthly Magazine* where, in 1836, appeared *Sketches by Boz, Illustrative of Every Day Life.* Wisely, Dickens retained the copyright of his *Sketches by Boz* and sold this to John Macrone, the publisher, for one hundred pounds. These, with eight new papers by "Boz," were published the same year, 1836, in two volumes, with etchings by George Cruikshank. The financial response proved the venture worth the cost of the two volumes; other *Sketches,* with more Cruikshank illustrations, appeared the next year.

Meanwhile, Dickens had chosen another pseudonym for some contributions to Bell's *Life in London.* His part was entitled "Scenes and Characters" and was signed "Tibbs." For the publishers, Chapman and Hall, in 1836, he wrote two articles for *The Library of Fiction,* sketches in humorous vein, called "The Tugges at Ramgate" and "A Little Talk About Spring and the Sweeps." These reportorial pictures, which attested his industry and versatility, did not attract lasting interest but they paved the way for more important opportunities for "Boz." The exigencies of his parasitical father and mother, and the need of more remote surroundings, led Dickens to take "a bachelor's apartment" in Furnival's Inn, Holbein; first he had a "three-pair back" at No. 13 and later more cheerful rooms at No. 15. To the latter place came, in the early winter of 1836, Mr. William Hall of the publishing firm of Chapman and Hall, the same person to whom Dickens, or "Boz," had sold his first Sketch.

Robert Seymour, an artist of some fame, had a plan of

making illustrations, for *The Squib Annual,* of a series of cockney sporting characters. To Dickens was divulged this plan of a series, to be known as the "Nimrod Club," whose members, from lack of agility and sporting skill, should get into amusing difficulties and misadventures. "Boz" was asked to write the text for these humorous pictures by Seymour. Although flattered by the offer, Dickens was level-headed; he knew little of sports as such, so he made a counter-suggestion which was accepted—that he would depict a central character, called Pickwick, and that the illustrations should follow the text, not the reverse. An advertisement in the London *Times,* March 26, 1836, heralded this new series:

THE PICKWICK PAPERS. On the 31st of March will be published, to be continued monthly, price One Shilling, the first number of THE POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF THE PICKWICK CLUB, containing a faithful record of the Perambulations, Perils, Travels, Adventures and Sporting Transactions of the Corresponding Members. Edited by "Boz." Each Monthly Part embellished with four Illustrations by Seymour. Chapman & Hall, 186, Strand, and of all Booksellers.

The first installments of *Pickwick* were written at Dickens' bachelor lodgings in Furnival's Inn, but, before the series had been completed, the author (with his wife, Catherine Hogarth, and their infant son) had moved to the house at 48 Doughty Street, Mecklenburg Square. This is now a Dickens shrine and museum, visited by all members of the Dickens fellowship and many other tourists. There he wrote *Oliver Twist* and *Nicholas Nickleby.* At the time of Dickens' residence it "was a

self-included property, with a gate at each end, and a lodge with a porter in a gold-laced hat and the Doughty arms on the buttons of his mulberry colored coat, to prevent any one, except with a mission to one of the houses, from intruding on the exclusive territory."

From the first, "Boz" used real-life personages, in exaggerated disguises, for the leading characters in *Pickwick;* his contacts with life, as a reporter and as a theatrical hanger-on, gave him certain definite material. That he often found his drollest names on street or business signs, or passing vehicles, has been an accepted truth. He saw, accidentally, the name Pickwick on the door of a Bath coach owned by Moses Pickwick. The personality of its owner was that of one John Foster, a friend of Chapman, the publisher, with certain exaggerated features of this "fat old beau." In a notebook, kept by Dickens during his reportorial days, were such names as Mrs. Bardwell, Trotter, and Weller. When *Pickwick Papers* faced a possible failure in maintaining public interest, the introduction of Sam Weller (whose original was a low comedian in a play by Beazeley, called "The Boarding House") turned the tide again to fortune. From boyhood days in Chatham, Dickens had remembered the "Fat Boy," whose father kept the "Red Lion Inn"; his name was James Budden—and that last name was used in one of the *Sketches by Boz.*

Two tragic events interrupted the progress of the *Pickwick Papers.* Before the second installment had appeared, word was sent to Dickens that Robert Seymour, his illustrator, had committed suicide. Without doubt, the artist's temperament and his habitual overwork were contributory causes. The immediate shock of this death was even

less upsetting than a later claim, made by the widow of Seymour and supported by some of his friends, that *he,* not Dickens, was the originator of Pickwick and other amusing characters. This false claim was answered later by the novelist and his publishers. The immediate need was to find a successor as illustrator for the work of "Boz."

Only three unfinished drawings for the second series of *Pickwick Papers* had been left by Seymour. The most desirable successor would be Cruikshank, but he was already too busy with other work. He sent a nineteen-year-old youth, John Leech, who was afterwards to become one of Dickens' best friends, but he was rejected at that time. Another applicant who failed to please "Boz" was Thackeray, as we shall note later in this chapter. Another candidate, who was given a trial of two drawings in the third series, was Robert Buss—but he was soon dismissed. Then came another young illustrator, only twenty years old (recommended, like Buss, by John Jackson, an engraver for Chapman and Hall) by name Hablot Knight Browne. He was soon to have the pseudonym that matched well with "Boz," that of "Phiz." The success of *Pickwick Papers* was assured.

The second tragedy that delayed the appearance of the second and third numbers of this series was the sudden death of Mary Hogarth, the beautiful seventeen-year-old sister of Mrs. Dickens and a member of their household. She died in the arms of Dickens; her memory never became dim but rather strengthened with the years, as an emotional obsession with the novelist. As Rose Maylie of *Oliver Twist* and Little Nell of *The Old Curiosity Shop,* Mary Hogarth had her literary memorials. This

calamity so paralyzed, for a time, Dickens' writing faculty that he was unable to supply the monthly installments.

This interruption led, indirectly, to various more surmises about the real identity of "Boz" and the author of *Pickwick Papers*. One rumor stated that the series was not produced by a single individual but rather was "the joint production of an association, the different members . . . transmitted their various ideas and observation; that one of their number whose province it was to reduce them to a connected form, was, and had for many years been, a prisoner in the King's Bench!" Another statement was that the author, "bred to the Bar," had broken down in health and would never write more of *Pickwick*. Finally, "Boz" made a statement, explaining the causes of the delays, and continued his series.

When "Phiz" produced that sketch of Sam Weller cleaning the boots, and other vivid absurdities that were drolly human, the sales of the *Pickwick Papers* increased by leaps and bounds—from hundreds to tens of thousands. Some critics had found the previous numbers "cheap, even vulgar" in its humor; the interest was weakening. Then came the union of Pickwick and Sam Weller, of the joint art of "Boz" and "Phiz." The result has been well summarized by that recent biographer of Charles Dickens, Ralph Strauss:[2]

With the meeting of Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller, not only had two quaint folk made friends; they were demanding to make friends with all the world. Not a man, woman or schoolboy but wanted to shake Mr. Pickwick by the hand and listen to Sam's cockney wisdom. They were so real,

[2] Ralph Strauss, *Charles Dickens; A Biography from New Sources* (Cosmopolitan, 1928), p. 105.

moreover, that it seemed even possible that you would find them round the corner, laughing together and delighted to meet you. And their adventures! The world they lived in! You knew it quite well, and yet it was a new world of enchantments.

Pickwick canes, hats and gaiters, Weller corduroys, and "Boz" cabs were the tribute of advertising, even in those 1830 days of undeveloped publicity. Dickens was ever the artistic "showman" and he helped on this public interest in him, his family and his writing. He added the name "Boz" to those of Charles Culliford by which his eldest son was christened. He took "readers into his confidence"; he frequented theaters and wrote "The Village Coquettes" and "a comic burletta"—"The Strange Gentleman, it being an adaptation of 'The Great Winglebury Duel' in 'Sketches by Boz.'" The latter play continued at St. James's Theatre for sixty nights. *The Lamplighter,* which was published later, was first written as a play; in manuscript, it may be seen in the Forster Library at South Kensington.

Sometimes Dickens left these plays unsigned on their first appearance. Sometimes he used another pseudonym, "Timothy Sparks," for more serious pleas for the poor and Sunday recreation, as in "Sunday under Three Heads: As it is; As Sabbath Bills would make it; As it might be made." The illustrations by "Phiz" were apt and appealing. This illustrator kept his *nom de guerre* longer than did "Boz," although the latter revived the pseudonym at times, notably in *Master Humphrey's Clock.* Under his own name he had become known as the author of *Oliver Twist* and *Nicholas Nickleby.* He was writing *Barnaby*

Rudge when he decided to establish "a cheap, weekly publication." He hoped to win success in this venture by a tale in which an old clock should become the "file" for old manuscripts, to be read to "a club of old cronies" who might foregather.

The announcement of *Master Humphrey's Clock* was unique: "Now wound up and going, preparatory to its striking on Saturday, the 28th March, Master Humphrey's Clock, maker's name—'Boz.' The Figures and Hands by George Cattermole, Esq., and 'Phiz.'" The title of this work, to appear in weekly installments, was from the maker of a famous timepiece, William Humphrey, at Barnard Castle, Durham. The clock was placed outside the shop of its maker and attracted the attention of Dickens when, in 1838, he was in the vicinity, investigating Yorkshire schools for material for *Oliver Twist*. With his usual suave address to his readers, "Boz" expressed, in the first number of this weekly tale, his hope that "while the reader counts the hours, it will sometimes cheat them of their heaviness, and that while it marks the tread of Time, it will scatter a few slight flowers on the Old Mower's path."

The identity of "Boz" had been divulged before the *Pickwick Papers* had been completed. In the seventeenth number of this series it was announced "that the publishers had completed arrangements with Mr. Dickens for the production of an entirely new work, to be published monthly, at the same price and in the same form as the *Pickwick Papers.*" This was *Nicholas Nickleby*. A few months previously, however, a doggerel had appeared in *Bentley's Miscellany* (March, 1837) thus:

Who the *dickens* 'Boz' could be
Puzzled many a learned elf,
Till time unveiled the mystery,
And 'Boz' appeared as *Dickens'* self.

A writer in Chambers' *Edinburgh Journal,* in commenting on *Pickwick Papers,* again divulged the author's name as "the fictitious signature of a young man named Dickens, who was for some years engaged as a writer on one of the London newspapers, which he enlivened with his humorous and graphic sketches. We are not aware that he is a native of London, but he has, at least by his residence there, made himself intimately familiar with the peculiarities of the people, chiefly of the middle and lower ranks, which he has the knack of hitting off in a singularly droll and happy manner."

To *Bentley's Miscellany* he contributed various editorials and humorous articles while he was writing *Pickwick* and *Oliver Twist.* Generally these were unsigned but often they were recognized as his work. Such was the protest, in ironic vein, entitled "Young Gentlemen," against a satirical collection of essays, entitled "Sketches of Young Ladies." The author of the latter—which were later published as a booklet—was E. Caswall, writing under the pseudonym of "Quiz." The popularity of *Sketches by Boz* and *Pickwick Papers, Edited by Boz,* brought the inevitable crop of imitations, both in titles and forms; among those still recalled are *Pickwick Abroad; or a Tour in France* by G. W. M. Reynolds, *The Posthumous Notes of the Pickwickian Club* by an impertinent writer signed "Bos," *Pickwick in India,* etc. "Phiz" suffered in the imitations; even a *Sketch Book by Bos* was

unchallenged and *A Penny Pickwick* sold for months to unsuspecting, uneducated buyers.[3]

Dickens experienced hours of triumph as well as irritating impostors and some severe criticisms. At the second "Pickwick dinner," held at the Prince of Wales Hotel, "Boz" was fêted and applauded, given "another check for £750 by his publishers, toasted by Talfourd and honored by the work of the landlord—a glittering temple of confectionery, beneath the canopy of which stood a little figure of the illustrious Mr. Pickwick."

"Boz" clung to Dickens throughout his travels and public readings. In the United States, on both of his tours, he was hailed by this pseudonym, in announcements and introductions. Sometimes he was called "Pickwick." Carlyle left a graphic description of him, after they met at dinner at the Stanleys':

> Pickwick, too, was of the same dinner-party, though they did not seem to heed him overmuch. He is a fine, little fellow—Boz, I think: clear, blue, intelligent eyes that he arches amazingly, large, protrusive, rather loose mouth, a face of the most extreme *mobility*, which he shuttles about—eyebrows, eyes, mouth and all—in a very singular manner while speaking. Surmount these with a coil of common coloured hair, and set it on a small, compact figure very small and dressed *à la* D'Orsay, rather than well—this is Pickwick. For the rest a quiet, shrewd-looking, little fellow who seems to guess pretty well what he is and what others are.[4]

In our decade, two biographers have stressed the personality of Dickens—Ralph Strauss in his *Charles*

[3] *Ibid.*, p. 119.

[4] J. A. Froude, *Thomas Carlyle,* Vol. I, p. 132; letter to John Carlyle, March 17, 1840.

Dickens; A Biography from New Sources and Edward Wagenknecht in *The Man Charles Dickens; A Victorian Portrait* which uses "psychographic methods" of analysis (1929).

Memories of "Boz," humorist and "showman," linger about Gad's Hill, the home of his later, restless years, after separation from his wife. He selected this as his future home, when he was a boy in Rochester. Two years ago this was a girls' school, retaining many mementos of the novelist. Here were the "fake books," designed by Dickens for his doorway library, with the droll titles *Cats' Lives in Nine Volumes, Religion of Henry VIII in Four Volumes* and other absurdities. The châlet, where he wrote his later books, leaving *Edwin Drood* an unsolved mystery, stands across the road, close to the Sir John Falstaff Inn. Unchanged was the room where he died, June 9, 1870, undaunted by failing health and eyesight.

When the reading public was laughing at the humor of *Pickwick Papers*, Thackeray, then considering himself an embryo artist rather than a novelist, foresaw and declared its true merits, in a letter to an American journal:

> I am sure that a man who, a hundred years hence, should sit down to write the history of our time, would do wrong to put that great contemporary history of *Pickwick* aside as a frivolous work. It contains true character under false names; and, like *Roderick Random*, an inferior work, and *Tom Jones* (one that is immeasurably superior), gives us a better idea of the state and ways of the people, than one could gather from any more pompous or authentic history.[5]

[5] Kitton, *op. cit.*, p. 44.

The personal relations between Dickens and Thackeray were, in the main, those of mutual appreciation and sincere regard. Dickens, as "Boz," outclassed the novelist of *Vanity Fair* and *The History of Henry Esmond* in popular acclaim during his lifetime. When Dickens and his wife—and the dog, presented by an American actor—arrived in England after the first visit to the United States, Thackeray wrote to John Braham: "It is a curious fact that both Boz and Titmarsh reached Liverpool the same day, but the journals have not taken notice of the latter. Gross jealousy!"

The pseudonyms used by Thackeray were caricatures, as were his drawings; they belong to the earlier period of his writings and are forgotten in memories of his more significant novels from *Vanity Fair* to *Pendennis* and *The Virginians*. Dickens was "Boz" throughout his life, in the addresses and letters of many acquaintances; "Michael Angelo Titmarsh" and his companions in disguise, like "Peter Perseus," "Jeames de la Pluche" and "George Fitz-Boodle," were submerged when Thackeray reached his full maturity. "Arthur Pendennis" remained a pen name associated with his later and best fiction.

The first pseudonym recorded of Thackeray was used by him as a student at Cambridge University when, with others, he was editing *The Snob,* and signing certain "Exercises in Malapropisms" with the name of "Dorothea Julia Ramsbottom." At Weimar he used his skill as caricaturist with pencil and pen. At Paris, where he was studying art, he became correspondent for certain English and American journals and wrote serious, discriminating articles upon art students, artists and books of the day.

In 1837 he was reviewing, for *Fraser's Magazine,* a book by John Henry Skelton, a work on etiquette to which the author had given the title *My Book; or the Anatomy of Conduct.* Assuming the disguise of a fashionable footman, with the name of "Charles Yellowplush, Esq.," Thackeray felt free to become as satirical as he wished about these observations of "Skeleton," as he "malapropoed" the author's name. The review pleased the readers and "Charles Yellowplush" was requested to write more comments upon society and books. Thus began the series, known as the "Yellowplush Papers," with the author's own caricatures. From this beginning followed the critical comments, the Sketches of Paris, Ireland and the East, signed by such varied pseudonyms as "Yellowplush," "Michael Angelo Titmarsh," "Lancelot Wagstaff, Esq.," or "Ikey Solomons, Esq., junior." He signed his own name, W. M. Thackeray, to the dedications of these Sketches in book form.

The success of Thackeray as a writer, in these first Sketches (and *Vanity Fair,* which was soon to follow) rather than his failure in becoming an artist, as has often been charged, was responsible for his literary development. He often referred to the episode of his application to Dickens to become an illustrator, after the suicide of Seymour, and almost always ended with comments of amused kindliness about "the lucky escape of Mr. Pickwick." Later, writing under his most familiar pseudonym, "Michael Angelo Titmarsh," he paid tribute thus to "Boz": "Long mayest thou, O Boz! reign over thy comic kingdom; long may we pay tribute, whether of threepence weekly or of a shilling monthly, it matters not. Mighty

prince at thy imperial feet, Titmarsh, humblest of thy servants, offers his vows of loyalty and his humble tribute of praise."

When Thackeray started, in July, 1844, on a tour of the East—upon less than thirty-six hours' notice—he prepared notes that were published the next year "By M. A. Titmarsh, author of 'The Irish Sketchbook,' etc." Colored drawings by the author gave unique charm to this book and, on the prefatory page, appeared the author's real name, W. M. Thackeray. The public became interested both in his work and his personality. The series, *Jeames Diary,* published with the same pseudonym in *Punch,* showed keen satire and spontaneous humor which were soon to take more permanent form. He continued to write reviews for *Fraser's,* including "A Grumble about Christmas Books," in January, 1847, which showed insight and courage, with a prophetic note.

Meantime, he had been planning—perhaps stimulated by the success of Dickens—a series of *Pencil Sketches of English Society,* to appear in monthly installments. They were offered to the editor of the *New Monthly Magazine,* Mr. Colburn, but, after consideration, were rejected by him as serials. Thackeray did not give up his faith in the Sketches, however, but continued writing them—and their final form and title became *Vanity Fair.*

The best-known of his stories, written for *Fraser's* as "Michael Angelo Titmarsh," was "The History of Samuel Titmarsh and the Great Hoggarty Diamond." It failed to win general favor but certain readers of critical acumen found in it great promise, as the following comment, in a letter from Carlyle to his mother, proclaimed: "I got hold of the two first numbers of the 'Hoggarty Diamond,'

and read them with extreme delight. What is there better in Fielding or Goldsmith? The man is a true genius, and with quiet and comfort might produce masterpieces that would last as long as any we have, and delight millions of unborn readers."

After Thackeray published his later novels and his *Lectures on the English Humorists,* readers realized the source of inspiration to certain qualities of his style, namely, his unusual devotion to the writers of Queen Anne's reign. Their influence may be traced in many passages of *Vanity Fair* and *Pendennis.* So wide was his fame when he came first to America, in 1852, that D. Appleton and Co. had arranged to publish some of his earlier Sketches, in *Punch,* that had been written under various pseudonyms. There are self-revelatory paragraphs in the preface which Thackeray wrote for this American edition of some of "Yellowplush" papers, with a final note of that kindliness and poise which characterized their author:

The careless papers written at an early period, and never seen since the printer's boy carried them away, are brought back and laid at the father's door; and he cannot, if he would, forget or disown his children. . . . It is said that those only who win should laugh: I think, in this case, my readers will not grudge the losing side its share of harmless good-humour. If I have contributed to theirs, or provided them with means of amusement, I am glad to think my books have found favour with the American public, as I am proud to own the great and cordial welcome with which they have received me.

CHAPTER III

NEW LIGHT ON THE PSEUDONYMS OF THE BRONTES

AMONG the *De Quincey Memorials,* edited by Alexander H. Japp, is the following letter from Charlotte Brontë to De Quincey, which is both graphic and plucky:

June 16, 1847

SIR:

My relatives, Ellis and Acton Bell, and myself, heedless of the repeated warnings of various respectable publishers, have committed the rash act of printing a volume of poems.

The consequences predicted have, of course, overtaken us; our book is found to be a drug; no man needs it or heeds it. In the space of a year our publisher has disposed of but two copies, and by what painful efforts he succeeded in getting rid of these two, himself only knows.

Before transferring the edition to the trunkmakers, we have decided on distributing as presents a few copies of what we can not sell; and we beg to offer you one in acknowledgment of the pleasure and profit we have often and long derived from your works.

I am, sir, yours very respectfully,

CURRER BELL

The publication of these poems by Charlotte ("Currer"), Anne ("Acton") and Emily ("Ellis Bell") was precipitated by two events of the years that immediately preceded—the discovery by Charlotte of Emily's sheaf of

poems, in the winter of 1845-46, and the small stipend which the sisters had inherited by the death of their aunt, Miss Branwell. Copies of the letters which Charlotte Brontë wrote, at first in her own name, to the publishing firm of Aylott and Jones are given by Clement Shorter in *Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle.* For their share of the cost of this first book of poems, she sent "a draft for £31, 10s., being the amount of your estimate." [1]

In spite of the collapse of their hopes for the poems, which had the simple title of *Poems by Currer, Ellis and Acton Bell,* the spring of the same year, 1846, found them arranging for the printing of their respective stories, "three distinct and unconnected tales," of *Wuthering Heights, Agnes Grey* and *The Professor.* In retrospect, it is surprising to find that, while *Wuthering Heights* and *Agnes Grey* were issued without much delay, Charlotte Brontë's novel, *The Professor,* traveled among several publishers without acceptance. Only after *Jane Eyre* had been published, with almost immediate success, in 1847, was "Currer Bell" recognized as a novelist of promise. To W. S. Williams, the reader for Smith and Elder, Charlotte Brontë was indebted for the advice and encouragement which created her masterpiece.

As "Currer Bell," she writes to her literary adviser of the "sort of heartache" with which she reads the "objections made to *Jane Eyre*—as 'godless and pernicious'—by good and earnest-minded men." She defends herself from the charge of lack of reverence—"impiety is very abhorrent to me"—and she asserts her *knowledge* of that phase of moral insanity which befell Mrs. Rochester. When a

[1] Clement Shorter, *Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle* (Dodd, Mead, 1896), pp. 325-6.

copy of *Jane Eyre* came into the neighborhood of Haworth, the feelings of Charlotte Brontë were tangled; she was delighted to hear a clergyman, who was reading the book, identify the very characters as "faithful and just" portraits; she was relieved, however, that "he did not recognize Currer Bell."

There was confusion regarding who wrote *Jane Eyre;* the *Athenæum* and other journals ascribed it to "Ellis Bell," accrediting *Wuthering Heights* to "Currer Bell." At times the curiosity about these writers became intense and threatening. It was surmised that "Currer Bell" might be a woman who "had violated every code, a woman who had forfeited the society of her sex." J. G. Lockhart gave credence to the "common rumour" that the three "Bells" "were brothers of the weaving order in some Lancashire town." After *Shirley* was published, one ardent correspondent of "Currer Bell" determined to "institute a search for him and sooner or later find him out."

What was the origin of "Currer Bell" as a pseudonym? *Bell* is a familiar patronymic in Yorkshire, as well as in Scotland. Romer Wilson and other biographers of the Brontë family are inclined to believe that Charlotte Brontë took this name because it was the middle name of Arthur Bell Nicholls, her father's curate and later her husband, but they fail to give convincing evidence.[2] *Currer* was a name found in families in Yorkshire.

Confusion regarding authorship of the novels became yet more entangled when it was suggested that the three volumes were really the work of one writer. Complications arose over the American publications. In March, 1848,

[2] Romer Wilson, *The Life and Private History of Emily Brontë* (Boni, 1928).

Charlotte was forced to take Anne with her to London to convince her publishers that there were, at least, "two Bells." Either she did not venture to take Emily, because of her health or, more likely, she could not have prevailed upon this most reserved, poetic and rebellious of the trio to reveal her identity. After this visit to her publishers, Charlotte begs them "not to speak of my sisters when you write to me. Ellis Bell will not endure to be alluded to under any other appellation than the *nom de plume.*"

From their childhood the Brontë sisters and their brother wrote heroic tales and "Gondal poems." A variety of disguises were chosen for *Tales of the Islanders* and other juvenile ventures. "Genius C. B." was one of Charlotte's; others were "Lord Charles Wellesley" and "The Marquis of Douro." Branwell was sometimes "John Flower," or "John Bud." [3] Anne wrote as "Lady Geralda," "Alexandria Zenobia" and "Olivia Vernon"; Emily's early mask was "R. Alcon."

The Brontë sisters and their brother have been discussed by psychologists and sensationalists. In a recent "psychological study" of Charlotte Brontë, by Rosamond Langbridge, there are only a few comments upon her literary work, but many surmises and deductions upon her "suppressed and passionate" personality: "Balked in some directions, and harassed by its balking, in others running unchecked and wild, Charlotte's imagination was at the root of all her ills." [4]

While Charlotte was, far-sightedly, gathering culture from all available sources with an expectation of some

[3] *Ibid.*, p. 128.

[4] Rosamond Langbridge, *Charlotte Brontë: A Psychological Study* (Doubleday, Doran, 1929), p. 182.

day becoming a governess—as her father's health and eyesight failed—she did not lose her romantic dreams or their expressions in writings and drawings by "Genius C. B." She disliked household tasks; it was Emily, the poet and intense romancer, who was most deft and industrious in sewing and embroideries, when such decorative effects were permitted the sisters in the rigid Haworth rectory, as they grew older. In tribute to Charlotte's initiative and persistence, one realizes that, without such agency, the world of literature would doubtless have lost the writings of the Brontë sisters. Within her was the revolt against inertia, the urge for expression of her innate thoughts and imaginations, as an antidote to her loneliness and repression. While she was a young girl, signing her verses and prose fancies by her initials, or as "The Marquis of Douro," she wrote an appealing letter to Robert Southey for encouragement, in 1837; she enclosed some verses and bits of revery:

Sir:

I most earnestly entreat you to read and pass your judgment upon what I have sent you, because from the day of my birth to this, the nineteenth year of my life, I have lived among secluded hills, where I could neither know what I was or what I could do. I read for the same reason that I ate or drank, because it was a real craving of nature. I wrote on the same principle as I spoke, out of the impulses and feelings of the mind nor could I help it, for what came out came out, and there was an end of it.

There was simplicity and open-heartedness about Charlotte, in contrast to the nature of Emily in whom there seemed ever to be a dual personality. Charlotte, or

"Currer Bell," could write "out of the impulses and feelings of the mind," of her loneliness, of the drudgery—"the drear, solitary work"—of her experiences as governess, of her later, intense love for M. Héger and other personal experiences in Brussels. Emily, by contrast, was the silent, seemingly passive, coworker in the household, making underwear for Charlotte and assisting old Tabby in various household tasks. None of these occupations, none of her anxieties about her brother, Branwell, found expression in the poems by "Ellis Bell." From the first years of writing verse, Emily was haunted by her dual personality. Romer Wilson believes that, even as a young child, she suffered from an obsession that she was not alone "an orphan child" but "a waif." She says: "The gloom of Emily's child-memories is frightful." [5] She emphasizes the "black visions" of that secret life which she hid from her family. Shirley, in Charlotte's later story, was modeled after Emily, but "she is not introduced to us until she is twenty-one. One feels that like Emily's poems, Shirley is Emily, edited by Charlotte and cut down."

The wind and the heath became the confidants of Emily; to them she told her lonely visions—perhaps her later, mysterious tragedy of love—her embodiment within herself of *one* nature, akin to that of her weird Heathcliff. One of the last literary expressions of the emotional sufferings of Emily Brontë was begun in 1845, *The Life of Julius, King of Angora,* but there were far earlier revelations of both her secret cravings for sympathy and her literary intensity. With abandonment of hope that love

[5] Wilson, *op. cit.,* p. 34.

can overcome hate, that gloom shall be vanquished, she wrote such lines as these:

And this shall be my dream to-night;
I'll think the heaven of glorious spheres
Is rolling on its course of light
In endless bliss, through endless years.

I'll think there's not one world above,
Far as these straining eyes can see,
Where Wisdom ever laughed at Love,
Or Virtue crouched to Infamy:

Where, writhing neath the strokes of Fate,
The mangled wretch was forced to smile;
To match his patience 'gainst her hate,
His heart rebellious all the while:

Where Pleasure still will lead to wrong,
And helpless Reason warn in vain;
And Truth is weak, and Treachery strong,
And Joy the surest path to Pain.

And Peace, the lethargy of Grief;
And Hope, a phantom of the soul;
And Life, a labour, void and brief;
And Death, the despot of the whole.

After Charlotte discovered these innermost expressions of Emily's sufferings of soul and spiritual doubts, she seems to have regarded her with surprise and misgiving, yet a willingness to shield her, as "Ellis Bell," from any chance revealment of her identity. She probably never understood this dual personality of her poet-sister. Per-

haps, as Romer Wilson intimates, she regarded her with mingled "fear and pity." In reminiscence, Charlotte wrote of this "discovery" of these personal poems: "My sister Emily was not a person of demonstrative character, nor one on the recesses of whose mind and feelings even those nearest and dearest to her could, with impunity, intrude unlicensed; it took hours to reconcile her to the discovery I had made."

Too soon did Emily find "Death, the despot of the whole," in her own life. With her characteristic reserve and industry, she refused to give herself care or to have medical attention when she suffered from a severe cold. To the last she fought valiantly—but in vain. It has been said that she rose, even as she was dying, to defy this "despot." Certain it is that her valiant faith triumphed at the last. Whether written before or after she completed her imaginative portrait of the devil-tormented Heathcliff, she voiced a mood of calm after storm in her poem beginning:

> No coward soul is mine
> No trembler in the world's storm troubled
> sphere.
> I see Heaven's glories shine
> And faith shines equal arming me from fear.

This poem was read at the funeral of Emily Dickinson; this mystic and romantic poet deeply appreciated Emily Brontë and her veiled tragedies.

Anne might well take the pseudonym of "Zenobia" for some of her earlier poems and tales. The use may have been mere chance, because Charlotte had written earlier of "Zenobia." Anne was never strong in health or will.

She was plastic before the culture-grasping Charlotte; she was the silent companion of Emily on their walks on the heath. She had none of the poetic fire of "Ellis Bell," nor the practical ambition of "Currer." She was always "dear, gentle Anne" in Charlotte's letters. The poems by "Acton Bell" were often melancholy, more appealing in religious cravings than those of her sisters. Two of these stanzas may have been an answer to rebukes for her melancholy:

In vain you talk of morbid dreams;
In vain you gaily smiling say,
That what to me so dreary seems,
The healthy mind deems bright and gay.

I, too, have smiled, and thought like you,
But madly smiled, and falsely deemed;
Truth led me to the present view,—
I'm waking now—'twas *then* I dreamed.

In later poems by "Acton Bell," like "The Three Guides," she shows a more mature, philosophic trend, with ending of "Hope and Peace and Love."

Anne and Emily had much in common; they were reticent and introspective. They loved flowers and purple heather, and winds and hills beyond Haworth. In her fiction, *Agnes Grey* and *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall,* Anne revealed her patience and persistence in narration rather than fire of imagination and inexplicable, tragic emotion like that of Emily. Into *Agnes Grey,* Anne Brontë wove many of her own experiences as governess. How far she and her sisters reflected, in their writings, the tragedy that was developing in their brother's character, it

is idle to surmise. To say that Branwell Brontë, drowning his frustrated love in sodden hours at the Black Bull, was the prototype of Emily's Heathcliff, is a statement without proof and probably wide of the mark. This abnormal conception antedated the later years of Branwell's downfall. The theory, sometimes hinted, that the leading character and situations in *Wuthering Heights* were the literary work of Branwell is another unsound insinuation.

With the unquestioned gentleness and simplicity of Anne Brontë's nature in memory, the writer of this book experienced an unusual incident in the summer of 1927. We were spending a few days in Scarborough, in England. Among associations with this beautiful, seaside town was a vague impression that here died, and was buried, Anne Brontë. Search located her grave in the old cemetery of St. Mary's Parish Church, close by the castle. The walls of the church still showed marks of the bombardment in the World War which came so close to the old town. Just inside the iron fence was the grave of "Acton Bell," with a stone on which one read, with ease, the inscription: "Here lie the Remains of Anne Brontë, Daughter of the Rev. P. Brontë, incumbent of Haworth, Yorkshire. She died, aged 28, May 28, 1849." Lying asleep on the flat part of this stone was a live lamb—for a flock of sheep was in the graveyard to keep the grass cropped—a white lamb, sleeping soundly on the grave of "dear, gentle Anne."

There were three deaths within a year of these Brontës, with their tragic background and diverse gifts: Branwell's end, in September, 1848, followed months of fearful depression and inebriety; Emily survived only a few weeks; and then Anne's "decline" culminated months of suffering

and grief. That Branwell's "cruel treatment" by his employer and the latter's wife was a mirage of his disordered emotionalism seems now established as a fact. No less intense were his sufferings, however, as revealed in his letters and unpublished poems, especially that imaginary desolation at the death of the woman whom he loved, entitled, "The End of All." He found it impossible to concentrate upon a long, poetic tale of "Morley Hall," because of "an agony to which the grave would be far preferable."

Only in his earlier writings did Branwell use his pseudonyms, "Captain John Flower, M.P." and "John Bud." He was ambitious to make a translation of Horace and he consulted Hartley Coleridge about this, after a visit of a day with the latter at Ambleside. He signed his later fragments with his initials, P. B. Brontë. That he had real talent with his pen, both in writing verse and making sketches, would seem to be proved by extant samples and the testimony of his friends. He dissipated his talents as he did his health; he lacked stability and nourished obsessions that he was the victim of jealous husbands or the object of hopeless passion. He was ever a lavish "spender" in his efforts to study art or to gain a livelihood as tutor or clerk.

Apparently, Branwell never knew of his sisters' publications. Such is evidenced in a letter from Charlotte to her publisher-friend, W. S. Williams, written in the fall of 1848[6] a few weeks after the death of Branwell:

I do not weep from a sense of bereavement—there is no prop withdrawn, no consolation torn away, no dear com-

[6] Shorter, *op. cit.*, p. 139

panion lost—but for the wreck of talent, the ruin of promise, the untimely dreary extinction of what might have been a burning and shining light. . . . My unhappy brother never knew what his sisters had done in literature—he was not aware that they had ever published a line. We could not tell him of our efforts for fear of causing him too deep a pang of remorse for his own time misspent, and talents misapplied.

Meantime, during that last year of Branwell's dissipation and its torturing reactions upon his family, Charlotte, or "Currer Bell," as she signed herself in letters to her publishers, was becoming famous through *Jane Eyre*. The discriminating reviews by George Henry Lewes and Thackeray, by Sir John Herschel and Leigh Hunt, made her proud yet humble; that her "efforts should have had such result, is a noble reward," she wrote. Already speculations were rife among critics regarding the identity of "Currer Bell." She wrote to Mr. W. S. Williams:

The *Weekly Chronicle* seems inclined to identify me with Mrs. Marsh. I never had the pleasure of perusing a line of Mrs. Marsh's in my life, but I wish very much to read her works, and shall profit by the first opportunity of doing so. I hope I shall not find I have been an unconscious imitator.

Another intimation was that "Currer Bell" was a veil for "Barry Cornwall," or Bryan Waller Procter. This is found, among other places, in a letter from Thackeray to Mr. Brookfield:[1]

Old Dilke of the "Athenæum" vows that Procter and his wife, between them, wrote *Jane Eyre,* and when I protest

[1] *A Collection of Letters of W. M. Thackeray, 1847-1855,* p. 29.

ignorance says, "Pooh! you know who wrote it—you are the deepest rogue in England," etc. I wonder whether it can be true? It is just possible. And then what a singular circumstance is the + fire of the two dedications.

That last reference is to the dedication of *Vanity Fair* to "Barry Cornwall" and the dedication of the second edition of *Jane Eyre* to Thackeray. That Charlotte Brontë was far removed from all literary gossip of the hour is attested by her complete ignorance of the domestic tragedy in Thackeray's life. Not alone the unfortunate resemblance between the case of his wife and that of Mrs. Rochester, in *Jane Eyre,* covered "Currer Bell" with mortification and distress when she knew the facts, but implications that the book had been written by a member of Thackeray's household. She refers to the scandalous report or rumor

that *Jane Eyre* had been written by a governess in his family, and that the dedication coming now has confirmed everybody in the surmise. . . . The very fact of his not complaining at all and addressing me with such kindness, notwithstanding the pain and annoyance I must have caused him, increases my chagrin. I could not half express my regret to him in my answer, for I was restrained by the consciousness that that regret was just worth nothing at all—quite valueless for healing the mischief I had done.[8]

Some of the finest tributes ever paid to Thackeray, as man and novelist, are in the letters by "Currer Bell" to Mr. Williams, her publisher:

[8] Shorter, *op. cit.,* p. 409.

He stands alone—alone in his sagacity, alone in his truth, alone in his feeling (his feeling, though he makes no noise about it, is about the most genuine that ever lived on a printed page) alone in his power, alone in his simplicity, alone in his self-control. . . . There is something, a sort of "still profound," revealed in the concluding part of *Vanity Fair* which the discernment of one generation will not suffice to fathom. A hundred years hence, if he only lives to do justice to himself, he will be better known than he is now.

The shy woman, confined to her Yorkshire setting and isolated from the literary currents of her time, proved to be both a critic of rare insight and a prophet. Mrs. Ritchie has unfolded what is too often the anticlimax to such high expectations when two celebrities meet—how her father, two years later, invited the Carlyles and other literary friends to meet "Currer Bell," the author of *Jane Eyre;* how the "tiny" lady entered in mittens, in silence, in seriousness; and how "every one waited for the brilliant conversation which never began at all." [9]

"Acton Bell" was deeply disturbed, apparently, by the severe criticism of her second melodramatic tale, *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall.* Charlotte wrote of her reticence but keen depression; she acknowledged "faults of execution, faults of art" but denied there were "faults of intention or feeling." She believed that "quiet description and simple pathos (like that in *Agnes Grey*) are Acton Bell's forte." When Mr. Williams urged upon "Currer Bell" the value of bringing her sisters with her, "to see something of London society," she seemed to shudder in her reply:

[9] Anne Thackeray Ritchie, *Chapters from Some Unwritten Memoirs* (1895), p. 63.

There would be an advantage in it—a great advantage; yet it is one that no power on earth could induce Ellis Bell, for instance, to avail himself of. And even for Acton and Currer, the experiment of an introduction to society would be more formidable than you, probably, can well imagine. An existence of absolute seclusion and unvarying monotony, such as we have long—I may say, indeed, ever been habituated to—tends, I fear, to unfit the mind for lively and exciting scenes, to destroy the capacity for social enjoyment.

Gradually, however, through the friendly urge of Mr. Williams, and the successful publication of *Shirley,* more people were told the secret of "Currer Bell," more friendly visits were paid to London and to Mrs. Gaskell in Manchester. She began to read more books by other authors, sent to her by her publishers. There is a tone of ironic humor—as well as a lack of hearty appreciation—of one of Jane Austen's novels, *Emma,* when she says: "I read it with interest and with just that degree of admiration which Miss Austen herself would have thought sensible and suitable."

"Curiosity hunters" began to invade Haworth and she writes: "I hope that our rude hills and rugged neighborhood will form a sufficient barrier to the frequent repetition of such visits." Would Charlotte Brontë, or "Currer Bell," have ever surpassed *Jane Eyre,* had she lived beyond her forty years? The query cannot be answered. After a few months of marriage to the persistent curate-lover, Mr. Nicholls, she followed her sisters—the last of the Brontës with distinctive, romantic personalities. "Rude hills and rugged neighborhood" still surround Haworth. The admonition, "Be ye also ready," may still be seen from the windows of the rectory, from which the sisters looked

upon the gravestones. Through the generosity of Sir James Roberts, the rectory is now a Brontë museum, to which many rare contributions have been sent from the library of the late H. H. Bonner of Philadelphia.

The spirit and the words of "Currer Bell" to her publisher-friend recur to mind, as one climbs the cobblestone hill to the dun, smoke-laden village, with the heath beyond:

> Lonely as I am how should I be if Providence had never given me courage to adopt a career—perseverance to plead through two long weary years with publishers until they admitted me? How should I be with youth past, sisters lost, a resident in a moorland parish where there is not a single educated family? In that case, I should have no world at all; the raven, weary of surveying the deluge, and without an ark to return to, would be my type. As it is, something like a hope and motive sustain me still. I wish all your daughters—I wish every woman in England—had also a hope and a motive.[10]

Charlotte Brontë was far-visioned and undaunted in aspiration.

[10] Shorter, *op. cit.*, *p.* 395.

CHAPTER IV

A STUDY IN CONTRASTS

AMONG the women writers of fiction during the nineteenth century, two have been targets for increasing discussion among biographers, even to the fourth decade of the twentieth century—"George Sand" and "George Eliot." New material about their personalities, new conjectures about their "womanliness" and emotional natures, have been published in such books of recent years as *George Sand: Some Aspects of Her Life and Work* by René Doumic, translated by Alys Hallard, *George Sand and Her Lovers* by Francis Gribble, *George Sand; The Search for Love* by Marie Jenney Howe (who has edited, also, *The Intimate Journal of George Sand,* revealing her relationship, in mental and emotional reaction, with Alfred de Musset); among new books upon "George Eliot" that by Arthur Paterson, *George Eliot's Family Life and Letters,* is photographic of her strongly domestic nature.

The first pseudonym used by Lucile Amandine Aurore Dupin—the baptismal name of "George Sand"—was "Jules Sand." It was signed, in 1831, to *Rose et Blanche,* the novel which she had written in collaboration with Jules Sandeau. The origin of the pen name is self-evident. Two years later she broke her emotional and literary links with Sandeau but she retained the last part of the pseudonym, changing the first name to George. This

break came in January; in June of that year, she met Alfred de Musset and then began the most significant influence in her development. The vicissitudes of her emotional life during the next two years—ardent love, illness and indifference on the part of Alfred de Musset, the effects of such changes upon the nature of "George Sand" —all these are reflected in her fiction written in Venice and the Journal to the poet, which was released, after fifty years, by her granddaughter, Aurora Sand, and edited by Mrs. Howe. In 1836 she met Chopin and the rapidly written novels of the next decade show indirect reactions from this later romantic love. With the estrangement of the musician and novelist, in 1846, "George abandons the search for happiness," writes Mrs. Howe.[1]

The purpose of this chapter is not to give a criticism of the literary work of "George Sand" or "George Eliot" but to show their personalities, in their relations with families and friends, and their influence upon development of literary expression among later women writers. It has been often said that, had not "George Sand" made an unhappy marriage, she probably never would have become the prolific and emotional writer that she was, nor would she have taken such a significant part in the "emancipation" of women from economic and social barriers. One might reverse the thought and say that had not "George Eliot" found inspiration and even literary urge in her relations with George Henry Lewes, it is doubtful if she would have become a novelist rather than a writer of critical reviews.

In introducing the personality of "George Sand," René

[1] Marie Jenny Howe, Ed., *The Intimate Journal of George Sand* (1929), p. 195.

Doumic [2] lays emphasis upon her prolific, persistent work for nearly half a century:

> For fifty times three hundred and sixty-five days, she never let a day pass by without covering more pages than other writers in a month. Her first books shocked people, her early opinions were greeted with storms. From that time forth she rushed headlong into everything new, she welcomed every chimera and passed it on to us with force and passion in it. . . . She had said what she had to say on nearly every subject; on love, the family, social institutions, and on the various forms of government. And with all this she was a woman. Her case is almost unique in the history of letters.

There was a marked contrast between the paternal and maternal families of Lucile Amandine Aurore Dupin, who was born in Paris on July 1, 1804. Her father had an aristocratic and brilliant inheritance, with certain adventurers among his ancestors, like Maurice de Saxe, who "adored the theatre" and the beautiful women connected with it. The mother of "George Sand" was the daughter of Sophie-Victoire Delaborde, a milliner, and granddaughter of a former inn-keeper and bird-seller. Both her father and mother were parents of two "children of doubtful birth" before they were married, a month prior to the birth of Aurore Dupin. From her mother she inherited the violent temper of her earlier life and her extreme jealousy. This mother, ignorant as she was, had a lively wit and a gift of mimicry. She was industrious and a skillful housekeeper and seamstress. The father of "George Sand," Maurice Dupin, was brilliant and fearless. He died, from an accident, at Nohant where his

[2] René Doumic, *George Sand* (Putnam, 1910), pp. 2-3.

mother lived, and here Aurore spent more time with her grandmother than with her mother in Paris. Country air gave her good health and fostered a tendency to "reveries," so that her mother once said, when a visitor commented upon the "stupidity" of the child, "Don't be alarmed. She is always ruminating about something." [3] The poetry of country life, contacts with animals and the children of farmers, and stories and legends of the countryside left impressions upon her later work.

With sensitive nature, she loved both her mother and her grandmother; she was often in conflict of heart and soul over social injustices. She said, in later life, that her "socialism was entirely the outcome of her suffering and torments as a child." [4] A tragic crisis came into her life at thirteen, when she heard her grandmother's comments upon the child's mother as "a lost woman" because of her past; Aurore was glad to be sent to the *Convent des Anglaises* for three years. Here her emotionalism found various expressions which she has described fully, with graphic portraits of some of the sisters. Back with her grandmother at Nohant, she had freedom, both in her wide, unguided reading and her friendships with young men in the neighborhood. When her mother remonstrated against her lack of decency in wearing boy's clothes and other unconventionalities, she wrote, "I am seventeen and I know my way about."

Intellectuality and sentimentality mingled in the nature of "George Sand" from youth to old age. She became fascinated by the writings of Rousseau, nor can one overstate this influence upon her development. After the death

[3] *Ibid.*, p. 12.
[4] George Sand, *Histoire de ma vie* (1876).

of her grandmother, the mother claimed companionship.

At the home of friends of the mother, James and Angèle Duplessis, she met Casimir Dudevant, the natural but recognized son of Colonel Dudevant of fine family. At eighteen Aurore Dupin became Baronne Dudevant, the wife of a man nine years her senior. She was a girl with distinctive, "fresh-looking" face. She describes herself at this age, in *Voyage en Auvergne,* as

> like those wild flowers which grow without any art or culture, but with gay, lively colouring. . . . I was gay but dreamy, and my most natural expression was a meditative one. People said, too, that in this absent-minded expression there was a fixed look which resembled that of the serpent when fascinating his prey. That, at any rate, was the far-fetched comparison of my provincial adorers.

From her later letters, and reflections in her fiction, the impression is strongly fixed that "George Sand" found her husband unsatisfying to her romantic nature, often cruel in certain ways that afflicted her sensitive, emotional nature, if not her health. After the birth of her son, Maurice, when the Dudevants were traveling for the health of the wife and "to escape the solitude of their home," she met Aurélien de Sèze; then developed the first of the emotional attachments in her life, which were to be succeeded by her more passionate relations with Alfred de Musset, Chopin and Flaubert. The friendship with Aurélien de Sèze was based upon congeniality of tastes and interests; the famous letter of November 8, 1825, written to her husband, which was read afterwards at the divorce trial in 1836, exonerated her from any criminal taint and showed her honesty of motive and

depth of feeling. The unhappy relationship between the Dudevants culminated, soon after the birth of their daughter, Solange, when a revelation of the evil habits of the husband and his grievances against "his idiotic wife," as he termed her, led to a resolve on her part to secure separation. Says M. Doumic: "Marriage, without love, friendship, confidence and respect, was for Aurore merely a prison. She endeavoured to escape from it, and when she succeeded she uttered a sigh of relief at her deliverance." [5]

In Paris, often walking the streets in the garb of a man for a disguise, she looked like a student, in her "sentry-box-coat," while she frequented museums, cathedrals, studios and theaters. Among her acquaintances was Jules Sandeau, "agreeable and light, like the humming-bird of fragrant savannahs," [6] with whom she found temporary happiness. This first *liaison* seems absurd, compared with her later *affaires* with poet and musician. She says that Sandeau appealed to her by "his youthfulness and his timidity." In a short time she wearied of him but, together, they had produced *Rose et Blanche,* her first published work as novelist. She had written stories and sketches since childhood. She had composed two novels while she was in the convent—one a religious story, another a pastoral, and she had written *Voyage en Auvergne.* To the *Figaro* she had contributed three short stories. In a letter to Bouciran, her former tutor and adviser, she says, in March, 1831, "Monstrosities are in vogue, so we must invent monstrosities. I am bringing forth a very pleasant one at present." This was the collaboration of

[5] Doumic, *op. cit.,* p. 51.
[6] *Correspondence,* December 1, 1830, 6 vols. (1882-84).

Rose et Blanche, ou la Comedienne et la Religieuse. The experiences of her years in convent life entered largely into this tale of the comedian and the nun. The gayety of certain scenes was her work but the vulgarity was that of Jules Sandeau. The landscape scenes are memories of her own journey to the Pyrenees, and sojourns at Auch, Guillery and other places. When her mother reproved her for the indecencies, she confessed that only parts of the story were hers, adding: "I only let certain things pass to please my publisher, who wanted something rather lively. . . . I do not like the *risqué* parts myself. There is nothing of the kind in the book I am writing now and I am using nothing of my collaborator's in this, except his name." This later novel was *Indiana* and was signed "George Sand." [1]

In *Indiana,* followed closely by *Valentine* and *Jacques,* "George Sand" portrayed the "usual woman, an extraordinary mixture of weakness and energy, of grandeur and of littleness, . . . clever in deceiving and easily deceived herself." Such was her analysis of these heroines in the first group of her Feminist novels. Unhappy marriages, misunderstood women, and deceived men, passion, beautiful scenery, ultimate freedom in love rather than untrue marriage—such are the elements mixed—not always *mingled,* in these novels. She won quick response and large income by these passionate, fearless tales of domestic unhappiness. However, depression came upon her overexcited nerves. The desolation and futility of life, as she viewed it at this time, was reflected in the first version of *Lélia,* in 1833.

In June of this year, just before *Lélia* was published,

[1] *Ibid.,* to her mother, February 22, 1832.

the man who left the deepest impression upon her personality and her romanticism had entered her life, Alfred de Musset. At twenty-nine, "George Sand" had unusual charm and ardent passions. She was acknowledged as a novelist of genius. Alfred de Musset, her junior by six years, was a philanderer and a poet, imaginative and gay. Their love affair developed rapidly, culminating in the trip to Fontainebleau and the later "romantic escapade" in Venice. The dramatic, or melodramatic, story of those months of illness, quarrels and reconciliations, strange love of both these lovers for Dr. Pagello, and the use which both poet and novelist made of their sentimental frenzies, is a familiar chapter in literary history. "Love is the only thing in the world that counts" was one of many sentences reiterated by the lovers or paraphrased in their writings.

"When George Sand was normal, she did her work. Whenever she lost her poise she wrote a journal. This manifestation of pent-up feeling seeking relief repeated itself several times in her life." In these words Marie Jenney Howe closes the "Notes on the Journal to Musset" in *The Intimate Journal of George Sand* which she edited.[8] The months of the Venetian "escapade" paralyzed the mental productivity of "George Sand" and reduced her social prestige in Paris and elsewhere. As modern psychiatrists urge their patients to unburden their obsessions by writing a journal, so this author sentimentalizes the love and estrangement between Alfred de Musset and herself; some of the passages are strained and affected, others are tense with feeling.

In August, 1836, a year and a half after the final

[8] Howe, *op. cit.*, p. 13.

estrangement from Alfred de Musset and the decree of separation and legal adjustment with her husband, "George Sand" went to Switzerland with her two children, where she stayed with Franz Liszt and Comtesse D'Agoult. From recollections of her life with Alfred de Musset, and springtime in Venice, she wrote *Lettres d'un Voyageur,* and other semi-autobiographical books. In estimating the personality of the more mature "George Sand" and her novels of current history and socialistic trend, one must recall, at this time, the influence upon her of Michel of Bourges. Although the sentimental woman uses extravagant phrases for her dependent affection for this "bald-headed provincial lawyer who wore spectacles and three mufflers," [9] yet he converted her largely to Republicanism and stirred her with a desire to serve humanity in a more impersonal way than her earlier, self-centered writings had achieved.

Through friendship with Liszt and Comtesse d'Agoult came the last of the disturbing, fervent crises in the emotional life of "George Sand"—her fluctuating love affair with Chopin. He was at the acme of his favor, as pianist, in salons of Paris; although much fêted, he was dreamy and delicate. He disliked women writers in general and dreaded to meet "this woman above all women, as like a priestess of Delphi, she said so many things the others could not have said." However, her sensitiveness to music and her maternal interest in the ill musician, overcame his prejudice. "George Sand," on her feminine side, was a capable nurse, as she showed in her care of Alfred de Musset and Chopin, and in her devoted oversight of the health of her children and grandchildren. It was a mis-

[9] Doumic, *op. cit.,* p. 150.

take, however, to travel in Spain at that time, with an invalid like Chopin, and "George Sand" acknowledged that the journey was "an awful fiasco," although it yielded her literary incentive to write *Un hiver à Majorque,* with its fine descriptions.

Eight years longer, from 1839, the intimacy, of a Platonic type in general, between "George Sand" and Chopin continued; both did creative work, the novelist's products culminating in *Lucrezia Floriani* in which she portrayed Chopin as Prince Karol, in spite of her occasional denial of such intention. For Chopin, "George Sand" had the same kind of "maternal affection" that Lucrezia had for Prince Karol. Many of the allusions to music that are poetic undertones in her later novels, like *La dernière Aldini* and *Consuelo,* may be traced to her contacts with Liszt, Chopin and Meyerbeer.

"George Sand" had written with incredible productivity; she had revealed her emotional tragedies in her Feminist novels and her dreams as an artist in her later literary evolution. There was a third class of fiction yet to be produced by this tireless writer, wholly unlike her erotic or her romantic novels, namely the stories of pastoral setting and socialistic keynotes, from *Jeanne* and *Teverino,* in 1844 and 1845, to *La Mare au Diable* and *La Petite Fadette,* in 1848. With all the enthusiasm of her volatile nature, influenced by certain leaders among the Saint-Simonians, she sought for Utopias. In the slender peasant girl, *La Petite Fadette,* "George Sand" drew one of her most haunting characters, against the background of woods, fields and streams. It would seem as if the author reincarnated her own girlhood in certain scenes of this pastoral. With more calmness in her life,

she acquired a diction that was exquisite in its simplicity and finish.

The exciting events of 1848 aroused her zeal in behalf of the Second Republic but her strong common sense, one of her salient traits, prevented her from too rash words or acts. Always interested in the theater, she found respite from her political and romantic disillusionments in organizing a theater, in writing plays and dramatizing some of her novels with success. One of her most impressive monuments is the sitting figure, sculptured in the Théâtre Français. Some of the most interesting reminiscences of her are by dramatist-novelists and actors—Dumas, *fils*, the Goncourt brothers and Gautier.

"With that maternal instinct which was so strong within her, George Sand could not do without having a child to scold, direct and take to task," writes M. René Doumic, in an opening comment upon her old-age correspondence with Flaubert.[10] Her characteristics as a woman and writer are emphatically shown by contrast with those vital traits of Flaubert, who saw life "at its worst," and wrote to "George Sand": "In spite of your large sphinx eyes, you have seen the world through gold colour." She berated his morbidity and defended human "stupidity" with that tolerance, that insight and poise, which had developed from her turbulent years. Nature, love and romantic Utopias were her major themes among many minor chords of fiction. When the stress of life was over for her, she expressed to Flaubert what had been her goal: "You make the people who read your books still sadder than they were before. I want to make them less unhappy." The personality of "George Sand"

[10] *Ibid.*, p. 290.

was as complex and changeful as the types of her fiction. She had a dual personality—an intellectual urge that was more masculine in its independence and revolt than was her feminine nature, craving passionate devotion, yet often causing weariness in her lovers by her demands and caprices. In later maturity, the erotic love of earlier years became maternal affection.

During the period of her emotional upheaval and overwork, in 1836 and 1837, while her separation from her husband was pending, "George Sand" confided to her Journal "Daily Conversations with the Very Learned and Highly Skilled Doctor Pifföel, Professor of Botany and Psychology." These are reprinted in her *Intimate Journal,* edited by Marie Jenney Howe. This name, "Doctor Pifföel," was a sobriquet given to her at that time by her friends, Liszt and Comtesse d'Agoult, because of her aquiline nose. There are many self-revealing sentences of the dual personality of this woman writer in these "Daily Conversations," and the "Sketches and Hints," in the same volume which summarize her "Search for Love" in young womanhood and her more disillusioned, yet hopeful, moods of an old age that was physically strong and mentally virile, long past sixty years.

There are two ways to visualize the personality of "George Eliot." One is through her letters, those collected by J. W. Cross in his three-volume *Life and Letters,* and other more recent volumes that reflect the home life of "George Eliot" and George Henry Lewes and her relations with his children, such as Arthur Paterson's *George Eliot's Family Life and Letters.*[11] A second, de-

[11] Arthur Paterson, *George Eliot's Family Life and Letters* (1928).

lightful way has been enjoyed by the writer on two summer sojourns in England, in visits to the homes of "George Eliot" where one "feels" her presence and "sees" her characters, drawn so largely from real life in her girlhood days at Coventry, Nuneaton and Griff Farm in Arbury. In St. Johns' Wood and the Chelsea home of the novelist, one is again privileged to find the "atmosphere" of her later years, both as writer and hostess.

There are a few resemblances between these two women with famous pseudonyms, but many differences. Both were in advance of their own day, in intellectual interests and breadth of education; both had more men than women listed among their intimate friends; both challenged their contemporaries by their indifference to marriage conventions. On the other hand, "George Sand" was masculine in her dress and manners, in spite of her pervasive sentimentality; "George Eliot" was essentially feminine and retiring, suffering from misinterpretation yet enduring odium with spiritual faith and courage. Both were romanticists but "George Eliot" was more realistic in her later novels. "George Sand" was sensuous, often sensual, daring and melodramatic; "George Eliot" was philosophical, with keen insight, disturbing conscience and flashes of spontaneous humor.

If one is fortunate to get permission of the gatekeeper at the lodge of Arbury Farm, owned by descendants of the Newdigates—whom "George Eliot" veiled as the "Oldinports" in her earlier stories—he may find both the cottage birthplace of the girl, Mary Ann Evans, and the monument erected within recent years, opposite this house. Here are recorded the dates of her birth, her marriage to Mr. Cross and her death, while below is quoted Kipling's

line, "Lest we forget!" The thought intrudes, as one looks towards Arbury Hall and towards Nuneaton, Chilvers Coton, and adjacent places (where were located scenes and characters of *Janet's Repentance, The Sad Fortunes of Rev. Amos Barton* and *Adam Bede*) that there were many facts, connected with the life and writings of "George Eliot," that the Newdigates, and her own family and neighbors, would willingly forget.

Maggie Tulliver, with her active, curious mind, her careless ways in dress, her cravings for an education like that given to her brother, her romantic dreams and moral perplexities, is the portrait of "George Eliot" as a girl at Griff House, a mile from Nuneaton, where she lived from babyhood until she was twenty-one. Like Maggie, she adored her father and adored, and endured, her older "superior" brother; like Maggie, she had explosive moods —tradition says she cut her hair in a fit of anger at too much censure—and she suffered from domineering "aunts." Mr. Cross said of the mother of "George Eliot," not unlike Mrs. Poyser of *Adam Bede* in certain ways: "Her family are no doubt prototypes of the Dodsons in *The Mill on the Floss.*" Like "George Sand," she felt need of an exclusive affection from some one who could sympathize with her loving, proud and sensitive nature.

To the "polite learning," which she received at the schools where she and her sister went in Attleborough and Coventry, she added her own education by reading every available book of history, essays, poetry and sciences. When her mother died and her older sister married, she became immersed, but never adept, in cooking, "standing sentinel over damson cheese and a warm

stove," and in sewing. She was a quick linguist and a skillful pianist. The tourist to Coventry may not find there Foleshill, a semi-detached villa, where she and her father lived after leaving Griff House, but they will see Rosehill, the vine-covered cottage where lived those intimate friends, the Brays, who stimulated and appreciated her zest for literature and music, aroused her revolt against conformity in religion, and, after the death of her father, enabled her to make her first journey to France and Italy, with consequent literary development.

When Miss Evans, writing descriptive articles and critiques for the *Westminster Review,* first met George Henry Lewes, she called him a "Mirabeau in miniature." His wit and kindness overcame her first dislike; to his urgence and counsel, the world is indebted for the novels by "George Eliot." In all her writings she stressed the solemnity of marriage; her union with Mr. Cross, after the death of Mr. Lewes, attests this conviction. Now we know why she and Mr. Lewes could not have a legal marriage. He had taken back into his home the wife who deserted him, but who a second time left him and their three children and, by the laws of that day, he had forfeited his right to divorce. With seriousness and courage, Marian Evans became the wife of George Henry Lewes without legal form and, in England, endured the obloquy which came upon her from many critics. The eight months in Weimar and Berlin, before they settled in London, were happy and productive: Lewes was writing his *Life of Goethe,* and she translated and reviewed books.

Was there any incentive to her to write fiction, as a result of her article on "Silly Novels by Lady Novelists"?

Possibly this was a primal revolt against the "fashionable" types of fiction. The vital impulse came from the reiterated advice of Mr. Lewes: "You have wit, description and philosophy—those go a long way towards the production of a novel. It is worth while for you to try the experiment." So the "experiment" was made and the *nom de plume* was chosen—George, because it was the first name of Mr. Lewes, and Eliot "because it was a good, mouth-filling name." It was "a fine, short, well-sounding name that matched her style and story." Blackwood, the publisher, to whom the first *Scenes of Clerical Life* were sent, assured the sender, Mr. Lewes, that the author must be "a clergyman. Such a subject is best in clerical hands, and some of the pleasantest and least prejudiced correspondents I have ever had are English clergymen." One can imagine the wit and laughter in the Lewes household over this joke! The homely wit and dramatic dialogue in these Sketches, blended with more sustained characterization, were reproduced in *Adam Bede,* much of it written in Munich and Dresden. This is the novel, many of us believe, that will stand as her master work.

With the writing of *Adam Bede* it became necessary to disillusion Mr. John Blackwood regarding the identity of "George Eliot," for a Mr. Liggins of Nuneaton, writer of a few inferior books, had been announced by a table-rapping oracle as "George Eliot" and he was reaping benefits from the deception. The germ of *Adam Bede* was a true story of child murder and resultant tragedy, told to Marian Evans many years before at Griff House, by her "Methodist Aunt Samuel." Commentators affirmed that both Dinah and Adam Bede were photographed from life; in answer, she said there were incidents and sugges-

tions but she added, "Adam is not my father any more than Dinah is my aunt." Caleb Garth in *Middlemarch* was more closely a reflection of her father.

The money that "George Eliot" was earning by her *Scenes of Clerical Life* and *Adam Bede* proved a boon to the Lewes family in educating his three sons and meeting other expenses. Always from her girlhood she was afflicted by severe headaches, largely due to frail body and extreme nervous energy. Her husband, to whom she dedicated with open tribute her novels, knew how to conserve her strength and direct her energies for the common benefit of their household. That is shown by his plans to find quiet spots where she might write her difficult scenes, by frequent trips to the Continent for refreshment and release from housekeeping, and to his wise judgment regarding the success of certain books. When she was struggling, with headaches and depression, to construct *Romola,* she acted upon a "sudden inspiration," fostered by Mr. Lewes, and turned aside to write *Silas Marner.* She was sure that "nobody will take any interest in it but myself . . . for it is extremely unlike the popular stories going but Mr. Lewes declares that I am wrong and says it is as good as anything I have done." Time has verified, in part, his estimate of this wistful, dramatic tale of the linen-weaver miser and little Eppie. In this spontaneous story—that might well have been in poetic form rather than prose, as she said—the author's personal moods of faith and tolerance are revealed more clearly than in the later, problem novels: "All as we've got to do is to trusten, Master Marner," said Dolly to Silas, "to do the right things as far as we know, and to trusten. For if we as knows so little can see a bit o' good

and right, we may be sure as there's a good and a right bigger nor what we can know."

The mental travail that produced *Romola* convinced her, for a time, that her "real strength lay in the English novel"—but that she must supplement her recollections of country life and characters by new material for her imagination. This resolve created *Felix Holt, Middlemarch* and *Daniel Deronda,* each with a serious "purpose" behind the characterization and dramatic dialogue. To many critics, as to Oscar Browning, *Middlemarch* has seemed "a prose epic" of the Midlands, with types like Will Ladislaw, Mr. Casaubon and Mr. Brooke. For the test of rereading, after thirty years, however, these later, more complex novels fail to grip the interest throughout, as do *Adam Bede* and *Silas Marner.* "George Eliot" was most perfectly herself when she was depicting the lives of simple people—their defeats and joys, often their failures and frustrations—yet not with pessimism but with "meliorism," a belief that the world may be bettered by helping those who fail.

Like "George Sand," this English novelist suffered keenly from emotional cravings and misjudgments. She was always more restrained and cultured in expression of her sufferings than was "George Sand" in her lapses into vulgarity. Neither author accepted conventional religion; "George Eliot" refused even the counsel of Mr. Lewes to "declare herself against unjust current belief." Says Oscar Browning:[12] "The tenderness and delicacy of her nature would have forbidden her to write a word which could have weakened the faith of a single believing soul." For herself, however, she affirmed: "I am just and honest,

[12] Oscar Browning, *Life of George Eliot* (1890), p. 152.

not because I expect to live in another world but because, having felt the pain of injustice and dishonesty towards myself, I have a fellow feeling with other men who would suffer the same pains if I were unjust or dishonest towards them." In those words speaks the personality of this sensitive, cultured woman. She was intellectual and scholarly beyond the traits of many women; she was witty and keen, often challenging the opinions of Mr. Lewes and others, but she was essentially sympathetic. Mr. Cross has emphasized the many confidences which she received, from the Brays and Miss Sara Hennell, of earlier years, to learned men and family friends of later period. To the three sons of Mr. Lewes, Charles, Thornton and Herbert, she was a true mother, as they called her, advising them about their music and reading, and making a congenial home for them during school vacations. The words of Mr. Cross, "she was never weary of giving her best," are verified in the reminiscences of the Lewes children and grandchildren.[18] They recall the "coloured jellies on the table" and other delicacies; they emphasize her "wonderfully beautiful, sad voice," and her ability "of making every one feel at her best." Without undue sentimentality, one may find in her personality, as a homemaker and writer "never weary of giving of her best," fulfillment of her aspiration in her poem "O May I Join the Choir Invisible":

> O may I join the choir invisible
> Of those immortal dead who live again
> In minds made better by their presence; live
> In pulses stirred to generosity,

[18] Paterson, *op. cit.*, pp. 250-3.

In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end in self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.

Justin McCarthy, in his series of biographical sketches, *Modern Leaders,*[14] included both the women writers of this chapter. They were living when he wrote and to both he gave unstinted praise for their creative works and literary influence upon world literature. He regrets the tendency of French writers to "make copy of their private lives"—citing as an example *Elle et Lui* by "George Sand," after her affair with Alfred de Musset and other writings—but he stresses her "quiet and beautiful old age" and her vital influence, through her books, upon public opinion about marriage, about love, about individual freedom and the adjustment of man to nature. "Genius and culture" united in "George Eliot," summarized Justin McCarthy. She "made the novel the companion and friend and study of scholars and thinkers and statesmen." Choosing the English plain people, who might be called "dull," "George Eliot," "looks into the very souls of these people. She tracks out their slow mental processes; she reproduces them fresh and firm from very life."[15]

[14] Justin McCarthy, *Modern Leaders* (1872).
[15] *Ibid.*, p. 139.

CHAPTER V

SATIRISTS AND HUMORISTS IN DISGUISE

FROM the days of Queen Anne to those of George V, English literature has included many publicists and satirists with veiled identities. The trio of "Wits of Queen Anne's reign"—Addison, Swift and Steele—used several pen names for their political and essayistic writings. Authors of *The Spectator* and *The Tatler,* they have joint sobriquets. Often Addison has been called the "Sir Roger de Coverley" of literature, because of the character which he created and satirized. "Bickerstaff" was the name chosen by Swift and Steele for many of their articles in *The Tatler.* In a contemporary pamphlet, "The Present State of Wit" (1711), perhaps written by the poet, John Gay, tribute is paid to the corrective influence of these satires of "Bickerstaff," as well as to their cleverness: "It is incredible to conceive the effect his writings have had on the town; how many thousand follies they have either quite banished or given a check to; how much countenance they have given to virtue and religion. . . . Bickerstaff ventured to tell the town that they were a parcel of fops, fools and vain coquettes; but in such a manner as even pleased them, and made them more than half inclined to believe that he spoke the truth."

In personality, Joseph Addison was a scholarly gentleman. Born in 1672, the eldest son of a rector in Wilt-

shire, who was later Dean of Lichfield, he carried through life memories of a refined, happy childhood. At the Charterhouse School he met Steele and formed a lifelong friendship. To his scholarship he added political astuteness. He was asked to write a poem, celebrating the victories of Marlborough and the allies at Blenheim, and "The Campaign" became a literary success, bringing him fame and money. He married the Countess of Warwick, in 1716, three years before his premature death.

In his own day Addison was rated well as poet and dramatist. His "Cato" is still read among historical dramas. To later generations, he has been recalled as the pamphleteer with fine, vigorous diction, and as the essayist and satirist who contributed so largely to the success of *The Spectator, The Tatler, The Guardian* and *The Freeholder.* To our modern, scoffing age, there may seem traces of prudism in the avowed purpose of Addison, expressed in the tenth *Spectator:* "I shall endeavour to enliven morality with wit, and to temper wit with morality." To Pope, Addison was the subject of satire in "The Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot," with subtle implications of his pen names, talents, fame, and "art to please":

> Alike reserved to blame, or to commend,
> A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend:
> Dreading even fools, by flatterers besieged,
> And so obliging that he ne'er obliged;
> Like *Cato,* give his little senate laws
> And sit attentive to his own applause;
> While wits and templars every sentence raise,
> And wonder with a foolish face of praise;
> Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
> Who would not weep, if *Atticus* were he?

More representative of Addison than this satire by a contemporary of such dissimilar traits are his own words, not as "moralist or reformer" but as "Spectator," with urban politeness and wit, in "Sir Roger at Church":[1]

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself or sends his servant to them. Several other of the old knight's particularities break out upon these occasions; sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing-psalms, half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes, when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces Amen three or four times to the same prayer; and sometimes stands up when everybody else is upon their knees, to count the congregation or see if any of his tenants are missing.

Great was the contrast between Joseph Addison and Jonathan Swift, in temperament and literary qualities. Mystery still shrouds much of the life story of Dean Swift, "the gloomy Dean"; simplicity and kindliness are associated with the name of Addison. The six volumes of *The Correspondence of Jonathan Swift, D.D.,* edited by F. Elrington Ball,[2] and later biographies, exampled in *The Skull of Swift* by Shane Leslie,[3] offer new light upon his relations with some of his contemporaries but

[1] *Spectator,* No. 108.

[2] F. Elrington Ball, Ed., *The Correspondence of Jonathan Swift, D.D.* (1910-1914).

[3] Shane Leslie, *The Skull of Swift, an Extempore Exhumation* (1928).

the real man is still veiled in mystery and controversy. In his nature contended two forces—passionate love and cynicism. "Stella" was alternately "awed and revived" by these discordant elements.

Many were the pseudonyms used by Swift; it is claimed that his anonymous writings were eighty-three in number. His pen was dipped in bitter satire, comparable to that of Voltaire. Among his signatures to political and religious satires were "A Dissenter," "A Person of Quality," "A Person of Honour," "M. B. Drapier," and "Isaac Bickerstaff." The last pseudonym was used in a derisive satire upon *Partridge's Almanac* and its astronomical predictions. He was "Isaac Bickerstaff," writing "Predictions for the Year, 1708," foretelling the death of Partridge, and his epitaph. The next year Steele, in *The Tatler,* appropriated the pen name first chosen by Swift.

Travels into Several Remote Countries of the World, By Lemuel Gulliver, first a Surgeon and then a Captain of Several Ships was a witty book of information which has become a classic for children of later generations. He chose the name, Gulliver, from that of Lawton Gulliver, a noted bookseller of his day. Into this travel story Dean Swift "distilled his bitterest venom," says Paul Elmer More.[4]

Sir Richard Steele, the third of the wits or satirists of this period, has been less victimized by literary explorers than his colleagues. He was born in London in 1672, the same year as Addison. He was five years younger than Swift, who was born, probably, in the same parish of St. Bride's. His father of English blood and his Irish mother both died when the boy was very young, but he

[4] Paul Elmer More, *With the Wits* (1919), p. 99.

was educated at Charterhouse School through the influence of his aunt's husband, Henry Gascoigne, and there entered as the "son of a decayed gentleman." He never finished his course at Christ Church, Oxford, but became a cadet-trooper in the Duke of Ormond's regiment. Ten years he remained in the army, without any marked active service.

His promotion, military and social, came from his literary work. The poem, "The Procession," in 1695, was dedicated to Lord Cutts, an ardent Whig who took Steele under his patronage as secretary. Plays like "The Funeral," "The Lying Lover" and "The Tender Husband" have been forgotten but they added to his reputation among his contemporaries. He married a woman of large estates in the Barbados—and probably many years his elder. She died the next year, 1706, and within a short time he was married to Mary Scurlock, a Welsh woman of coy charm and much ambition for her husband. He began writing for the *Gazette* and gained some political preferment. He wrote at this time as "Captain Steele." In 1709 he started *The Tatler* and, two years later, with Addison's aid, added *The Spectator* to their literary media; in 1713 *The Guardian* became the third, successful venture. Alone he published the political treatises, "The Englishman" and "The Crisis," during the years of political vicissitudes.

With the death of Queen Anne and the accession of George I, political honors came to him as "the valiant defender of the Hanoverian succession." He combined the offices of deputy lieutenant and justice of the peace with that of supervisor of Drury Lane Theatre. Knighthood was conferred on him in later life, but ill health interfered

with his activities and his writing. He was sometimes called a "rake" and ingrate by his peeved, political enemies but his good nature, as well as his spendthrift habits, were attested by others. More than Addison or Swift he had the gift of humor, evidenced in some of his "Bickerstaff" contributions to *The Tatler* and by Thackeray in his summary of Steele in *English Humourists.* Among the pen names listed in his bibliography are the following: "A Gentleman of the Army," for early verses, "Isaac Bickerstaff," "Francis Hicks" (a political letter to Sir Miles Wharton, later reprinted with Steele's own name in his *Political Writings*) and "Humphrey Philroye," for "A Letter to a Lady in the Country." He often signed his initials but, in later years, usually gave his full name, Sir Richard Steele. " 'The Conscious Lovers' was his last blaze of glory" as a dramatist, as his biographer, Benjamin Victor, has emphasized. He was a voluminous and vivacious letter writer. Like Johnson, he used "Impartial Hand," as a disguise for some of his political treatises.

The influence of such journals as *The Tatler* and *The Spectator,* with their frank, satiric comments on political and moral conditions in England, soon spread to other countries. By 1750, the time of Dr. Johnson's *Rambler,* the number of such journals in England had reached ninety-four; by 1764 it had reached one hundred and seventeen, and by 1808 a total of one hundred and twenty-seven.[5] The journals were translated into French and German and encouraged ventures of similar type, edited by Prevost, Gottsched and other journalists and publicists. Many critics affirm that the critical movement of the eighteenth century, for political and æsthetic stand-

[5] George Rice Carpenter, Ed., *Selections from Steele* (1897), p. lvi.

ards and reforms, owed its inception to these essayistic writings by Addison, Swift and Steele.

In America, Benjamin Franklin was an ardent admirer of *The Spectator* and he applied some of its methods and lighter notes to the *New England Courant,* the journal founded by his brother in 1721. Six years later appeared the *New England Weekly Journal, Containing the most Remarkable Occurrences, Foreign and Domestic,* with several contributors under the pseudonym of the editor, "Proteus Echo, Esq." The "Society," which he represented, included such symbolic names as "Honorable Charles Graveley, Esq.," "Mr. Timothy Blunt," "Mr. Christopher Careless," "Mr. Will Butterfly," and "Mr. Honeysuckle." Benjamin Franklin's *Poor Richard's Almanac* was published under the pen name of "Richard Saunders"; other masks were Philomath," "Father Abraham," "Anthony Afterwit," "Mrs. Silence Dogood" and "The Busybody." Washington Irving and Paulding showed later traces of these earlier models in the writings of "Jonathan Oldstyle" and the *Salmagundi Papers,* which they wrote in collaboration.

As the political conflict with England became more imminent, during the decades preceding the American Revolution, the journals in the colonies became more fearless in criticism, more satiric in tone; generally, the authors of the pungent articles and satires, in prose and verse, used pseudonyms. "An American" was a common signature, extended to later periods. Among those whose authorship as "An American" has been identified, were Lewis Cass, Benjamin Church, Edward Everett and Richard Biddell. Matthew Carey chose "A Citizen of Philadelphia" as his *nom de plume* and there were several others

with the same disguise. John Dickinson wrote his fearless remonstrances as "A Pennsylvania Farmer," or "Fabius." "Humanus" was the pseudonym of Thomas Paine to "Common Sense" in the *Pennsylvania Journal* for October 18, 1775.

Francis Hopkinson, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, a noted judge and a dilettant in music and painting, wrote with industry and wit both verse and prose. He was called an imitator of Addison and Pope. He was the first pupil enrolled at the College of Philadelphia, which was made possible through the joint efforts of Benjamin Franklin, Richard Peters and Thomas Hopkinson, his father, judge of the vice-admiralty for Pennsylvania. Francis gained his law apprenticeship in the office of Benjamin Chew, the famous attorney-general of the colony. That he was loyal to England in his young manhood is revealed by his essay, "Reciprocal Advantages of a Perpetual Union between Great Britain and her American Colonies." Through the interest of the Bishop of Worcester and a friend of Lord North (gained by kinship with Hopkinson's mother), he spent a few months in England and gained political positions on his return, culminating in 1774 by his appointment as a member of the Provincial Council from New Jersey.

Meantime, crucial events were happening to change Francis Hopkinson from a Tory sympathizer to a leader of patriot revolters. His marriage to Ann Borden, daughter of Judge Joseph Borden of the town which bore his name in New Jersey (and later became the home of the Hopkinsons), was a major factor in this renunciation. In June, 1776, Hopkinson resigned from the Provincial Council and became a member of the Continental Congress. Two

years before, he had written a satire that was widely quoted and is still recalled, "A Pretty Story, Written in the Year of Our Lord, 1774, by Peter Grievous, Esq. A.B.C.D.E. Veluti in Speculo: Philadelphia, 1774." This was reprinted as "The Old Farm and the New Farm: A Political Allegory, edited with notes by Benson J. Lossing, N. Y., 1857, 1864." It is found in the first volume of Hopkinson's *Miscellaneous Essays,* 1792. With satire, that often became invective, Hopkinson depicted the "nobleman" on the Old Farm—Lord North—Parliament as "the nobleman's wife, with avaricious eye," and Jack, the American colonist who suffered from his treatment on "The New Farm."

Two years later he wrote *A Prophecy,* another allegory which suggested in form Arbuthnot's *History of John Bull.* There were witty and mock-heroic comments upon the "North Wind" which blasted "the young Tree" that had been fruitful for many years, after it had been planted by the "King of a far-away country." The prophecy closed with a vision of the "people that shall dwell under the shadow of its branches, and shall become an exceeding great, and powerful and happy nation." "The Battle of the Kegs" was a mere *jeu d'esprit,* written in verse by Francis Hopkinson, commemorating the invention by David Bushnell of amateur torpedoes, known as "American turtles," which floated down the Delaware in the autumn of 1777, causing annoyance to British boats. This anonymous "Ballad" was reprinted on broadsides and widely read and recited. A copy is in the library of the American Antiquarian Society. A prose mock-heroic, as a preface to the ballad, was doubtless written by Hopkinson, in the *New Jersey Gazette,* January 28, 1778. Other pseudonyms identified and found in articles in the *Penn-*

sylvania Packet, as those used by Francis Hopkinson, were "Calumet," "Cautious," "One of the People," and "A Lover of Candour." [6]

Linked with the name of Francis Hopkinson is that of Philip Freneau, whose pioneer poems are recalled in another chapter of this book. His prose style was crisp and witty, exampled in *Letters by Robert Slender, O.S.M.* The mystic letters, when expanded into words, are "One of the Swinish Multitude." "Robert Slender, Stocking-Weaver," became a favorite pseudonym of Freneau. In his *Letters by Robert Slender,* he gives "Advice to Young Authors" thus: "Never make a present of your works to great men. If they do not think them worth purchasing, trust me they will never think them worth reading." In the Historical Society of Pennsylvania are two copies of a pamphlet, "A Laughable Poem or Robert Slender's Journey from Philadelphia to New York by Way of Burlington and South Amboy" (1809), which narrates, with humor and irony, "The Chapter of Vexations and Disasters" in the days of stagecoach and runaway horses.

Not all of Philip Freneau's verse or prose was humorous; much was satiric, often bitter from political and financial rebuffs, especially after his connection with Thomas Jefferson and the *National Gazette.* At the College of New Jersey his classmate was Hugh Henry Brackenridge, another satirist of the Revolutionary period and its aftermath. In collaboration, they wrote for the Commencement, 1772, a poem on "The Rising Glory of America"; the manuscript is in the Princeton University

[6] Detailed account of Francis Hopkinson as political satirist and song-writer is given in Annie Russell Marble, *Heralds of American Literature* (1907), Chap. I.

Library. In the bibliography of the works of Philip Freneau, compiled by Victor Hugo Paltsits in 1903, he is accredited with about sixty satires, odes and elegies relating to the Revolutionary War and the War of 1812. These were often signed by his initials or by "The Author of 'American Liberty; A Poem.'" The latter, which was published in 1775, was less satiric and less popular than *A Voyage to Boston* and *General Gage's Soliloquy,* both appearing in the same year, 1775.

The first title of *A Voyage to Boston* was *The Midnight Consultations;* the scene was in the quarters of General Gage the night after the Battle of Bunker Hill. This was a lampoon, leveled especially at Lord Percy and the British General, who "moaned" in lines of caricature:

> Three weeks! ye gods! nay, three long years it seems,
> Since *roast beef* I have touched except in dreams.

Philip Freneau was a lyrist rather than a satirist by nature. He had less wit than his contemporary satirists, Francis Hopkinson and John Trumbull. To the latter has been accredited a parody on "Gen. Gage's Proclamation," by J. Hammond Trumbull, in *The Origin of McFingal* but it is included in the bibliography of Freneau by Mr. Paltsits.

Of the "Group of Hartford Wits," John Trumbull, who created the droll character of M'Fingal, the Loyalist, was the acknowledged leader. This appeared anonymously, in 1775, but later writings by him were listed often "By the celebrated Author of 'M'Fingal, an Epic Poem.'" According to family records, "little John Trumble" was the American prodigy—reciting the *New Eng-*

land Primer and all of Watts' *Divine Songs for Children* at two years of age, and making his first reading excursion through the Bible at five. Before seven, he had mastered the Latin and Greek texts for college requirements. As evidence of his precocity is a notice in the *Connecticut Gazette,* September 24, 1757, which mentions, among the candidates for Yale College: "the Son of Rev'd Mr. Trumble of Waterbury, who passed a good Examination, although but little more than seven years of age; but on account of his Yoth [sic] his father does not intend he shall at present continue at College."

"An Essay on the Use and Advantages of the Fine Arts," delivered at Yale Commencement, 1770, revealed both the insight and foresight of Trumbull. An inferior epilogue in verse, bombastic and strained, on the future of America's "bards," was chosen for special praise by the *Connecticut Journal,* which extolled the author, in lines beginning:

> Immortal Pope! thy son immortal see;
> He treads the steps that once were trod by thee.

As the poetic venture suggested Pope to his contemporaries, so his prose was called "Addisonian," exampled in prefaces to "The Progress of Dulness," or the sketches of Tom Brainless, Dick Hairbrain and Harriet Simper. These burlesques, ironic and satiric, were signed "The Meddler," or "The Schemer, an ally of The Meddler," when they were first contributed to the *Boston Chronicle,* from September, 1769, to January, 1770.

The satire of fifteen hundred lines, "M'Fingal," which was often reprinted and widely quoted—forty editions at

least were circulated—was the subject of many surmises in authorship. In England, it was thought possibly the work of Butler, author of "Hudibras." Others suggested that the author might be a British officer who was peeved. The title was chosen from "Fingal," the epic poem by Ossian. Before the third canto (the weakest in wit and literary form) was published, the secret was divulged. The character of Honorius, the Staunch Whig, who opposes the fractious M'Fingal and General Gage, was assumed to be modeled from John Adams.

John Trumbull was only twenty-five years old when he wrote the best cantos of "M'Fingal" and he lived, as judge and publicist, to be more than eighty; yet he is known to history as author of that satire of the American Revolution. Later essays in prose and verse have been forgotten. "Peter Parley," or Samuel G. Goodrich, the publisher, issued a two-volume edition of *The Poetical Works of John Trumbull, LL. D.,* in 1820. In his *Recollections of a Lifetime,* Mr. Goodrich gives a grim account of the expense of the "embellishments" and declares—"while the public supposed I had made money by my enterprise, and even the author looked askance at me in the jealous apprehension that I had made too good a bargain out of him—I quietly pocketed a loss of about a thousand dollars."

"The Friendly Club" in Hartford was the meeting-place for reformers, wits and writers. Among the nine who formed the original membership were John Trumbull, Joel Barlow, Timothy Dwight, David Humphreys, Richard Alsop and Dr. Lemuel Hopkins. In the *New Haven Gazette,* beginning October 26, 1786, and continuing until September 13, 1787, were twelve satiric papers, entitled "The American Antiquities" or "The Anarchiad"; the

first book edition was not published until 1861. It is not possible to assign individual contributions, in these satires upon "Chaos and Substantial Night," or the instability and selfish greed of the new nation, but it is generally conceded that the major part was written by John Trumbull, Colonel David Humphreys, Joel Barlow and Dr. Lemuel Hopkins. Dr. Lemuel Hopkins, who sometimes signed himself "A Bludgeon Satirist," was assuredly a contributor to a later series of satires in "The Echo," a column of the *American Mercury,* of which Joel Barlow was one of the promoters. With droll illustrations by Elkanah Tisdale, a facetious miniature painter, "The Echo" was "Printed at the Porcupine Press by Pasquin Petronius," New York, 1807. The publisher's real name was Isaac Riley, brother-in-law of Theodore Dwight and Richard Alsop.

In retrospect, the satires and burlesques in "The Anarchiad" and "The Echo," although they show fervor of patriotism and sincere scorn of deceit and sham, are literary curios rather than achievements. Joel Barlow was praised by his contemporaries for his long poems, "Vision of Columbus" and "The Columbiad," that seem dull and pompous to-day; he is recalled more often as the writer of that simple, vivid picture of early New England life, "Hasty Pudding: A Poem in Three Cantos, written at Chambery, in Savoy, in 1793." He was chaplain in the Revolution, and later spent many years in Europe, on business in Paris and as commissioner of treaties with the Barbary tribes. Dr. Lemuel Hopkins was the keenest wit among this Hartford group, as his poems—signed "By a Gentleman of Connecticut"—"The Democratiad" and "The Guillotina"—testify.[7] As he decried slow methods

[7] Philadelphia, 1795, 1796.

of education and imitative customs, so he advanced beyond his age in advocating inoculations and use of anæsthetics.

"The Lay Preacher" was the familiar pen name for Joseph Dennie. Born in Boston and educated at Harvard College, he studied law at Charlestown, New Hampshire. Here he often read the liturgy and "lay sermons" in the Episcopal Church. He would add comments of his own to the sermons, excusing himself in the following egotistical remark: "You know that my natural fluency is such that when I have a stock of ideas, words of course will follow." Fluency more than wit typified the writings, collected as *The Lay Preacher; Short Sermons for Idle Readers,* Walpole, 1796. These comments upon certain Biblical texts were first contributed to the Boston *Tablet* and the *Farmer's Weekly Museum* of Walpole, New Hampshire, which he edited.[8] Other contributors to this journal, kept alive financially by the aid of Isaiah Thomas, the Worcester printer and publisher, were F. T. G. Fessenden, who wrote political lampoons as "Simon Spunkey," and Royall Tyler, with quips and travesties from "The Shop of Colon and Spondee." Isaac Story, who wrote as "Peter Quince," was hailed by Dennie as "pointed, pithy, pretty PETER." He was "cousin" of "Peter Pindar," or John Wolcott, the English satirist, painter and physician, in George III's reign.

Another pseudonym chosen by Joseph Dennie was "Oliver Oldstyle, Esq.," when he became editor of *The Portfolio* in Philadelphia, after leaving Walpole. He assures the public, in his first "Announcement," in 1800, that the title is "indicative of the moral, political and

[8] The title of the latter journal was *The New Hampshire and Vermont Journal; or the Farmer's Weekly Museum.*

literary creed of the author." This periodical, which survived and grew from 1801 to 1818, began in a Lilliputian page for which Dennie apologized; he was making an experiment "as a saving grocer, who gives of his goods only a small sample . . . something tolerable on political, literary and transient topics and something auxiliary to sound principles which, *after church,* 'retired leisure' may read on Sundays." [9]

The marked differences in literary tone between these earlier satirists and later columnists, on political, economic and educational themes, may be realized by a sudden shifting of time to Charles Dudley Warner, George William Curtis and William Dean Howells, and their successors in this century—Waldo Frank as "Searchlight," "Putnam Weale," or Bertram Simpson, "Norman Angell," whose full name is Ralph Norman Angell Lane, "Murray Hill" or Robert Cortes Holliday, "A Gentleman with a Duster," or Harold Begbie, and "Iconoclast," or Mrs. Mary Agnes Adamson Hamilton. This last pen name, "Iconoclast," was used by Charles Bradlaugh and J. C. McClellan, during the 1860's; Mrs. Hamilton has written, under this pseudonym, such diverse books as *Ancient Rome; The Lives of Great Men, England's Labour Rulers* (1924), a biography, *J. Ramsay MacDonald* (1924), and *Folly Handbook* (1927).

"Gail Hamilton" was the disguise under which Mary Augusta Dodge wrote many *Tracts for the Times,* during the Civil War period, with satire on slackers and robust

[9] More detailed information about the gay personality and writings of Joseph Dennie may be found in Frederic Hudson, *A History of Journalism in the United States from 1690 to 1872* (New York, 1873), and in Marble, *op. cit.,* Chap. VI.

challenge to stay-at-home grumblers. She wrote an illuminating, intimate biography of James G. Blaine in her later life. Gideon Wells, of the same period, styled himself "Father Noah" as political satirist. "Howadji" suggests to older readers a pen name of George William Curtis in his travel sketches. "Grant Allen" was Arthur Douglas Howden Smith; "Independent" was Edwin D. Mead; and Richard Grant White wrote letters to the London *Times* for many years signed "A Yankee." "Christopher North" was one side of the personality of Professor John Wilson, novelist, poet and contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine.* William Blackwood was sometimes "Ebony," and Thomas C. Haliburton called himself "Sam Slick." When James Fenimore Cooper wrote as critical and satirical commentator on American defects, rather than as novelist, he boldly proclaimed himself "An American" or, again, "A Travelling Bachelor," or "Cornelius Littlepage."

Two critical visitors to foreign countries have proclaimed their impressions, "Maximilian Harden," in real life Isidor Witkowski, who surveyed *Germany, France and England* in 1924, and commented in *I Meet my Contemporaries* (1925); and "Max O'Rell," or Paul Blouet, in *A Frenchman in America; Record of Men and Things* (1891), which created much discussion and was more widely read than his books under his own name, *Women and Artist* and *French Crocodile and Other Typical Characters.* M. S. Südfeld is better known as "Max Nordau." "Arthur Penn" was a symbolic name chosen by J. Brander Matthews for some of his earlier critiques.

Humor is such a subtle, flexible quality that it is difficult to define or illustrate. The type changes with each genera-

tion. In their days, Washington Irving, with his many pen names, listed in another chapter, and "Ik Marvel," were ranked as humorous essayists. "Timothy Titcomb," or J. G. Holland, had a genial humor, mingled with his domestic tales and verses in *Bitter-Sweet* and *Katrina.*

Then came a demand for more vigor in characterization, more buffoonery and bolder diction, and the supply was furnished by "Mark Twain," "Josh Billings," "Bill Nye" and their colleagues. With the passing of the years since Samuel L. Clemens first used the famous pseudonym, "Mark Twain," to sign some articles for the *Virginia City Enterprise,* in January, 1863, the unique rank of this humorous reporter of real life has been marked by cumulative tributes. Albert Bigelow Paine, his biographer, says with truth, that the new name—"meaning two fathoms, a pleasant sound, for a pilot to hear on a dark night"—became "dynamic with a carrying power" that sent his sketches west and east. How much of the young Sammy Clemens, growing up in the "slumberous" town of Hannibal, Mississippi, finding outlets for his innate love of adventure in hills and caves and on docks and boats, lives again in "Tom Sawyer" may not be definitely told—but it is a true-to-life silhouette. Wherever Samuel Clemens traveled, henceforth, he was known as "Mark Twain," story-teller and lecturer. When the *Quaker City* sailed with sixty-six "pilgrims" for the Holy Land Excursion, "Mark Twain was aboard, not alone as correspondent of the San Francisco *Alta California* but as an advertised 'attraction.'" Passages that he read from his *Alta* letters, and others to the New York *Tribune,* criticized by Mrs. Fairbanks of Cleveland, became the nucleus of *The Innocents Abroad, or The New Pilgrim's Progress.* The

humorist was never lost in the honest, graphic observer. Humanity and humor were the keynotes of "Mark Twain's" writings and the explanation of his far-reaching appeal to old and young.

"Josh Billings" was Henry Wheeler Shaw and "Bill Nye" was Edgar Wilson Nye. Both were humorists by virtue of their dialect and drolleries of form more than those of characterization or situation. "Will Carleton," or Frederick Orrin Bartlett, mingled sentimentality with humor. "Artemus Ward," or Charles F. Browne, had native wit and humor in narration. "Josiah Allen's Wife" was Marietta Holley. "Whimsical Walker" was Thomas D. Walker.

In this generation—apart from certain novelists with humor who are discussed in another chapter—"Mr. Dooley," or Finley Peter Dunne, is an outstanding entertainer. He was born in Chicago, in 1867, and there was born, also, the pen name of "Mr. Dooley." In his ante-war observations he was always philosophical, witty and true to life. He created, or rather photographed accurately, with droll insight, scores of characters. Thomas Masson has a true word about this aspect: "Two thousand years from now it would only be necessary to read what 'Mr. Dooley' has to say in order to know what Americans are to-day"—or were before the World War.[10]

"Don Marquis," whose full name is Donald Robert Perry Marquis, was born in Walnut, Illinois, 1878, and has had a long apprenticeship as journalist. "Don" was the name of a favorite dog; he liked it and found it "lucky." His column, "The Sun Dial," in the New York *Sun,* and his mingled prose and verse in *The Old Soak*

[10] Thomas Masson, *Our American Humorists* (1922), p. 113.

and *Hail and Farewell,* became popular for their witty sketches and comments.

Other humorists whose "columns" appeal to many readers began writing in their college days: Robert Bridges as "Droch," and "Ted Robinson" (Edwin Meade Robinson) editor of "Just by the Way" in the Cleveland *Plain Dealer;* as an editor of *Life* and later of "The Drawer" in *Harper's Magazine,* John Kendrick Bangs found an outlet for many of his comedies in prose and verse. Born in Yonkers, New York, and educated at Columbia, he wrote anonymously, or sometimes signed with his initials, sketches collected as *The House-Boat on the Styx, The Idiot* and *Coffee and Repartee.* Occasionally he applied his title, "The Idiot," to his own truly humorous words in speech and on paper. Commenting upon the varied connotations of the word, *humor,* in a letter to Thomas Masson, he said:[11] "The range of humor at this hour of writing runs from the vagaries of Charlie Chaplin up through the keen satiric wit of Bernard Shaw, to the exquisite fairy like fancies of a James M. Barrie."

The origin of one distinct form of satire, that is much in vogue to-day, that of ridicule and ironic travesty, dates back to one of the greatest comedies in prose that was ever written, *Don Quixote,* by Cervantes, at the beginning of the seventeenth century. His grotesque character, Don Quixote, was undermined mentally by reading too many tales of chivalry, until he mistook "windmills for giants and quiet inns for mighty castles." Through Sancho Panza, the level-headed squire, the author was able to achieve his purpose, "to expose to the contempt

[11] *Ibid.,* p. 46.

they deserved the extravagant and silly tales of chivalry." [12]

With adaptations to modern "crazes" in literature, there have been satiric or ironic reactions. One of the most amusing travesties was *The Cruise of the Kawa,* a few years ago, following a surfeit of South Sea stories, often more glamorous than true in essence. The author of this travesty was called "Walter Traprock" on the title page. His identity was divulged as George Shepard Chappell, architect and author. He was born in New London in 1878, and graduated from Yale, studying later in Paris. His name is sometimes linked with that of Corey Ford, or "John Riddell," contributor to *Life* and *Vanity Fair,* and author of the amusing travesty of 1929, *Salt Water Taffy.* This was a literary reaction to sea adventure tales by Joan Lowell and other narrators.

In the genial and whimsical tone of his "John Riddell" column in *Vanity Fair,* Corey Ford has answered our inquiry about the origin of his pseudonym:

Unfortunately, its origin is not the least mysterious nor significant. To be perfectly frank, I neither dreamt it in a dream, chose it after my dead great-grandmother, nor formed it by spelling backward the letters of my name. It happened that when I decided to do critical parodies for *Vanity Fair,* I thought it might be more successful if their author were anonymous. I wanted some name that sounded as if it might be a real person, and so I turned to that magnificent compendium of real names, the New York Telephone Directory. I lit a small jar of incense, closed all the windows and summoned three Dyak witch doctors to beat on drums. I

[12] John Macy, *The Story of the World's Literature* (1925), p. 250.

then blindfolded myself, took three paces, flung open the telephone book, and placed my forefinger on a name (any name) then removed the blindfold, turned on the light and saw the name was none other than Runkleschmelz. In as much as Runkleschmelz was not a very good name for a reviewer, I dismissed the witch doctors and went backward through the telephone book until I found Riddell. The name John I thought of myself.

"Saki" was the pen name of an English humorist, Hector Hugh Munro, with dates from 1870 to 1916. *Reginald* contained fifteen clever chapters of humorous comments upon house parties, tariffs, drama and Christmas revels. His last book of ironical humor, published in 1914, was *When William Came.*

"E. J. Rath" is found as signature on several title pages of humorous fiction and plays within the last few years. An example of composite personality is this pseudonym—for the authors who collaborate are J. Chauncey Corey Brainerd and Mrs. Edith Rathbone Jacobs Brainerd. The origin of the pen name is evident. Their titles of popular plays and "comedy drama" in fiction indicate their type of humor: "Elope, If You Must!", "Gas, Drive In; a high-powered comedy-romance that hits on every cylinder," "Too Many Crooks," "When the Devil Was Sick," and "The Nervous Wreck." In "The Brains of the Family" are droll lines of dialogue between Phineas and Drusilla, exampled in this extract: "Indigestion is weather; you just have it from day to day. Dyspepsia is climate; you have it all the time."

Who was "Major Jack Downing of Downingville, Way Down East"? Who was the original creator of this Yankee rustic, precursor of "Hosea Biglow"? In Janu-

ary, 1830, the first "Major Jack Downing" letter was printed in the Portland (Maine) *Daily Courier.* Seba Smith, a native of Buckfield, Maine, was editing this journal. He devised this "idea" to mystify and challenge the reading public. He created a rustic youth, possibly modeled from Smollett's "Humphrey Clinker," coming into town with a load of ax-handles, poles, etc., for sale, spending his lax hours in visits to the state legislature, and writing home his impressions to "Uncle Zebedee Downing" and other relatives. The droll Yankee dialect and the satiric comments awakened curiosity, and the "Letters" were widely copied and quoted. After seven years of continued columns, the series stopped in this paper, for the editor had sold the journal and gone to New York. A few years later, during the presidency of Andrew Jackson and later years, Seba Smith was associated with the *National Intelligencer* in Washington and more of the "Major Jack Downing Letters" appeared. Not alone for their amusing dialect and mannerisms, but for their shrewd sidelights upon political leaders during the Mexican War and later, these satiric "Letters" were significant. Seba Smith was a "confidential adviser" of General Jackson.

Meantime, in the New York *Advertiser,* a few years after Seba Smith began writing his "Letters" in Portland, appeared "Letters of J. Downing, Major, Downingville Militia, to his old friend, Dr. Dwight, of the New York *Advertiser.*" In time and scope the two series of "Letters" were coincident. In a general verdict, the second seems to have been "counterfeits," or imitations, for the sake of notoriety and financial returns. The latter came to Charles Augustus Davis, their writer, member of the

firm of Brookes and Davis, iron merchants of New York. There were several editions of these later "Letters," both in this country and in England. Mr. Davis was a popular man in business and social circles, better educated than was Seba Smith and with more satiric wit.[13] He was less successful with the "Yankee dialect."

As the years passed, there were other imitators of both writers, using the same pen name, "Major Jack Downing." In the preface to *The Life and Writings of Major Jack Downing of Downingville,* written by himself,[14] Seba Smith waxes indignant against "the rascally counterfeits," and urges that "they jest put their own names to 'em," adding, "But he that will print his letters and put my name to 'em, I think would steal a sheep." In his own name, Seba Smith wrote a variety of other prose and verse, including "Powhatan: A Metrical Romance in seven cantos," "New Elements of Geometry" and "Dew Drops" and other sentimental selections which he collected for the *Keepsake* and similar annuals.

[13] Complete bibliography of the editions of Letters by both Seba Smith and Charles A. Davis may be found in Sabin's *Bibliothèca Americana,* 1871 and 1928, and in Mary Alice Wyman, *Two American Pioneers: Seba Smith and Elizabeth Oakes Smith* (1927).

[14] Boston, 1833.

CHAPTER VI

ELIA, GEOFFREY CRAYON, IK MARVEL AND THEIR FOLLOWERS

ALTHOUGH Charles Lamb lives to-day in literature as the author of *Essays of Elia,* he did not use this pseudonym until he had already attained considerable rank in his own name and as the friend of Hazlitt and Coleridge, by his poems, occasional plays and critical essays. The first series of *Essays of Elia* appeared in 1823—twenty-five essays that had been contributed monthly to the *London Magazine.* The first essay by Charles Lamb, signed "Elia," appeared in August, 1820, under the somewhat tame title, "Recollections of the South Sea House." It was fitting that, in seeking a *nom de plume* for this series, so different in kind from his earlier writing, he should have chosen the name of an Italian clerk who was an office companion of his, thirty years before when Lamb was in the South Sea House.

To see this old fellow-clerk and apologize for taking his name, Lamb went to call upon him in June of the next year. He says, "I went to laugh over with him at my usurpation of his name, and found him, alas! no more than a name, for he died of consumption eleven months ago, and I knew not of it. So the name has fairly devolved to me, I think, and 'tis all he has left me." This pseudonym, which has gained worldwide affection, has not been generally pronounced as its usurper intended, for

Lamb wrote to his publisher, Taylor, "Call him Ellia."

Years of writing, in both verse and prose, had given to "Elia" the ease of style and the grasp of material, with maturity of judgment, that would not have been possible in earlier ventures. He was only a lad of fifteen when he served his own apprenticeship in the South Sea House, but from his own memories, supplemented by those of his brother, John, he was able to make alive John Tipp, the accountant, and his associates, as well as the atmosphere in which they worked.

Two characteristics of these *Essays of Elia* had developed from his years of observation of life and habit of writing—namely, flexibility of style and abundance of quotations. Whatever the theme might be—descriptive or reflective, gay-spirited or wistful—"Elia" always chose diction adapted to its tone. To essays like "Two Races of Men," "My Relations," "Mackery End in Hertfordshire" and "The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple," he brought memories of personal contacts with many people, proving what "Barry Cornwall" said of him, as he passed through the streets, "looking no one in the face for more than a moment, yet contriving to see everything as he went on." [1] To essays like "Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist," or "Dissertation upon Roast Pig," "Grace before Meat," or the briefer "Popular Fallacies," he brought that spontaneous wit and kindly humor that emanated from his personality.

Charles Lamb, the poet at heart and the lover whose life was shadowed by two demons—those of insanity and over fondness of the cup that cheered and inebriated—was revealed in "Elia," who wrote "New Year's Eve,"

[1] Alfred Ainger, *Charles Lamb* (1882), p. 101.

"Dream-Children" and "The Child Angel." "The Confessions of a Drunkard" combined some personal reactions with a larger quota of vivid imagination and dramatic picture. More true of his earlier years than those of the "Elia" essays was the confession, "Life itself, my waking life, has much of the confusion, the trouble, and obscure perplexity of an ill dream." To those years of trouble and perplexity, however, may be traced many of the literary assets in *Essays of Elia.*

Between the publication of the first and second series of these Essays he commented upon his own style, with some irony and more sincerity, in "Character of the Late Elia":

> I am now at liberty to confess that much that I have heard objected to my late friend's writings was well founded. Crude, they are, I grant you—a sort of unlicked, incondite things—villainously ranked in an affected array of antique words and phrases. They had not been *his*, if they had been other than such; and better it is that a writer should be natural in self-pleasing quaintness than to affect a naturalness (so called) that should be strange to him.

Essays of Elia were begun when Charles Lamb was forty-five; they continued for five years. At fifty he was retired, on a pension of two-thirds of his salary, from the India House; his income from this clerical position had reached the sum of six hundred pounds. A part of this pension, at the request of Lamb and his friends, was reserved for his sister, Mary, should she survive him, as she did for thirteen years. The tourist who fails to visit Edmonton, where Mary and Charles Lamb are buried in the churchyard, with noble monument and perpetual care

—furnished, we were told by the caretaker, through the affectionate interest of E. V. Lucas—misses an appealing experience. In the little cottage nearly opposite the church, which was standing almost unchanged three years ago, we could live again some of those later years of Lamb's life, for the aged resident kept the incidents well in mind. One reason for the Lambs' choice of this location, he told us, was because here lived a woman with some repute as a "mental healer," for a possible helper in the periodic attacks of Mary Lamb.

The life of "Elia" was like a tragic poem, in his years of self-denial and devotion, years of poverty and loneliness. "Bridget Elia" was loved tenderly as well as protectively. She had wit and graciousness, in her sanity; she showed her ability to assimilate knowledge and impart it in her share of *Tales from Shakespeare.* Her humor is evidenced in "Mrs. Leicester's School" and other stories. Letters of Lamb, memories of their friends—Coleridge, Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt—and the heavy but sympathetic poem by Wordsworth, upon "that fraternal love," all bear testimony to the honesty of the tributes to "Bridget Elia" in "Mackery End."

In accord with this fashion of pseudonyms, especially those of fantastic sound, among the Queen Anne wits, Washington Irving selected a series of odd disguises for his earlier writings, carrying the custom even to his *Knickerbocker History of New York.* He wrote his *Sketch Book* as "Geoffrey Crayon, Gent." in 1819. A little later he was contributing letters to the *Morning Chronicle,* of which his brother, Peter, was editor, as "Jonathan Oldstyle." Sometimes he signed himself "Friar Antonio Agapida." "Launcelot Langstaff"

was the joint pen name for Washington Irving, his brother William, and James K. Paulding. When he was seventy-three years old, and urged to write a four-volume life of George Washington, he demurred: "Whimsical as it may seem, I was haunted occasionally by one of my own early pleasantries, my mock admonition to Diedrich Knickerbocker, not to idle in historic wayfaring. 'Is not Time, relentless Time, with palsied hand, shaking his almost exhausted hourglass before thee?' [2]

When Donald G. Mitchell, a young journalist and lawyer in New York, born in Norwich, Connecticut, and educated at Yale, wished to write, he chose anonymity. In the somewhat ironic mood of a clientless young lawyer he watched New York types of his day and decided to satirize them. The Sketches were collected with the title, *The Lorgnette, or Studies of the Town by an Opera-Goer.* In 1850 this book went through eleven editions. Two years later appeared *A Book of the Heart,* which sold eighteen editions; it was the first installment of *Reveries of a Bachelor.* The qualities of kindly humor and sentimentality became even more pronounced when there followed, in quick succession and with ready response from the public, *Reveries of a Bachelor* and *Dream Life.* On the title pages was the pseudonym, "Ik Marvel."

In "A New Preface" to the *Reveries of a Bachelor,* for the 1883 edition, the author recounts somewhat of his adventures as a writer in disguise. He says that *The Lorgnette,* with "some satire and a good deal of what I counted honest preachment against the follies of the day," was so mysterious in its authorship that, for a long time,

[2] Pierre Irving, *Life and Letters of Washington Irving* (1862-64), Vol. IV, p. 230.

not even Henry Kernot, the Broadway bookseller by whom the "weekly papers or yellow-covered pamphlets" were sold, knew their authorship. The "First Reverie" paper appeared in the *Southern Literary Messenger,* printed by that friend of many authors of the time, Jonathan R. Thompson. It was reprinted in *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* in the first year of this journal.

Continuing his reminiscences, Mr. Mitchell said: "Its style and strain being wholly unlike that of the *Lorgnette,* it occurred to me that it would be a politic thing, and further my purpose of mystifying the literary quidnuncs, to add more papers in a kindred vein, and publish all together as an independent volume." One of the ironies of literary history comes in in the narrative; for they were refused publication by Ticknor and Fields of Boston, but later James T. Fields, who was their reader, admitted his regret at the decision. The *Reveries* were brought out by Scribner and met surprising success.

With friendly and apt imagery, Mr. Mitchell wrote that later preface, without any extensive changes in form or apologies, because "the book wears for me the illusions and the fleeting prismatic hues which bubbles always wear, and which youth is always used to blow, and to follow with eager eye, till the iridescence be gone, and the bubbles too!" Carrying on the same symbolism, he writes in the Preface to a later edition of *Dream Life;* (By the author of "Reveries of a Bachelor"): "*Dream Life* grew out of the *Reveries* even as one bubble piles upon another from the pipe out of which young breath blows them into bigness."

Both the *Reveries* and *Dream Life* were reprinted abroad, sometimes with the approval of the author, but

not always—in those days before international copyright. Mr. Mitchell recalled one act of piracy of *Dream Life* that amused him: "An Edinburgh house of strong theologic proclivities after pirating the book, prepared it for orthodox readers by dropping out the chapter on Boy Religion. I could have wished that the book had been altogether so good as to have justified them in making their theft complete—or altogether so bad as to have kept them honestly aloof."

These essays belong to the period of "dressing-gown and slippers," to open fires and large families gathered around the evening lamp, to an age that did not scorn pathos nor sentiment. They give graphic pictures of the mid-nineteenth century life in such homes, especially on farms and in quiet villages. The pictures are suggested by such chapter headings as "Smoke—Signifying Doubt, Blaze—Signifying Cheer, Ashes—Signifying Desolation," or "Morning—Which Is Past, Noon—Which Is Present, and Evening—Which Is Future." The author was wise to leave these essays unchanged in later years; "Middle age does not look on life like youth; we cannot make it. And why mix the years and the thoughts? Let the young carry their own burdens and banner; and we—ours."

There was much of the poet in "Ik Marvel," as well as the lover of outdoors—his pseudonym seemed to combine the two writers who allured him, Andrew Marvell and Ik Walton. Scattered through these earlier volumes of his youthful "bubbles," and the later wise counsel from his "Farm at Edgewood," are passages of delicate imagination and diction, and other pages that abound in subtle humor: "Raleigh threw his velvet cloak into the

mud for the Virgin Queen to tread upon—from which we infer a recent shower; but it is not often that an historical incident is so suggestive of the true state of the atmosphere."

There was evidence of dual personality as the years passed for this author. He was "Ik Marvel" as poetic dreamer and sentimentalizer, the fearless photographer of human foibles, and was often called "the American Elia"; he was Donald G. Mitchell, the "gentleman-farmer of Edgewood," near New Haven, scholar and interpreter of *English Lands, Letters and Kings* and *American Lands and Letters.* Another pen name occasionally used by Mr. Mitchell was "John Timon."

There was kinship between Washington Irving as "Geoffrey Crayon" and "Ik Marvel." In one of his prefaces to *Dream Life,* and again in *American Lands and Letters,* he recalls the delights of companionship with Irving at Sunnyside and elsewhere. They were akin in their romantic sensibilities, their undaunted optimism and their sustained modesty. An example of the last trait, on the part of Mr. Mitchell, took the form of a letter of acknowledgment to the writer of this book, after an article upon "The Charm of Ik Marvel" by her had appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly.* With words of generous appreciation, and a "wish that your subject had been more worthy of your flattering words," he said: "More especially am I gratified by your kindly mention of the humane & 'companionable' side of the writings on which you comment—which mention is, to me, more welcome than the most favorable critical estimate of literary form." [3]

"Geoffrey Crayon" and "Ik Marvel" have certain suc-

[3] Personal letter, dated Edgewood, February 8, 1906.

cessors in American essay sketches to-day. MacGregor Jenkins, as "Rusticus," in his agricultural hints and witty epigrams in *Puttering Round,* suggests passages in the Edgewood books and those rural essays of slightly later days by Charles Dudley Warner—"My Summer in a Garden." He has chosen the pen name used years before by Frederick Denison Maurice.

On the same list of "companionable essayists" stands "David Grayson," another signal example of dual personality. For ten years this pseudonym mystified the public, and only Walter Hines Page knew the secret, outside the family of Ray Stannard Baker. He writes me that the choice of this special phrase, "David Grayson," was due to a memory of hearing the name "once when I was in the South," and applying it in need of a name suggestive of *Adventures in Contentment* and *Adventures in Friendship.* The material for these easeful, refreshing essays was garnered largely while Ray Stannard Baker was doing reportorial work in courts and crowds for the Chicago *Record,* after his graduation from the University of Michigan. To escape from the noise and turmoil of the city he walked into the countryside, making notes of his observations, both of nature and his chance acquaintances by the roadside. Often he would write out these reflections, for his own pleasure, in leisure hours.

There came a day when he changed his station, as editor, from Chicago to New York, where he wrote, for *McClure's Magazine,* a variety of serious articles upon Wall Street, the Negro question or "The Spiritual Unrest." While on one of his travel-commissions for *McClure's* he was instrumental in bringing safely out from Turkey the

American missionary, Ellen Stone, who had been kidnaped. Meantime, *McClure's* was in search of some articles of lighter, more recreative sort to balance their problematic studies. Ray Stannard Baker thought (when appealed to for advice) of his own sketches and "Adventures" and they were highly approved. He was writing articles of very different type under his own name, so he must find a pseudonym.

So complete was this disguise, and the secret of his identity, that not even Thomas Fogarty, who illustrated the *Adventures* and *The Friendly Road,* knew who "David Grayson" was. Finally, as in the case of "George Eliot," an impostor appeared who claimed that he was "David Grayson" and announced some lectures. It was necessary to reveal the truth, so it was told in the *Bookman,* March, 1916. Literature of the last decade has missed the frequent messages of pictorial charm and cheerful optimism of "David Grayson." Ray Stannard Baker has written the biography of Woodrow Wilson and other scholarly volumes; his other self, however, walks about the countryside near his beautiful home in Amherst and speaks personal messages of refreshment to his neighbors and friendly visitors.

"Henry Beston"—who has dropped his last name of Sheahan—has produced two books of leisurely, witty essays in the mode of these earlier writers—*Book of Gallant Vagabonds* (1925) and *Outermost House; A Year of Life on the Great Beach of Cape Cod* (1928). This author, whose home is in Quincy, Massachusetts, has written, also, delightful fairy books for children and another favorite juvenile, *Sons of Kai; Stories the Indian Told.*

Among some of the beautiful books published by the Mosher Press with distinctive art are certain essays by "Vernon Lee," whose true name is Violet Paget. Ease and vividness are combined in her *Golden Keys and Other Essays, Child in the Vatican, In Umbria* and *In Praise of Old Gardens.*

"Mark Rutherford," whose identity has been revealed as William Hale White (1831-1913), a friend of Ruskin, wrote biography—a good life of John Bunyan, character-studies of *Catherine Furze* and *Clara Hopgood, Pages from a Journal* and *Memoirs of Mark Rutherford. Mark Rutherford's Deliverance, edited by his friend, Reuben Shapcott,* is an autobiographical narration in which humor, romance and mild adventure are well mingled. The hero comes "to Camden Town with £10 in his pocket and no outlook." How he enters the House of Commons, both to report and to debate, how he loses and then gains Ellen Butts, how life develops both in work and holidays—such chapters are written in quaint, essayistic style.

A modern biographer, with deft diction and keen insight, calls himself "Lewis Melville," but his name is Lewis S. Benjamin. To him readers are indebted for *Beau Brummell; Life and Letters,* lives of Lady Mary Montagu, of Scott and Thackeray, a fascinating life story of Nell Gwynn and more recent piquant records of stage favorites and certain "Windsor beauties."

Robert Cortes Holliday, writing as "Murray Hill" about *Peeps at People, Turns About Town* and *Walking-Stick Papers,* mingles present-day humor with some literary, leisurely traits of "Ik Marvel" and his associates.

In looking over lists of pseudonyms, one is impressed by the frequency of "Peter," as a part of many an author's

mask. William Cobbett chose "Peter Porcupine"; John Wolcott was "Peter Pindar"; "Peter Morris" was a pen name for J. G. Lockhart, and "Peter Plymley" for Sydney Smith. Other "Peters," like "Peter Peppercorn" and "Peter Martin," are noted among the satirists and poets, while "Peter Parley" belongs among both essayists and writers of popular juveniles.

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him," that of "Fiona Macleod," was submerged but not lost. His wife, in her *Memoir,* says of this period:[2] "So complete, apparently, for a time, was this divorce between the two radical strains in him that only a few of his intimates suspected the existence of the sensitive, delicate, feminine side of him that he buried carefully out of sight, and as far as possible out of touch with the current of his literary life in London where at no time did the 'Fiona Macleod' side of his nature gain help or inspiration." That this poetic other self was alive, however, was evident from the wanderings in which he indulged about London, especially about the neighborhood of "The Pool," as he later portrayed them in "Madge o' the Pool." His wife adds: "I remember he told me that rarely a day passed in which he did not try to imagine himself living the life of a woman, to see through her eyes, and feel and view life from her standpoint, and so vividly that sometimes 'I forget I am not the woman I am trying to imagine.'"

As William Sharp, he wrote his poem of "Sleepy Hollow" after the death of Emerson whose Essays had been such a stimulus to him that he called the volume, *My Bible.* This elegy appeared in *Earth's Voices* (now out of print) with stanzas of vibrant, loving appreciation, beginning:

> He sleeps here the untroubled sleep
> Who could not bear the noise and moil
> Of public life, but far from toil
> A happy reticence did keep.

Visits to Italy and to America, *Sonnets of the Century,* and many other poems, lives of artists and critiques, filled

[2] *Ibid.,* pp. 52-3.

the years with productiveness for William Sharp. Friendships deepened with George Meredith, "Mathilde Blind," Robert Browning and others. The first-mentioned author prophesied of that work of intense realism and dramatic poetry, *The Wild Mare:* "You have hit the mark. It is an unrivalled piece." With the American novelist, "Blanche Willis Howard" (Frau Hof-Arzt Von Teuffel) he collaborated on a novel, *A Fellowe and His Wife,* while he was writing such short stories as "The Northern Light," "The Birth of a Soul" and "The Black Madonna." It is interesting, in passing, to read his intention of issuing "The Dramatic Interludes," in 1891, "under my anagram, H. P. Siwäarmill." The idea of veiling his identity was alluring him. Another visit to America and acquaintance with Walt Whitman bore later fruit in that pictorial stanza which he wrote on the death of Whitman:

In Memoriam

He laughed at Life's Sunset-Gates
With vanishing breath,
Glad soul, who went with the sun
To the Sunrise of death.

Breaking out in his diaries and forming an undertone in much of his literary work, from "Sospiri di Roma" to "Vistas," are longings for his "dream life," for the visions of beauty wholly alien to his more robust strain. The summer of 1893, at Phenice Croft, offered the opportunity to indulge this long-deferred yearning of the romantic poet. He planned a Celtic story, *Pharais,* and before it was finished he had decided to issue it under the pseudonym of "Fiona Macleod." The impulse towards

this form of expression, and the dominance of the moods of subtle emotions over those of criticism and intellectuality, dated back to his childhood. This impulse, however, had been fed during his spring months in Rome, immortalized in "Sospiri di Roma," by the friendship of a woman, without whom, he said, "There would have been no 'Fiona Macleod.'"

This friend exerted such magical influence upon William Sharp, causing him to lead the life of a dreamer and romanticist, that he passed through strange psychic experiences. His wife has analyzed the source of this influence: "Because of her beauty, her strong sense of life and of the joy of life; because of her keen intuitions and mental alertness, her personality stood for him as a symbol of the heroic women of Greek and Celtic days, a symbol that, as he expressed it, unlocked new doors in his mind and put him 'in touch with ancestral memories' of his race." Again, he would say: "Should the secret be found out, Fiona dies. . . . My truest self, the self who is below all other selves, and my most intimate life and joys and sufferings, thoughts, emotions and dreams, *must* find expression, yet I cannot, save in this hidden way." [3]

Why did he choose this combination of names for his pseudonym? He answers the query in a letter to his friend, Mrs. Janvier: [4]

You have asked me once or twice about F. M., why I took her name: and how and when she came to write "Pharais." . . . The name was born naturally: (of course I had associations with the name Macleod) it, Fiona, is very rare now.

[3] *Ibid.*, p. 227.
[4] *Ibid.*, p. 226.

Most Highlanders would tell you it was extinct—even as the diminutive of Fionaghal (Flora). But it is not. It is an old Celtic name (meaning "a fair maid") still occasionally to be found. I know a little girl, the daughter of a Highland clergyman, who is called Fiona. . . . I can write out of my heart in a way I could not do as William Sharp, and indeed I could not do so if I were the woman Fiona Macleod is supposed to be, unless veiled in scrupulous anonymity.

When the Sharps left Phenice Croft, the author of *Pharais* felt deep regret; he "kissed a handful of the grassy turf and threw it to four quarters of the earth, so that he might find Beauty wherever he might go, thus fulfilling the aspiration of 'Fiona Macleod'—to live in Beauty—which is to put into four words all the dreams and spiritual effort of the soul of man." The boy who had been a runaway dreamer, who lived in a world of mysteries, who was taught by winds, woods and seas, was now embodied in "Fiona Macleod." Following the Celtic romance, he wrote dramas, like *The Immortal Hour* and *The House of Usna,* and ballads and many lyrics in varied themes and meters. Symbolism and wistfulness are blended in dramatic and lyrical forms. In the foreword to the plays, mentioned above, the author says: "In these short dramas I have attempted to give voice to two elemental emotions, the emotion of the inevitableness of destiny and the emotion of tragical loveliness."

Myths and elemental truths of life are mingled in such narrative poems, often with latent fire of passion, as "St. Christopher of the Gaol," "The Tryst of Queen Hynde" and "Deirdre Is Dead." Most typical of these dreamy fantasies is "From the Hills of Dreams": [5]

[5] *Poems and Dramas by Fiona Macleod* (1910).

Across the silent stream
  Where the slumber-shadows go,
From the dim blue Hills of Dream
  I have heard the west wind blow.

Who hath seen that fragrant land,
  Who hath seen that unscanned west?
Only the listless hand
  And the unpulsing breast.

But when the west wind blows
  I see moon-lances gleam
Where the Host of Faerie flows
  Athwart the Hills of Dream.

And a strange song I have heard
  By a shadowy stream,
And the singing of a snow-white bird
  On the Hills of Dream.

Sometimes "Fiona Macleod" wrote in prose, contributing essays to *Country Life,* afterwards collected as *Where the Forest Murmurs.* Descriptive passages with poetic undertone, with fascinating retelling of old legends, are in such examples as "The Tribe of the Plover," "The Pleiad Month" and "Rosa Mystica." "White Weather," well-called "A Mountain Reverie," has a tonic of mood and imagery. The reader of "Fiona Macleod" is often reminded of lines from Yeats; some of the lighter, mystical stanzas suggest resemblance to Emily Dickinson.

Many interesting and amusing conditions were developed during the remaining years of William Sharp's life, while he kept as a secret his dual personality and the real identity of "Fiona Macleod." Letters to this new writer,

either addressed to "her" directly or in care of William Sharp, are cited from George Meredith, Grant Allen, Katherine Tynan Hinkson and Edmund Clarence Stedman. Grant Allen pays tribute to her work, "instinct with the dreamy Celtic genius," but warns not to become "too shadowy" nor "over-lard your English with Gaelic." In a letter to William Sharp, written about the same time, Mr. Allen mentions the suspicions of Richard LeGallienne, and even of himself at first, that "Fiona Macleod" was a pseudonym for his friend, but he adds:

> On second thoughts, I felt certain, in spite of great likeness of style, there was a feminine touch in it. . . . All the same, however, I was not quite satisfied you were not taking us in, especially as your book with Blanche Willis Howard had shown one how womanly a tone you could adopt when it suited you; and I shan't feel absolutely at rest on the subject till I have seen the "beautiful lassie" in person. If she turns out to be William Sharp in disguise, I shall owe you a bad one for it; for I felt my letter had just that nameless tinge of emotion one uses towards a woman, and a beginner, but which would be sadly out of place with an old hand like yourself, who has already won his spurs in the field of literature.[6]

It was generally believed, by the intimate friends of the Sharps, that "Fiona Macleod" was a cousin of William Sharp. Among embarrassing letters came one, a proposal of marriage to "Fiona Macleod" from an ardent admirer of her poetry, emphasizing "similarities of taste, details of position, etc. Acceptance was urged, with all appearance of seriousness; therefore, the refusal was worded with

[6] Sharp, *op. cit.*, pp. 232-3.

gravity befitting the occasion." One friend, Sir George Douglas, assured William Sharp that, after careful study of the writings of the two authors, he "was convinced from internal evidence that William Sharp was the author" of the books in question. On the other hand, Dr. Douglas Hyde, after the publication of *The Sin-Eater* by "Fiona Macleod," writes to William Sharp: "I think Fiona Macleod's books the most interesting thing in the new Scoto-Celtic movement, which I hope will march side by side with our own." [7]

In 1896 the *Highland News* wrote to several authors, asking for expression of their views on literature in the Highlands. Separate letters came to William Sharp and to "Fiona Macleod." The two letters, in reply, gave different viewpoints and the opportunity was welcomed by Mr. Sharp as a further means of "shielding his secret." Curiosity broke out in several places, however, as in a sensational article in the *Highland News,* with headlines, "Mystery! Mystery! All in a Celtic Haze!" The surmise was that if William Sharp was not the writer then his wife might be "Fiona Macleod," but this was vigorously denied by Mr. Sharp, who added, "Miss Fiona Macleod is—Miss Fiona Macleod."

Meantime, both William Sharp and his other self were writing distinctive, poetic books, "Fiona Macleod" was represented by *Green Fire* and *The Washer of the Ford,* in addition to many scattered poems; William Sharp wrote "The Gypsy Christ," "Ecce Puella," articles on "Modern Romantic Art" and "Wives in Exile," witty and "quite unlike anything else," as the author declared. T. A. Janvier wrote to William Sharp, after careful reading of *The*

[7] *Ibid.,* p. 256.

Washer of the Ford, that it indicated a combination of two sexes—or a double sex: "It is written with a man's sense of decency and a woman's sense of delicacy—and the love of both man and woman is in it to a very remarkable degree."

The psychological reactions to this continued dual personality in authorship and determination to keep his secret were shown, says his wife, "in a highly wrought condition of mental and emotional tension, which produced great restlessness, so that he could not long remain contentedly anywhere." When he finished the "Rune of the Sorrow of Women" he acknowledged that it stirred him deeply, left him weary from excitement and "the strange, semi-conscious fever of composition." His days were crowded with writing and his nights disturbed by dreams.

One of the journeyings of William Sharp brought him to New York on the eve of the presidential election of 1896; he wrote a vivid description of the excitement over Bryan's "fifty cent dollar." Ill health and restlessness caused him to make frequent changes of his environment, in the British Isles and on the Continent. London fog and gloom left his eyes "devitalized"—but Hastings gave him "sunlight by the sea." At Christmas time, in 1897, the book by "Fiona Macleod" was lighter and more mythical than the typical poetry and drama. *The Laughter of Peterkin* contained three old tales of Celtic wonderland; one lingers in memory, for its deftness of style and beauty of fancy, "The Four White Swans."

"From the Hills of Dream" brought more inquiries about the personality of "Fiona Macleod." In reply to a sympathetic letter from Ernest Rhys, the Welsh poet, William Sharp, veiling his identity, explained the meaning

of the word, Fiona, and added certain poetic symbolic statements about her origin:

> I was born more than a thousand years ago, in the remote region of Gaeldom known as the Hills of Dream. There I have lived the better part of my life, my father's name was Romance, and that of my mother was Dream. I have no photograph of their abode, which is just under the quicken-arch, immediately west of the sunset-rainbow. You will easily find it. Nor can I send you a photograph of myself. My last fell among the dew-wet heather and is now doubtless lining the cells of the wild bees.

In spite of the incessant writing, in two distinctive veins, and the increasing psychic complications that affected his physical and emotional health, William Sharp and "Fiona Macleod" continued their joint authorship until December, 1905. To the last he fought weakness and depression. He summoned a spirit of gayety and reminiscence to allay the gloom of others, as his life was ebbing; he met the unknown future with the exultant vision, "Oh, the beautiful 'Green Life' again! Ah, all is well."

It would be futile to try "to interpret" this dual personality and the strange, psychological manifestations that were interlinked with the literary work. It is better to accept his own vague, honest statement about the poetry of "Fiona Macleod": "I write, not because I know a mystery and would reveal it but because I have known a mystery and am today as a child before it and can neither reveal nor interpret it."

CHAPTER VIII

BARRY CORNWALL AND OWEN MEREDITH

TO his intimate friends, as to his readers, Bryan Waller Procter was almost universally known by his pseudonym, "Barry Cornwall." He was a minor poet in the period signalized by such major writers as Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley and Keats. He loved beauty in all forms; he was never an imitator of other poets in forms and themes but wrote, with mingled modesty and courage, the scenes from daily life, touched with his dramatic imagination, that were most appealing to his nature. His shyness was self-effacing and often caused him to depreciate his talents. In later life, when he minimized his popularity, Swinburne denied any such lack of appreciation of the older poet's lyrics of sentiment and beauty:

> No time casts down, no time upraises,
> Such loves, such memories, and such praises
> As need no grace of sun or shower,
> No saving screen from frost or thunder,
> To tend and house around and under
> The imperishable and peerless flower.

The personality of this poet, always "Barry" to his friends, was lovable and inspiring; Walter Savage Landor, in a genial mood at eighty, wrote:

Barry, your spirit long ago
Has haunted me; at last I know
The heart it springs from; one more sound
Ne'er rested on poetic ground.

The Procter family had small fortune but large ambitions for their son. He recalled his mother as "the kindest and tenderest mother in the world." At Harrow he learned to "use his fists," as well as his brains. Here schoolmates were Robert Peel and the poet, Byron. His school vacations were passed in a large mansion owned by his uncle where his imagination was fed by the beautiful gardens and meadows, by wall papers with "strange faces and objects, partaking at once of the bird and the beast," and by tales of English history and poetry, especially quotations from Shakespeare, that were narrated to him by one of the "female servants who was the daughter of a man who had failed in a profession or business."

Apprenticed to the law in a Wiltshire village, Bryan Procter spent most of his time reading the English poets from Chaucer to Burns. Then, at twenty, he fell in love and began to write verses. The death of his father gave him a small income which dwindled after a partnership with a solicitor and resultant losses. He had contributed some poems to the *Literary Gazette;* his aspirations to write drama found expression in "Dramatic Scenes and Other Poems," in 1819, which went through two editions. "A Sicilian Story" and "Mirandola" followed; the latter play ran for sixteen nights on the London stage and sold out three editions. From his first poetic contributions to the *Literary Gazette,* he used his pseudonym of "Barry

Cornwall," partly to veil his identity as a law student, partly because of the euphonious combination of syllables. The pen name was an anagrammatical device from the letters found in his legal name.

At the home of Basil Montague he met a daughter of his hostess by a former marriage, and to this woman he owed a life of happiness and social delights. Among the lines of this period are "Poet's Song to his Wife" and the lesser-known "Epistle from an Obscure Philosopher," in which he pictured their home life:

> She came unto my home; and with her came
> Infinite love, content, divine repose.
> Life rose above its height, and we beheld
> Beauty in all things, everywhere delight!
> The sun that dwelt in our own hearts shed forth
> Its beams upon the world, and brightened it;
> And from that brightness, as the ground takes back
> The dews it gently lends, we gathered light
> That led us through the dim sweet paths of life,
> Until our hearts bloomed forth in happiness.

Poetry did not supply a full larder for the happy household, so "Barry Cornwall" retired for a season behind Bryan Procter, the conveyancer. He sat up late at night and took private pupils, forty or fifty at a time, in his industrious zeal. The London home of the Procters became a social center for English artists and authors, and for visiting foreigners. Sometimes he would steal away to write an imaginative song or dramatic lyric; eight years after his marriage many of these furtive verses were collected as *English Songs*. The same year (1832) he was

appointed Metropolitan Commissioner of Lunacy, a position which he held for nearly thirty years.

To vary his occasional collections of verse he wrote an inadequate biography of Edmund Kean, which was severely criticized, and that delightful memoir of Charles Lamb which called forth from Carlyle the astonishing sequence of epithets in tribute: "Brevity, perspicuity, graceful clearness; then also perfect veracity, gentleness, lovingness, justness, peaceable candour throughout; a fine, kindly sincerity to all comers; with sharp enough insight, too, quick recognition graphically rendered,—all the qualities, in short, which such a book could have I find visible in this."

To his home were welcomed Charles Lamb, Leigh Hunt and William Hazlitt, with Thackeray (who dedicated *Vanity Fair* to "Barry Cornwall") and Coleridge and Samuel Rogers, poet and banker, familiar guests. Two Americans have left vivid impressions of "Barry Cornwall"—James T. Fields in his *Yesterdays with Authors,* and Hawthorne in his Journals, under date of June 12, 1854. Mr. Fields emphasized the admiration of Procter for Hawthorne and commented upon a dinner, in the summer of 1859, which was complimentary to the American romancer, with Charles Sumner and Leigh Hunt among the guests. In reminiscence of an earlier year, Hawthorne describes "Barry Cornwall" as

a plain, middle-sized, rather smallish, English-looking gentleman, elderly (sixty or thereabouts) with short white hair. Particularly quiet in his manners; he talks in a somewhat feeble tone and emphasis, not at all energetic, scarcely distinct. . . . I liked him very well; he talked unaffectedly,

showing an author's regard to his reputation, and evidently was pleased to hear of his American celebrity. Nothing remains on my mind of what he said, except that in his younger days, he was a scientific pugilist, and once took a journey to have a sparring encounter with the Game-Chicken. Certainly, no one would have looked for a pugilist in this subdued old gentleman. . . . On the whole he made a pleasant and kindly, but not a powerful impression on me—as how should he? being a small, though elegant poet, and a man of no passion or emphasized intellect. My wife and the children came into the drawing-room to see him; and all parties seemed to be pleased with one another. . . . Barry Cornwall looks like a man who may have kept company with lords—not that he is mean, either, but neither is he of the first rank.[1]

In memories of the dinner five years later, given by "Barry Cornwall" for Hawthorne, James T. Fields wrote of the mutual sympathy between Hawthorne and Adelaide Procter, the poet daughter of "Barry Cornwall." One of the finest sonnets of Procter's early maturity was written, in November, 1825, soon after the birth of this "golden-tressed Adelaide," with the familiar beginning: "Child of my heart! My sweet, beloved First-born!"

Adelaide Procter, like her father, began her poetic contributions under a pseudonym, that of "Miss Mary Berwick." Dickens described his impressions of this unknown writer of verse in his *Household Words,* in 1853, and his surmise that she was a governess, so self-reliant and punctual was her personality. Then one day he was dining at the Procter home and extolled the reliability and good verse of "Miss Mary Berwick." Mrs. Procter, who knew

[1] Newton Arvin, Ed., *The Heart of Hawthorne's Journals* (1929), pp. 167-8.

the secret, could not restrain her "tears of joy" and the identity was revealed. Adelaide Procter was a fine linguist, musician and painter. Her poems, "The Angel's Story" and "God's Gifts," were highly rated in her day. She died of consumption in February, 1864.

Among tender lyrics by "Barry Cornwall" is one that has become a household song, memorial to the poet's own household; the second stanza is appealing in picture and diction:

Touch us gently, Time!
  We've not proud nor soaring wings;
Our ambition, our content,
  Lie in simple things.
Humble voyagers are we,
O'er Life's dim, unsounded sea.
Seeking only some calm clime:
Touch us *gently*, gentle Time.

The wife of "Barry Cornwall" was gifted in pen-and-ink sketching. Neither husband nor wife was robust; "they supped their water gruel at nine o'clock and life was often hard but happy." The true interpreters of this poet of middle range, but lovable personality, were Charles Lamb and Carlyle, two men who never understood each other but could appreciate their mutual friend. To Lamb, the personality of "Barry Cornwall" was listed as that of "the spirit most congenial to his own." Carlyle showed almost a protective kindness in his comments upon Procter. In a reference to the pseudonym, "Barry Cornwall," he said: "It was chosen because of that intellectual reserve and sensitiveness which influenced his whole life

and a curious underestimation of his talents." These two men shared admiration for Edward Irving, the eccentric preacher, "a giant force of activity," whose influence far outlasted his death when he was forty-two.

Although the major portion of the poetry by "Barry Cornwall" was of sentimental tone, depicting home life and loyalties, or wistful songs, he wrote occasionally more robust verses like his swinging, melodic "Hunting Song," or the pictorial poem of "The Stormy Petrel." In the latter are descriptive passages of grim, stormy seas and sailors' superstitions:

A thousand miles from land are we,
Tossing about on the roaring sea;
From billow to bounding billow cast
Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast.
The sails are scattered abroad like weeds,
The strong masts shake like quivering reeds,
The mighty cables and iron chains
The hull which all earthly strength disdains,
The strain and the crack; and hearts like stone,
Their natural hail, proud strength disown.
O'er the deep! O'er the deep!
Where the whale and the shark and the sword-fish
sleep.
Outflying the blast and the driving rain,
The petrel telleth her tale in vain;
For the mariner curseth the warning bird
Which bringeth him word of the storm unheard.

The modesty which characterized "Barry Cornwall," regarding his own writing, extended, in large part, to his criticism of contemporary poets. He wrote to James T. Fields in an unwonted vein of ironic humor:

There is no one rising hereabouts in literature. I suppose our national genius is taking a mechanical turn. And, in truth, it is much better to make a good steam-engine than to manufacture a poor poem. "Building the lofty rhyme" is a good thing, but our present buildings are of a low order, and seldom reach the Attic. This piece of wit will scarcely throw you into a fit, I imagine, your risible muscles being doubtless kept in good order.

Later he writes to the same friend:

Our poets are all going to the poor-house (except Tennyson) and our prose writers are piling up their work for the next 5th of November, when there will be a great bonfire. It is deuced lucky that my immortal (ah, I am De Quinceying!) —I mean my humble performances were printed in America, so that they will escape.[2]

As the years passed, "Barry Cornwall" was often a victim of physical weakness and depressed spirits. He never allowed himself to lose courage, however, and when conditions seemed most hopeless, he broke forth into "A Song With a Moral":

When the winter bloweth loud,
And the earth is in a shroud,
Frozen rain or sleety snow
Dimming every dream below,
There is e'er a spot of green
Whence the heavens may be seen.

When our purse is shrinking fast,
And our friend is lost (the last);

[2] James T. Fields, *Yesterdays with Authors* (1886), pp. 401, 407.

And the world doth pour its pain,
Sharper than the frozen rain,
There is still a spot of green
Whence the heavens may be seen.

Let us never meet despair
While the little spot is there;
Winter brighteneth into May,
And sullen night to sunny day—
Seek we then the spot of green
Whence the heavens may be seen.

When "Barry Cornwall" was seventy-four years old and revolting against the "pre-Raphaelite tendency in English literature—"Poetry in England assuming a new character and not a better character"—he wrote to Mr. Fields: "We have no poet since Tennyson except Robert Lytton, who, you know, calls himself Owen Meredith." [3] It was inevitable that there should be sympathy between "Barry Cornwall" and the author of *Lucile*. Both were romanticists; both admired Tennyson; "Owen Meredith" was charged with imitations of Tennyson both in themes and metaphysical thought. Edmund Clarence Stedman, writing of "the Bulwers," in his *Victorian Poets* half a century ago, said:

Father and son,—their love of letters, determination, indomitable industry have commanded praise. The son, writing in poetry as naturally as his father wrote in prose, has the same adroitness, the same unbounded ambition, the same conscientiousness in labor and lack of it in method. Of both father and son this critic emphasized "their glittering and

[3] *Ibid.*, p. 415.

elaborate structures, though aware of something hollow or stuccoed in the walls, columns and ceilings, and even suspicious of the floor on which we stand."

Was it because of this "stuccoed" quality that *Lucile* lived only for a limited day and has passed into popular oblivion? It was essentially a "best-seller" of fifty years ago, "a parlor-novel" written with knowledge of the society of his age and some fluent lines. It outlived his other long poems, like "Clytemnestra" and "The Wanderer," or his later sensuous character-poems of "Ernest Maltravers" and "Pelham." In all of the poetry by Robert Lytton there are traces of that affectation and unsubstantial quality which Mr. Stedman has cited—"radiance not of stars, but of chandeliers and gas-lights." It has been said that scores of copies of *Lucile* were sent from home libraries, in appeal for "books for the soldiers in training-camp" in the World War, but there is no record of the circulation of these donated volumes, often bound in much gilt and warm colors, as befitted this parlor-table poem. Typical of the deft phrases and romantic tone are these lines of setting, as Lord Alfred receives his first letter from Lucile:

> Now in May Fair, of course,—in the fair month
> of May—
> When life is abundant, and busy and gay:
> When the markets of London are noisy about
> Young ladies and strawberries,—"only just out":
> Fresh strawberries sold under all the house-eaves,
> And young ladies on sale for the strawberry leaves;
> When cards, invitations, and three-corner'd notes
> Fly about like white butterflies—gay little motes

In the sunbeam of Fashion . . . I say, in the season
Of Fair May, in May Fair, there can be no reason
Why, when quietly munching your dry-toast and
butter,
Your nerves should be suddenly thrown in a flutter
At the sight of a neat little letter, address'd
In a woman's handwriting, containing half guess'd
An odor of violets faint as the Spring,
And coquettishly seal'd with a small signet-ring.

In the second volume of *The Life of Edward Bulwer, First Lord Lytton,* by his grandson, the Earl of Lytton,[4] there are interesting reflections of the relations between father and son, especially at the time when "Owen Meredith" was writing his most ambitious verse, and when *Lucile* was threatened with legal trouble on the charge of plagiarism of "George Sand's" novel, *Lavinia.* The warm affection which persisted between the older Lord Lytton and his children was more remarkable because, in their young childhood, he saw them only occasionally. His separation from his wife and domestic unhappiness increased his loneliness and prevented close companionship with his son until the latter had reached maturity. His father buried himself in political and literary interests but he disliked London society for long periods. At his Knebworth home he entertained a few intimates, like Disraeli and John Forster, but he became restless and went off by himself to Continental resorts.

Grief came to him in the premature death of his daughter, Emily Lytton. This seemed the last chance for

[4] Earl of Lytton, *The Life of Edward Bulwer, First Lord Lytton* (1913).

domestic affection to ripen and find expression in the father. Her brother was sixteen, a student at Harrow, when Emily died. Soon afterwards he was sent to a private school at Bonn, where he became involved in a "boyish scrape which caused him the acutest suffering. Here was an occasion when a father's love and sympathy and advice would have been of inestimable value to him; but if he looked for it, he looked in vain." [5] The father was not well at the time and reports to him of the trouble seemed to have been exaggerated; he wrote severe and reproachful letters. Through the kindness of John Forster, and the more gentle, lovable nature of Robert Lytton, matters were adjusted between them. Then followed a yet more serious wrench of their comradeship when Robert tried to mediate between his father and mother, in 1858, during the period of Lady Lytton's most violent outbreaks.

In the stress of tense feeling and a repressed desire to gain the support of his son, Lord Lytton wrote him letters that were often harsh and bitter. Had Robert been handicapped by the irascibility of his father or the unreason of his mother, the result would have been fatal for his future —but he wrote replies of affectionate, even apologetic, nature so that his father was moved to express his mistakes in judgment and to address Robert as "My own darling boy," "My noble, tender-hearted, matchless son," "My all in all—the only one in the world left to me to love—God in his great mercy bless and strengthen and cheer and watch over you." [6] At first his father was irascible when Robert married, in 1864, but soon a bond

[5] *Ibid.*, Vol. II., p. 378.
[6] *Ibid.*, Vol. II., p. 381.

of sympathy was felt between the father and his daughter-in-law. She was lovable and tactful and their children brought some cheer into the lonely life of the statesman-author.

As early as 1853 the father was giving his son advice about poems that *must* be published. He wrote him: "The vent is required, only keep the incognito strictly till we agree to lift the bars of the vizor." The first volume to appear, with the signature of "Owen Meredith," was *Clytemnestra and Other Poems.* The pseudonym was musical and suggestive. There was a tradition in the family that Anne Meredith, who married a Lytton, was sister or niece of Owen Tudor.[7] His father had urged Robert to study Greek, especially Homer. He reiterated this advice and its reason thus, "because he shows you (as by far the most popular poet that ever lived) the essentials of practical popularity."

When Robert suggested that his poems should appear first in magazines, his father reacted violently: "I can only leave to your own consideration to weigh the *pros* and *cons.* The anonymous may save you from frittering away your name, but not from frittering away the growing strength of your mind, freshness of style and of thought. A certain degree of chastity is necessary for every muse. Magazines, if not brothels, are ball-rooms."[8] "The majestic *Quarterlies*" were suggested as a compromise, for articles on "some good, effective subject."

Robert Lytton was already in the diplomatic service before he began to write for publication. He served in

[7] *The Secrets of Our National Literature* (1908), p. 94.
[8] Earl of Lytton, *op. cit.*, Vol. II, p. 386.

Portugal, India and France from 1874 to 1891. He often wearied of foreign society and visited his father in England. The latter's letters show his generosity, often at self-sacrifice, and his valiant acceptance of the "grooves" of his life. He resented occasional charges of plagiarism against him and his son, made by the *Literary Gazette*. A long statement was made by Lord Lytton regarding "true plagiarism—in borrowing the form of another. Imitators of Pope, Byron, or Tennyson, are plagiarists, tho they may not borrow a single thought or a single line. Borrowing is a beauty of scholarship and taste, and can't be done too largely." He instances examples in Shakespeare and Dryden, and concludes: "My own theory is that the less a poet, especially a dramatist, makes his own plot, the better."

In retrospect one wonders if the reiterated advice of his father to Robert was sound: ". . . Study what is popular, what will strike and interest the largest number of readers, later you can fill up crevices with scholastic mortar." He urges him to forget contemporary poets: "[If you would] confine your reading to the writers among the dead, who have been the most extensively popular, you would be more original and striking." The results of such advice, and its application, may be in "Owen Meredith's" two volumes of *Chronicles and Characters* with echoes of Herodotus, Homer, Horace and Ariosto. Again, he writes,[9] "I say, 'The greatest delight of the greatest number' should be the object of poetic art . . . and for the longest possible period. . . . Take my maxim, ponder it, and with your wonderful taste in poetic vocabulary and spirit, you will be the greatest poet in Christendom

[9] *Ibid.*, Vol. II, pp. 397-8.

of your time. Omit it and fritter away your genius by driblets, and you will end in mortification."

Robert Lytton did not understand fully his father's real meaning of "popular element," so this is explained in further letters. To the son's complaint that he lacks "imagination," his father answers: "You are wrong in thinking you want imagination. What would be true is this:—your imagination does not make its first object—invented plot and story." He extols what has been accomplished during the first thirty years of his son's life, his power to create ideas—"as imaginative as to create persons." "Owen Meredith" *did* achieve his father's goal—to study the popular; he did act upon the advice "to write a trifle that charms the public and secures its friendship"—rather than "a grand thing which the public can't understand and the critics will depreciate." He won, by *Lucile,* popular plaudits but "the longest possible period" did not outlast his own generation. He was a popular poet at his death in Paris, in 1891, at sixty years of age. With surprise to-day we find certain familiar lines, descriptive or philosophic, in this popular poem, as:

> No life
> Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife
> And all life not be purer and stronger thereby

or:

> The mission of genius on earth! To uplift,
> Purify, and confirm by its own gracious gift,
> The world, in despite of the world's dull endeavor
> To degrade, and drag down, and oppose it forever.
> The mission of genius: to watch and to wait,
> To renew, to redeem, and to regenerate.

Among the poems by "Owen Meredith" that are considered worthy of inclusion in later anthologies are *"Aux Italiens,"* "The Chess-Board" and "Since We Parted."[10] Typical of the sentimentality of his thought and words are the stanzas from *"Aux Italiens"*:

> At Paris it was, at the Opera there—
> And she looked like a queen in a book that night,
> With the wreath of pearl in her raven hair,
> And the brooch on her breast so bright.
>
> . . . .
>
> The world is filled with folly and sin,
> And Love must cling where it can, I say;
> For Beauty is easy enough to win;
> But one isn't loved every day.

[10] These are found in Burton E. Stevenson, *The Home Book of Verse, American and English* (1918).

CHAPTER IX

FROM SAPPHO TO CARMEN SYLVA AND MICHAEL FIELD

NEAR the end of the seventh century B.C. there was born at Eresos, on the west coast of Lesbos, now Mitylene, a woman of unusual gifts in music and poetry whose name has come down through the ages as "Sappho." Myths and traditions about her far exceed any accurate knowledge of her life. The Lesbians were noted for musical skill; a legend told them that the head and lyre of Orpheus had been carried by the waves of the Ægean to their shores. Trepander and Alkaios were predecessors of "Sappho"; other women poets, like Telesilla and Erinna, were her contemporaries. Plato and Strabo praised the beauty of "Sappho," as well as her lyrical skill. Aristotle wrote, "The Mitylenians honored Sappho although she was a woman." Tradition records that she had noble blood, and that her mother's name, Kleis, was given to "Sappho's" daughter. She married a rich man, Kerkolas, or Cerkolas, from Andros, who probably died in the early years of their married life. The school, or salon, of "Sappho" was the medium through which her writings were memorized by her pupils and passed on to their children.

Old coins, with the head of "Sappho," her bust in the Villa Albani, her sculptured head in Pitti Palace, her terra-cotta relief in the British Museum, and other memorials, attest her beauty, described by Alkaios:

Pure, sweetly-smiling Sappho, wearer of violets.

Antipater of Thessalonika, in the first century B.C., called her "The Tenth Muse," honored among women as Homer was among men. Twice, at least, in later centuries, her poetic works were condemned and burned. Fragments only remain, among them her "Wedding Songs," "Hymns to the Gods" and "Hymn to Aphrodite."

To many a later woman poet has been applied the sobriquet, a "second Sappho." Her name has been one to conjure with among poets and melodists. To several of these later women versifiers one might apply the words quoted above, from Aristotle. With this thought, Mr. J. C. Squire, editor of *A Book of Women's Verse,* writes in his preface:[1] "Poetry is poetry, whoever writes it. But it is a fact, at least so far as my observation goes, that people do feel curiosity about women's contributions to the arts, and that curiosity is common to all kinds of persons, from those who exaggerate the differences between the sexes, to those who seem to think that they can eradicate them." The earlier anthologies of verses by women made pleas for "equal pay for equal work," in the coin of honest tribute; thus in the two-volume edition of *Poems by Eminent Ladies,* published in 1755, and said to be edited by Colman and Bonnel Thornton, one reads in the preface: "These volumes are perhaps the most solid compliment that can possibly be paid to the Fair Sex. They are a standing proof that great abilities are not confined to the men, and that genius often glows with equal warmth, and perhaps with more delicacy, in the breast of a female." One echoes the comment by Mr. Squire: "The intention

[1] J. C. Squire, Ed., *A Book of Women's Verse* (1921), p. vii.

was generous but 'the standing proof' does not stand on these volumes"; they are largely the work of "bad poetastresses of the time"—but the two volumes were reprinted in 1780.

Mrs. William Sharp (whose husband's dual personality, as the critic under his own name and the fanciful poet under the pseudonym of "Fiona MacLeod," has been discussed in another chapter) edited a more discriminating anthology, *Women's Voices,* in 1887. One of the most popular "poettesses" of her own day, the mid-seventeenth century, was Katherine Philips, frequently called "an English Sappho" but having a sobriquet of her own, even more fervid in tribute, "The Matchless Orinda." She voiced her indignation against the misprints found in editions of her poems—or inadvertent errors—and said: "Sometimes I think *that* employment so far above my reach and unfit for my sex, that I am going to resolve against it forever." In a mood of "poetic yearning," however, she explained that she had "an incorrigible inclination to that folly of riming" but it was intended for "her own amusement." This woman's beauty was marred by smallpox and ill health; she died when she was about thirty, in 1664. She had written, in anticipation of an early death:

> So that, in various accidents,
> I conscience may, and honour, keep.
> I with that ease and innocence
> Shall die, as infants go to sleep.

Mrs. Philips was an ardent student of French poetry and drama. When her *Poems* appeared, in 1667, to them were added "Monsieur Corneille's Pompey and Horace,

Tragedies, with several other Translations out of the French." Before her illness she was a favorite wit at the court of Charles II but preferred to live in a quiet country home in Wales. She was often ranked with Cowley and Dryden; in her home she inaugurated "a coterie of the *Précieuses,*" affecting many gestures and modes from the French. To her friends, Sir Edward Deering, Mrs. Owen and Mrs. Montague, she gave names of sentimental allusion like "Palæmon and Silander," "Lucasia and Rosinia."

"Orinda" was the second wife of James Philips of the Priory, Cardigan. One of the most acute griefs of her life was the death of her little son, whose loss she lamented in poems, one of them beginning:

> Twice forty months of wedlock I did stay,
> Then had my vows crowned with a lovely boy,
> And yet in forty days he dropt away
> O swift vicissitude of human joy!

An indication of the adulation given to "The Matchless Orinda" by her contemporaries is Jeremy Taylor's dedication to her of his "Discourse on Friendship," and the stanza by Cowley, the poet:

> If Apollo should design
> A woman Laureate to make,
> Without dispute he would Orinda take,
> Though Sappho and the famous nine
> Stood by, and did repine.

There were other "poettesses" of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, with sentimental, effusive pen names or sobriquets. Elizabeth Singer Rowe, daughter of a

dissenting minister, wrote *Poems on Several Occasions* (1696, 1737) and signed herself "Philomena." Another book by her was entitled *Friendship in Death in Twenty Letters from the Dead to the Living.* Dr. Johnson declared that "Philomela used the ornaments of romance in the decoration of religion." Her poems were translated into French and German. More modest was Anne Finch, Countess of Winchelsea, praised by Pope, who signed her *Miscellany Poems* (1713) "By a Lady." This was one of the most popular signatures by "female writers" of this period.

Lyrics and dramas were written by Alphra Behn, whom Pope called "Astræa." At the request of Charles II she wrote in prose a story, *Oroonoko,* a tale of a slave prince. She married a Dutch merchant and was wily, as well as flattering, both in Holland and England. She wrote eighteen plays—or more—including "The Dutch Lover" and "The Rovers, or the Banished Cavaliers." Her characterizations were strong, often coarse. Some of her writing was labeled "By Several Hands."

In America, Mercy Warren, Abigail Adams, Sarah Wentworth Morton and others later wrote verses, signed "Philomena," "Philemia," "Honoria" and "Marcia."

Mary Barber, widow of a Dublin tradesman, wrote poems as "Sapphira." Anna Seward was called "The Swan of Lichfield," and Susanna Blamire was known as "The Muse of Cumberland." More popular in her day, but more vague in dates and personality, was "Ephelia," living in the middle of the seventeenth century. There were at least two editions of her poems, in 1679 and 1682. Her lyric, "Come, Lasses and Lads," has survived. More emotional were her lines "Love's First

Approach" and "To One Who Asked Me Why I Love J.G."

Another "English Sappho" was "L.E.L.," or Letitia Eliza Landon. She belonged to a good family but was a vain girl and a restless woman. In self-defense, she explained that "rhyming was easy for her," so she wrote many verses for *Keepsakes* and other annuals, or "gift-books" of her day. Her signature was generally "L.E.L." Scandal pursued this woman before and after her marriage, in 1838 (when she was thirty-six years old), to Captain MacLean, Governor of Cape Coast Castle. Their marriage was full of tragic mystery. The husband was seriously ill and the wife died, from self-administered poison, on January 1, 1839. She was buried in the wall of the Castle. As if in forecast of her untimely death and lonely burial place, she had written:

> Oh, when the grave shall open for me
> (I care not how soon that time may be),
> Never a rose shall grow on that tomb—
> It breathes too much of hope and bloom.

As the years passed, bringing more educational opportunities for women, and consequent encouragement, the names of a few true women poets are found in earlier nineteenth-century literature. Anne Hunter, 1742-1821, has left one charming lyrical song, "My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair." Lady Montgomerie Currie, 1843-1905, wrote under the pseudonym of "Violet Fane." She is listed as poet, novelist and essayist. Among her verses are recalled "Afterwards" and "In Green Old Gardens." [2]

[2] Burton E. Stevenson, *The Home Book of Verse, American and English* (1918).

With more dramatic emotion she wrote "Forbidden Love," with its challenge:

Oh, love! thou that shelterest some
'Neath thy wings, so white and warm,
Wherefore on a bat-like wing
All disguised didst thou come
In so terrible a form?

"Matilde Blind," whose last name was Cohen, took the name of her mother by her second marriage for her pen name. She was born in Mannheim, Germany, in 1841, but at eight years of age came to London where she died, in 1896. One of her most appealing and pictorial lyrics is "April Rain" beginning:

The April rain, the April rain,
Comes slanting down in fitful showers,
Then from the furrow shoots the grain,
And banks are edged with nestling flowers.
And in gray woodland shaw and bowers
The cuckoo through the April rain
Calls once again.[3]

While these women poets in England were giving self-expression to their aspirations, or their domestic joys and sorrows, there was a Continental poet in Rumania, who was fostering art and letters in that country, which had been stifled by sixteen centuries of conquest and repression. She was writing plays and lyrics destined to live for generations, under the symbolic pseudonym of "Carmen Sylva." This was the beautiful Elizabeth, Princess of Wied, who had married, in 1869, Prince Charles or

[3] *Ibid.*

Carol of Hohenzollern. When the throne of Rumania had been offered to him three years before, Bismarck said to him, with irony, "Accept it, it will be at any rate an agreeable souvenir for your old age." In his bride he found a helpmeet in all his efforts to stir the patriotism of the people, who had been "bled white" by oppression and corruption. With his vigor and ambition he awakened a new pride of race. The deep sympathy that Elizabeth had with the sufferings of the people took practical form; she nursed the wounded during the Russo-Rumanian-Turkish war and was called "Mama Regina" or Mother Queen. A heart-breaking sorrow was the death, after a lingering illness, of her only child, a lovely daughter. To save her reason, she wrote poems and ballads, collected folklore and Rumanian proverbs, wrote *Pensées d'une Reine* and fostered the theater, writing for performance certain plays, the best-known being "Mesturel Manole." John Eliot Bowen, the American poet, translated several of her ballads and lyrics, giving the German text on one page and the English opposite. From this collection, we see one side of the woman's nature—her sympathy and tenderness towards nature and humanity; in others of her fifty published volumes are evidences of her wit, satire and keen knowledge of many-sided life. As example of the simplicity and sympathy of her nature and verse, one may cite the "Spinning Song":[4]

Through yonder field there fares a maid,
A water-jar upon her head,

[4] Carmen Sylva, *Songs of Toil* (John Eliot Bowen, Trans., Stokes, 1888), pp. 81-3.

A pink between her rosy lips;
Her form is lithe, and light she trips;
She hastes away so winning,
While spinning.

Her distaff from her belt depends—
How simply she her hand extends!
The dancing spindle flies along;
She listens to the May-bird's song,
Or brooklets gaily dinning
While spinning.

Beneath the tree the brook runs by,
A tall lad stands and waits to spy;
His chest is broad, his blouse is white,
His hair is black, his eyes are bright—
But what is she beginning
While spinning?

"Now pass not by so quick and coy;
The jar and flax your hands employ;
So first I'll steal the pink away,
Though in defense you stand at bay,
A kiss you'll find me winning
While spinning."

She comes forth from beneath the tree,
And she appears so changed to me—
Her childish confidence is dead,
Her eye is full of passion, fed
By thoughts and dreams beginning
While spinning.

This poet took the pseudonym of "Carmen Sylva" because she loved both song and forest. It was suggested

by her doctor and ardently accepted by the Queen. In her girlhood home at Neuwied, below Coblenz on the Rhine, she studied natural history. Her great-uncle Maximilian was a noted scholar and writer on these themes; she was taught philosophy by her father as well as by English tutors; to her mother she read aloud German classics, especially Lessing's *Nathan der Weise,* which was one of her favorites. At the summer home of the family among the hills and forests of the Westerwald Mountains, she roamed with much freedom and delight; the natives called her the "Forest-Rose Princess." She said, "I found my best songs in roaming through the forests of my home." When she went to Berlin in her seventeenth year she pined for "the breath of the forest and the sight of the Rhine" and wrote songs of nostalgia —but at Berlin she met Prince Charles, falling into his arms down the palace stairs, according to family tradition. Another story about this Princess suggests romance and prophecy. When she was twenty-four and averse to marrying the suitors even of royal blood who sought her, she is reported to have said, "The only throne that would allure me would be the Rumanian; for there would be a chance there to accomplish something." [5]

As Queen she identified herself with the life of the peasants and the toilers of every kind. For them she established hospitals, day nurseries, cooking-schools and other agencies of hygiene and education; for their children she translated textbooks. Her perfect sympathy with their daily tasks, from plowing and reaping to the work of the scissor-grinder and the charwoman, is the keynote of many of these *Songs of Toil,* like "The Miller's Song,"

[5] *Ibid.,* Introductory Sketch, p. 16.

"Fodder-Time," "The Plowing," "The Sower," "The Baker's Song," "The Weaver," "The Stone-Cutter" and "The Clock-Maker," all among the translations by John Eliot Bowen in *Songs of Toil.* There are notes of poignant sadness and responsive sympathy in "The Charwoman" (*"Die Scheuerfrau"*):

If only 'twere not Christmas Eve,
  Nor bright other places,
Nor loaded the boards I perceive,
  Nor happy the faces,

And not so wretched at home,
  And none of this whining
And begging for bread when I come
  By little cheeks pining

To-day for hunger again,
  To deeply depress me!
If they, who forget now my pain,
  Could see it distress me!

Too listlessly come I and go;
  All dirty I never
Must faint in the twilight glow
  But toil on forever.

Six children I have to relieve—
  How blanched are their faces!
If only 'twere not Christmas Eve,
  Nor bright other places!

More melodious and romantic is the vision of "The Violin-Maker" (*"Der Geigenmacher"*):[6]

[6] *Ibid.*, p. 127.

I dreamed a chorus of angels
Came down one night to me
Within my little workshop—
I trembled with ecstasy!

They took the violins to them,
As children the flowers they find;
They began an æolian quaver
As soft as the sound of the wind.

And then to a symphony swelling,
To a burst of joy did it grow;
But between I heard a sobbing—
Ah, never do men weep so!

The spheres were singing with triumph,
The worlds were sobbing with woe;
The angels were laughing and playing
Like children with raiment aglow.

Come, take me now to the graveyard;
No longer the coffin I fear;
The violin-playing of mortals
I never again can hear!

One of the most ambitious, longer poems by "Carmen Sylva" was "Sappho," which appeared in her first collection of poems, entitled *Stürme*. It was criticized by Miss Zimmern [7] and by Prof. Boyesen [8] for its Germanic rather than its Grecian form and conception. The dream of Laïs, the daughter of Sappho, in the first part of the poem, is one of the most natural in atmosphere. Sappho

[7] *Century Magazine*, August, 1884.
[8] *The Independent*, November 24, 1887.

as a woman is vividly portrayed, especially through her songs, although they are more Germanic than Greek in meter and spirit.

"Michael Field," a name familiar to students of modern drama—would seem to imply a single author and that a man. On the contrary, it is a pseudonym for two English women who wrote in collaboration—an aunt and her niece, Katherine M. Bradley and Edith C. Cooper. They were learned ladies, familiar with the classic languages, with history and sciences, as their plays and lyrics testify. Some of their poems are expansions of "Sappho" and other Greek poets. In the preface to their play, "Callirrhoe" (1884), these women playwrights kept up the ruse of single authorship and emphasized, conscientiously, the anachronism in the play, thus:

> Before the bar of Time this poem pleads guilty to anachronism. The establishment in Greece of the worship of Dionysus reaches back into the dateless vistas of legend. The Author has so far defied Crœsus, that he has represented this foreign cult struggling for recognition in the midst of a refined and even skeptical Hellas. Mighty voices excuse him, which have prevailed in silencing the accusations of "old Time"; he is their client. Euripides puts the language of a sophist in the lips of pre-historic heroes. Virgil makes Æneas and Dido contemporaries. . . . The Myth of Dionysus is the glorification of enthusiasm, which the poet believes to be the sap of the Tree of Life, the spring and origin of all good fruit.

The characters in this play, in addition to Callirrhoe, are Cephalus, his father; Emathon, his brother; Coresus, priest of Bacchus; Nephele, daughter of Megillus, with

citizens, fauns and priestesses as chorus, or background.

"Fair Rosamund," a play which appears in the same volume with "Callirrhoe," has more romantic tone. The scenes are laid at Woodstock and in London. Rosamund is foster-daughter of Michael, keeper of the forest of King Henry of England. Queen Elinor, Margery, the foster-sister of Rosamund, Beatrix and Ellen Greene, a witch, are the leading women in the cast, with the King, Wilfred de Lacy, a knight, Jose de Lacy, brother to Wilfred, Sir Topaz, and Mavis, the architect, as the men with definite characterization. Evidences of the lyrical skill of "Michael Field" are found in the musical interludes in "Fair Rosamund"; thus the Chorus sings, in the Prelude:

> As toiling Hercules forced Hell's grim door,
> And viewed the nether mysteries of fate;
> So doth the buskin'd Muse of tragic lore
> Burst through the ancient adamantine gate
> That gives to night the secrets of the past.

Fanciful is the "Song of the Fairies" in this play:

> In the moony brake
> When we laugh and wake,
> And our dance begins,
> Violets hang their chins
> Fast asleep—
> While we laugh and leap.

Many are the plays about Mary, Queen of Scots. Less familiar to the average reader than those by Schiller, Swinburne and other writers is "The Tragic Mary" by "Michael Field" (1890), yet this surpasses many other

dramas on the theme by its feminine insight and sentiment, and its lyrical lines. In the preface, the authors say of the heroine:

The Queen herself lies sculptured in Westminster Abbey, waiting with the serenity of patience a judgment other than that of man. Yet we are not permitted to withhold our human verdicts, if she is to live as a presence in our midst. We may believe that Clytemnestra-like, she was a woman of haughty counsels and blood-stained career, or that her fame and nobleness were dragged down under a ring-net of conspiracies and detraction, or again that laxity of protest was the basis of her whole tragedy. These beliefs are but conjectures, and the real woman of magical nature must remain undiscovered and triumphant:

Kind be time or cruel,
Jewel, from each facet flash your laugh at time.

The authors have limited the time of the action of "The Tragic Mary" from March 5, 1566, to June 15, 1567. Bothwell is treated as a sinister plotter; Darnley is depicted, by these dramatists, as closely resembling a coward in certain scenes where he is exhorted by Mary:[9]

Stay, you are the father
Of Scotland's king, in that respect you claim
My tenderest vigilance. Put by your fears . . .
So much to do, so thick a knot to break!

When Darnley refuses to stay for his son's christening, Mary laments to her faithful "Marys"—Mary Seaton and Mary Fleming:

[9] Michael Field, *The Tragic Mary* (Holt), pp. 23-4.

I could wish to be dead!
The wish to be loved is all misread,
And to love, one learns when one is wed,
Is to suffer bitter shame instead.
I could wish to be dead!

That Mary was the victim of "a ring-net of conspiracies and detraction" seems to be the judgment of these authors upon her character. She is portrayed as very feminine—much is said about her "embroideries for the king." On the eve of her death, these dramatists give to her lines of exceeding beauty, dignity and wistfulness:[10]

I would rather
Hear of the evil that I have not done,
Than do the evil of which nought is heard,
So greater far is my respect for God—
Whom no man can deceive, who sees the drop
Of light at the well-bottom—than for men,
The misconceiving witness. I have never
Worn mask to God; before Him I could lie
As a white effigy, and let Him probe
Through to my soul. I have great need of pardon
For sins of which you cannot take account.

The story of the last years of these women poets reads like one of their tragic dramas. From their American publishers, Henry Holt and Company, these facts have been secured:

They wrote more than twenty plays, beginning with "Callirrhoe" and ending with "Dian." They became Catholics

[10] *Ibid.*, p. 258.

and exceedingly devout. In 1912, Edith Cooper discovered that she had a cancer in her breast. But in order to miss no step in her *Via Crucis* she never would allow her pain to be alleviated with morphia. Throughout her illness she was nursed by Katherine Bradley, who became afflicted with a worse cancer, about which she was careful to say nothing to her patient. Not until the day of Edith Cooper's death did the nurse have the seizure which would have made concealment of her condition impossible. She lingered on, racked with pain, but attending Mass and receiving communion every morning at the Dominican Priory at Hawkesyard. But on a September morning, in 1914, while she was being dressed to be carried to the church, she fell back upon the floor dead. "Fellowship" was the last poem that she wrote.

"A Lady" is an impersonal pen name chosen by a score or more of writers. Under this modest signature, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe published her first volume of poems; it was used by Susan Fenimore Cooper, daughter of the story-teller, for her collection of sketches, *Rural Hours*. "Touchwood" is the pen name of Katherine Minta Garner, of the Old Hall, Newark, England. She has written topical songs and ballads and plays for younger readers. Olive Rossetti, daughter of William Michael Rossetti, signed her work as "Isobel Meredith." "Michael Strange" is an example of "pseudandry," the use of a masculine name for a woman's writing. With this disguise, Blanche Marie Louise Barrymore wrote her poems, in 1919; two years later, with drawings by her husband, John Barrymore, appeared *Resurrecting Life*, under the same pen name.

CHAPTER X

PLAYWRIGHTS AND POETS OF YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

As the years before and during the American Revolution furnished a score or more of satirists, in New England, New York, New Jersey, Maryland and Pennsylvania, who were often imitators in crude form of the "Queen Anne wits," with more invective, so this period produced many plays of weak literary merit but much patriotism and prophecy. It is often difficult to fix the authorship of plays, in every country, in the pioneer days of literature. Scholars are discussing the exact origin of Elizabethan and Restoration plays, as well as those of France and Spain. The names of Calderón and Corneille, of Shakespeare, Marlowe and Congreve, have been fixed upon certain plays by later readers rather than by their contemporaries.

There is a question regarding certain ironic plays that satirized George III and Lord North, or caricatured Loyalists, like "The Motley Assembly," "The Adulateur," "The Group" and "The Blockheads." It is generally conceded that Mercy Warren, sister of James Otis and wife of James Warren, both ardent patriots, was the author of three of these plays. Paul Leicester Ford assigns to her, also, "The Blockheads," a dialogue as an answer to the farce by General Burgoyne, with a comic prologue by Major André.

While Mistress Mercy Warren was satirizing British inefficiency and sycophantic Tories, she was educating her children at "Clifford," near Plymouth, Massachusetts, tending a beautiful garden, embroidering a card-table top that is still treasured by her descendants for its unique design and unfading colors, and writing poems and letters to her friends, Abigail Adams (wife of John Adams), and Mrs. Winthrop, and receiving them in turn. Her satiric plays were generally printed anonymously. In later years she was persuaded, unfortunately, to write a History of the American Revolution which led to sharp correspondence with John Adams. In character and mentality Mercy Warren was courageous and zealous, exerting much influence upon the women of her time.

Another satiric dramatist of this period was Hugh Henry Brackenridge, whose collaboration with his classmate at Princeton, Philip Freneau, in the poem, "The Rising Glory of America," has been mentioned in another chapter. He often signed his writings "By a Gentleman of Maryland," where he was teaching school and studying law. With this signature he published, in Philadelphia, in 1776, "The Battle of Bunker Hill: A Dramatic Piece of Five Acts in Heroic Measures."

Royall Tyler's play, "The Contrast," with Jonathan as a typical American of the time, was given in New York, probably in 1787 (possibly 1789). Wignell, one of the actors in the first American company, and a cousin of Hallam, who was the favorite actor in New York and Virginia, made a great success with this part of Jonathan. Earlier, Royall Tyler had written a lighter farce, "May Day, or New York in an Uproar," in which Wignell had staged a success. When "The Contrast" was reprinted by

the Dunlap Society (N. Y., 1887) Thomas McKee, the editor, said: "The success of 'The Contrast' was one of the most powerful influences which aided in bringing about in this country a complete revolution of sentiment with respect to the drama and theatrical amusements."

Mention of the Dunlap Society recalls that writer who is, generally, called "the father of American drama," William Dunlap. He asserted that the success of "The Contrast" incited him to his first attempts at native drama. He had returned from four years in England, where he had been studying painting with Benjamin West, just before Tyler's play was staged. Born in Perth Amboy, New Jersey, he was injured as a lad by a wood chip thrown carelessly, by a playmate, and so lost the sight of one eye. He showed some skill in sketching and his father decided to educate him as an artist in London. He lacked both genius and concentration; returning to New York, he married and became a merchant. Roused by Royall Tyler's success, and memories of plays that he had seen in London, he chose this means of expression. The second play that he wrote, "The Father, or American Shandyism, A Comedy in Five Acts, Written by a Citizen of New York," was given a first performance at the John Street Theatre, September 7, 1789. Comedy and melodrama abounded, with many strained situations. The latter seem well expressed in the Epilogue, spoken by Mrs. Henry of the American Company:

> Well, we've got thro' and in good truth I'm glad on't,
> A sorry, whining, canting time I've had on't,—
> My true love lost and found, and found and lost,
> Like shuttlecock my passions pitch'd and toss'd.

In later editions the title of the play was "The Father of an Only Child."

"Darby's Return," written as a benefit for the actor, Wignell, was witnessed by George Washington. He enjoyed both the tributes to his military services and the unexpected anticlimax, in place of the expected eulogy.[1]

After the success of his first plays, William Dunlap generally signed himself, "Author of 'The Father'"; sometimes he was "Author of 'The Archers,'" his first opera, which appeared as "The Archers, or Mountaineers of Switzerland, By an American, 1796." Occasionally he gave his own name; in one case he elaborated his signature thus: "A Trip to Niagara, or Travellers in America. A Farce in Three Acts written for the Bowery Theatre, N. Y. By William Dunlap, Historical and Portrait Painter; author of Memoirs of G. F. Cooke, C. B. Brown, Father of an Only Child, etc., 1830." There was no author's name on the first edition of "André: A Tragedy in Five Acts," performed in March, 1798. The defects of Dunlap and his "wooden speeches" are glaring in this play, yet there are occasional fine lines in Act II. In writing his introduction to the reprint of this by the Dunlap Society, in 1887, J. Brander Matthews said: "Of all the plays on the subject of Arnold's treason and André's sad fate, the 'André' of Mr. Dunlap is easily the best, both as literature and as a successful acting drama."

Before their marriage, Philip Freneau, the satirist and poet, and his later wife, Miss Eleanor Forman, wrote verses, as "Ella" and "Birtha." Some of these appeared

[1] The story is told in Martha J. Lamb, *History of the City of New York* (1915), Vol. II, p. 352, and in Paul Leicester Ford, *Washington and the Theatre* (1899).

in *Fenno's Gazette* in 1791. More often, Philip Freneau signed his initials to his lyrics, that revealed his love of nature and imaginative powers, like "May to April," "The Dying Elm" and "The Wild Honeysuckle." There are marked resemblances between his stanzas, "To an Insect," and Oliver Wendell Holmes's later poem, "To a Katy-Did."

Meantime, in America as throughout Europe, a name and an influence was becoming dominant in thought and literature—that of Voltaire. He was destined to affect political and ethical standards for many generations. Just when or why François Marie Arouet took the name of Voltaire has not been clearly stated. He used it surely in 1718, soon after the successful performance of his tragedy, "Œdipe." Son of a wealthy notary, Voltaire had a logical mind and love of letters from his youth. He began to write verses while he was at college. Imprisoned in the Bastille, because of political pamphlets, he developed that literary vigor which gave sustained potency to his writings—poems, plays, histories and philosophical treatises. Voltaire was a name of virile sound, of challenge and force, suited to his wit and ironic humor, his satiric burlesques, like "Candide," or his defiance of traditional bondage in state, church and letters.

The influence of Voltaire is traceable upon writers of his own period and those of succeeding generations. Some of the latter have used familiar pseudonyms. Prosper Mérimée resorted to what is termed "pseudojym," a man taking a female name, when he wrote as "Clara Gazul," in 1825, *Dramatic Works of a Spanish Lady.* Upon "De Stendhal" (Marie Henri Beyle) and "Anatole France" (who changed his real name from Jacques Anatole

Thibault) Voltaire's influence was marked. Another playwright in Italy, "D'Annunzio" (Gabrielle Rampagnetto), may be classed with Voltaire as poet, novelist and political writer. Among his many literary expressions, that which promises longest life is his play, the retelling of the story of "Francesca da Rimini," with the actress, Eleanore Duse, as the tragic heroine.

Although Oscar Wilde was born in Dublin and lived most of his life in London, he spent years of active enjoyment and later, tragic retirement in Paris. For his pen name he selected two of his many birth-names—Oscar Fingall O'Flahertie Wills Wilde. Occasionally he signed an article with the several initials of this long appellation. It has been asserted that his father gave him these many names, when he was born at Dublin, in Merrion Square, October 16, 1854, because his mother lamented that the second child was not a girl. That she carried her regret so far as to dress him and treat him like a girl, for many years, has been stressed by some biographers to explain certain effeminate traits in his later life.

Sir William Wilde, the father of Oscar, was a surgeon of unusual fearlessness and skill, and a writer of history and archæology. His mother, Lady Wilde, or Jane Francesca Elgee, was a remarkable linguist and classical scholar who wrote both poems and pamphlets on political matters. She had two pen names; she was known to literature as "Speranza," the poet, in *The Nation*. She wrote prose letters on Irish politics to the same journal, as "John Fenshaw Ellis." In this home where gathered statesmen and writers, with some "Bohemians" in other careers, Oscar Wilde heard bald stories of life and knew,

at an early age, that his father had several "natural" children as well as those of his acknowledged household. For his mother he always expressed deep affection.

After years at school and college in Dublin, Oscar Wilde was sent to Oxford. He contributed, while there, to the Dublin publication, *Kottabos,* poems with classic motives, signed "O.F.O.F.W.W." Among his prose contributions to the *Irish Monthly,* at this time, was a description of the grave of Keats in Rome, which he visited, in 1877, leaving an impression upon his later life and poetry, followed by a poem on the English lyrist. The æstheticism of purpose and dress which brought ridicule upon him in certain places (as in Boston when sixty Harvard students masqueraded and disturbed his lecture) revealed itself soon after these University days. He used his own name for his poems and plays that won him fame and money, in spite of the persistent enemies who attacked him in press and public for his æstheticism and critical comments. Recent revival of "Lady Windermere's Fan," and "A Woman of No Importance," and the continued popularity of his "Salome," attest his genius as a playwright. On the title-pages of "The Importance of Being Earnest" and "An Ideal Husband," in first editions, one reads "By the Author of 'Lady Windermere's Fan.' "

Whether he suffered from mental disease, as certain biographers in recent years would argue, or was another victim of Carlyle's wise adage about the hundred who can stand adversity to the one who can stand prosperity, Oscar Wilde's life had serious blots on his scutcheon. After he was released from Reading Gaol, he went to Berneval, France, where he took the name of "Sebastian

Melmoth," and kept that disguise for the three and a half years that remained of his life. Records of wardens and fellow-prisoners emphasize the helpful spirit of Oscar Wilde during the five years in prison, and his complete restoration to normal thinking. He was still brilliant in conversation, original in ideas, and so kind-hearted that his French associates called him *"un homme doux."*[2] "Gentle Criticism of British Justice by I. Playfair," published in October, 1895, for private circulation, recalls one of his pen names.

He resented the overtures made to him for sensational articles about his imprisonment, saying to a friend, "Some people might read what I chose to write out of morbidness, but I don't want that, I wish to be read for Art's sake, not for my notoriety." He wrote certain anonymous letters, with the title, "The Case of Warder Marton," in the *Daily Chronicle,* 1897-1898, that emphasized "Some Cruelties of Prison Life." For fine literature, however, his poem, "Ballad of Reading Gaol," often reprinted and quoted, will take prior rank, next to his plays and confessions, *De Profundis.* This poem appeared, in 1899, signed "By C.3.3." This was his number in Reading Gaol—cell 3, on the third landing of Gallery C. It bore the dedication to "T.W. Sometime Trooper of the Royal Horse Guards." In proof sheets (which his publishers persuaded him to alter) this dedication was thus expanded: "When I came out of prison, some met me with garments and with spices and others with wise counsel. You met me with love."

For graphic characterization in verse, and poignant appeal to one's sympathies, it would be hard to excel the

[2] Robert Harborough Sherrard, *Life of Oscar Wilde* (1906), p. 300.

second and third stanzas of this "Ballad of Reading Gaol," by "C.3.3.":

> I never saw a man who looked
> With such a wistful eye
> Upon that little tent of blue
> Which prisoners call the sky,
> And at every wandering cloud that trailed
> Its ravelled fleeces by.
>
> He did not wring his hands as do
> Those witless men who dare
> To try to rear the changeling Hope,
> In the cave of black Despair.
> He only looked upon the sky
> And drank the morning air.

Within the limits of this book it is not intended, generally, to call attention to the scores of writers in every country who used their initials, or initialism, for their pseudonyms. In modern English literature, however, there are two combinations that attract readers, who may be sure of identifying their users—"G.B.S." and "G.K.C.," or George Bernard Shaw and Gilbert Keith Chesterton. Mr. Shaw varies his signatures from his initials to his full name, or more often in later years, Bernard Shaw. He has used droll pseudonyms for some of his prose tracts and fugitive pieces, like "Redbarn Wash" or "G. B. Larking." The first was signed, in August, 1888, to an article on "My Friend Fitzthunder, the Unpractical Socialist." The next month appeared "Fitzthunder on Himself: a Defense by Robespierre Marat Fitzthunder." This latter answer was attributed

to Shaw by his biographer, Archibald Henderson, but G.B.S. writes, "Surely, I did not write this. I think Belfort Bax did." [3]

Often the expression has been used, the "Myth of G.B.S.," and various would-be interpreters have written about "The Real Shaw" and inquired whether he is ever sincere or always satiric, whether he is "Harlequin or Patriot"? There were other *aliases* enumerated by Archibald Henderson in his biography (1911) like "Corno di Bassetto," used for his musical criticisms, "P-Shaw" for occasional paragraphs on essay and drama and the droll signature of "Horatio Ribbonson," in a letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette,* about a performance of "The Taming of the Shrew." Those novels that were time-servers, but failed to serve—one of them "devoured by rats, though even *they* had not been able to finish it" (in his own witty words)—were only preparation for his dramatic successes. The plays, from "The Devil's Disciple" and "Mrs. Warren's Profession" to "Candida" and "Saint Joan," reveal a distinct, unified personality and purpose. To his stark, fearless revealment of sham and hypocrisy, often with more of the humorist than the cynic in his mood, he adds a latent idealism, expressed in such words as these from the epistle dedicatory to "Man and Superman":

> This is the true joy of life; the being used for a purpose recognized by yourself as a mighty one; the being thoroughly worn out before you are thrown on the scrap-heap; the being a force of nature, instead of a feverish, selfish little clod of ailments and grievances, complaining that the world will not devote itself to making you happy.

[3] C. Lewis Broad and Violet Broad, *Dictionary to the Plays and Novels of Bernard Shaw* (1929), p. 102.

With a striking pen name, "A Playful Satellite," F. Harris Deans of *London Opinion,* for more than a decade, has written many plays in one act and longer. "Douglas Goldring," author of "Cuckoo," "Fight for Freedom" and other plays, is George Willoughby. Anthony Wharton veils his identity under two pseudonyms. Sometimes he is "Alister McAllister"; more often he is "Lynn Brock," author of such popular detective stories as those about Colonel Gore (cited in a later chapter) and such familiar plays as "At the Barn," in which Marie Tempest starred in 1922; "Nocturne" and "Simon Street."

One of the most intense, realistic plays of current years is "The Valiant"; "Holworthy Hall," one of its authors in collaboration with P. M. Middlemas, is Harold Everett Porter. In much lighter vein are his stories like *Dorine One and Other Golf Stories, Pepper* and *Six Best Cellars* (with Hugh Kahler). "Elmer Rice," author of "Street Scene," used his own name, Elmer Reizenstein in his earlier writings. "J. S. of Dale" is the familiar signature of Frederick Jessup Stinson. "Al Priddy" recalls the social analyst, Frederic Kenyon Brown.

The origin and authorship of many of the great epics and sagas in literature are still veiled in doubt. Such is true of the early classic poems of Greece and Germany—of the "Iliad," the "Odyssey," the "Niebelungen Lied" and the Icelandic sagas. Later scholars have translated and interpreted these treasures of poetic folklore, unearthing bits of information about Homer and Pindar, about Wolfang von Eschenbach and Gottfried von Strassburg among the Germanic minnesingers, and about Saemund

Sigfusson and Snorri Sturleson, as authors of the Eddas. What has been gleaned in detailed information is little, compared with the lack of real knowledge about pioneer poets in every country.

"Blaze de Bury" was a poet and poet-interpreter of the early nineteenth century. His full name was Ange Henri Blaze. Born in Paris in 1813, he contributed for a long period to the *Revue des Deux Mondes,* under the pen names of "Hans Warner," "Henri Blaze" and "F. de Lagenevais." To him, readers are indebted for one of the first translations of Goethe's poems. He interpreted, as a true poet could, *Ecrivains et poètes de l'Allemagne.*

Among the poets of the nineteenth century in England may be found many *noms de plume.* Thomas Moore called himself "An Irishman," or often "Tom Crib" or "Thomas Little." Burns was known as "Sylvander." Shelley had several pen names—"A Gentleman of Oxford" for his first poems, was followed by "John Fitzvictor, P.B." and "Jonathan Fiske, P.B." "Peter Query" was the disguise for Martin Farquhar Tupper (1810-1889), used in some of his poems and his *Proverbial Philosophy.* Southey often wrote anonymously, in journalistic columns, and kept the secret of authorship of "The Doctor," but his work has been identified under the pen names of "Bion" and "Abel Shufflebottom." Thomas Love Peacock, associate of Byron and Shelley, had a reputation, in his own day, as poet of "Rhododaphne" and "Maid Marion." He signed himself "Peter Peppercorn" or, again, "P. M. O'Donovan."

Edward FitzGerald, translator of "Omar Khayyám," used the pen name of "Polonius." Alfred Austin wrote as "Lamia," following the example of Tennyson, whose

character of "Merlin" was often applied to its author. *Poems by Two Brothers* veiled the authorship of his first volume. Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, with characteristic modesty, signed herself "E.B.B." in her earlier poems and love sonnets. Wilfred Meynell, critic and art interpreter, called himself "Jonathan Oldcastle," in specific writings. Matthew Arnold signed his last initial, A, to some writings; Edwin Arnold used both initials, reversed in order, A.E. "Sidney McCall," who writes delightful children's verses, is Mary McNeil Fenellosa.

Art is so closely linked to poetry that certain pseudonyms may be added to those of the poets. Ruskin used his initials, "J.R.," for many contributions to the *Magazine of Natural History.* To the London *Architectural Magazine* [4] he sent some essays on "The Poetry of Architecture," signed "Kata Phusin," the Greek phrase, which means "according to nature." Later he wrote to a friend: "The series of essays written for the *Architectural Magazine* under the signature of Kata Phusin, contain sentences as well put together as any I have done since." *Modern Painters* had been signed "By a Graduate of Oxford."

"Hal Dane" is the abbreviation of the full name of Haldane Macfall. In *History of Painting,* and biographies of Boucher and Le Brun, he has given valuable art guides. "Nancy d'Anvers" is Mrs. Arthur Bell, author of an excellent *History of Art* and a biography of Whistler, among other books.

Although written in prose, the sketches of Irish scenery and characters by "Martin Ross" are poetic, both in motives and words. This is a pseudonym for two women,

[4] See Vol. IV, No. 45 (November, 1837—January, 1839).

Violet Florence Martin and Edith Anna Somerville, writing jointly such delightful books as *All on the Irish Shore, Irish Cousin, Some Irish Yesterdays, Stray-Aways* and *Wheel-Tracks*.

It was *chance* that sealed the fate of "AE" as the pen name of George E. Russell, virile poet, economist and essayist. He explains that he signed his first poems, "Æon," because they seemed to be of yesterday, to-day and forever, in their motives. The printer could not read his handwriting—so Mr. Russell claims—and had to stop at the first two letters "Æ." There is mysticism in many of his poems; others are blithe. As an example of the quality of "Æon," one may cite the study-portrait of the boy in "Awakening":

> The lights shone down the street
> In the long blue close of day:
> A boy's heart beat "sweet, sweet"
> As it flowered in its dreamy clay.
>
> Beyond the dazzling throng
> And above the towers of men
> The stars made him long, long,
> To return to their light again.
>
> They lit the wondrous years
> And his heart within was gay;
> But a life of tears, tears,
> He had won for himself that day.[5]

When Mr. Russell was in New York, on his reading tour of America two years ago, it was reported that Robert Holliday, or "Murray Hill," gave a witty answer to some one's inquiry, "Why did Mr. Russell call himself 'Æ'?"

[5] *Collected Poems by Æ* (Macmillan, 1926).

Said Mr. Holliday, "Because he did not wish to be called 'I.O.U.'"

"John Oxenham" is another English writer of more prose than verse—yet in later years he is more definitely linked with the war poets. W. A. Dunkerly is his birth-name; he was born in Manchester, England, more than fifty years ago and was educated at Old Trafford and Victoria University. He traveled widely, at one time spending several months in the southern part of the United States, with tentative plans to become a sheep-raiser or fruit-grower. Back in London and associated with Robert Barr, he was one of the editors of *The Idler* and *Today,* often writing his own prose and verse in the evenings. His novels, *The Long Road, Barbe of Grand Bayou* and *The Lady of the Moor,* are motivated by poetic romance and religious feeling. The World War seemed to end, for a time, his activity as fictionist. He wrote many poems of high courage and religious faith. *The King's Highway,* which contained both prose and verse, sold 120,000 copies and *Bees in Amber* doubled that record. Often "John Oxenham" writes a sermonic prelude, like the oft-quoted lines from *The King's Highway:*

> To every man there openeth
> A High Way and a Low,
> And every man decideth
> The Way his Soul shall go.

Once when he was asked which of his romances he preferred, he answered, *The Lady of the Moor.* This story of Dartmoor, and the shrine there established for "white

souls" by the heroine, Beatrice, has special interest in our quest for pen names. The "Lady of the Moor" is modeled from a real person, who writes with two signatures, that of "Beatrice Chase" and that of Katherine Parr. The latter is Olive Katherine Parr, a descendant of Henry VIII's sixth queen, Katherine Parr.

"John Oxenham" and "Beatrice Chase" began the "White Knight Crusade," the purpose being to keep the hearts and souls of men "white" by friendly interest and religious services, in "the little shrine" below the highest Tor in Dartmoor. Here Katherine Parr has her record book; from this shrine she has influenced hundreds of other women "to pray for tempted men." She has four daughters and two sons, one a clergyman, another in the army. Among her books, in poetic prose, are *Lady Agatha: A Romance of Tintagel, Dartmoor Galahad, Souls of Two Knights, Through a Dartmoor Window* and *The Heart of the Moor.*

In the collection of picturesque sketches, *Through a Dartmoor Window,* is one of the "Rainbow Maker," who possesses certain "alluring old cottages" that she has turned into "a tiny free holiday home for poor ladies who have to earn their own living in large cities." To meet such expenses for her philanthropic work, the "Rainbow Maker" sits at the Dartmoor window, weaving rainbows; in other words, she makes chains and necklaces of Venetian glass beads, to sell to rich women "in aid of their poorer sisters." One of these necklaces was given to Miss May Doney, a local poet (says "Beatrice Chase") and she responded with an exquisite, colorful poem that begins:

MY NECKLACE

Colour of sunset that glows
Mystic in sky and in stream;
Colour of clouds when day goes
Unto night's bosom of dream;
Colour that sings in the rose,
Choric of sweetness supreme.[6]

In the middle of the nineteenth century "Timothy Titcomb" was a popular and well-loved name in American literature. Dr. J. G. Holland, who wrote under that disguise, was born in Belchertown, Massachusetts, in 1819 and died in New York, in 1881. His father was a farmer, with a strong dash of inventiveness. The son was educated to be a schoolmaster, then a physician—but he did not seem a success in either rôle. After contributing to the *Knickerbocker Magazine,* he moved to Springfield, Massachusetts, where he was identified with Samuel Bowles in editorship of the Springfield *Republican.* In its column began "Timothy Titcomb's Letters to Young People, Married and Single." *Bitter Sweet: A Poem in Dramatic Form, Katrina,* and *Her Life and Mine in a Poem* were so successful that 100,000 copies were sold. Dr. Holland's later years were in the service of *Scribner's Magazine* and educational movements in New York City.

Among the contemporaries of Dr. Holland in American literature were certain poets whose fame outlasted his because their poetic gifts were more genuine. Sometimes they used pen names—like "Hosea Biglow" (or Lowell), "Joshua Coffin" (or Longfellow), "Aglaius" (or Henry Timrod), "Paul Creyton" (or J. T. Trowbridge).

[6] Beatrice Chase, *Through a Dartmoor Window* (1915), p. 36.

As there were several sides to the personality of Edgar Allan Poe, so there were varied pen names used by him for prose critiques and poems. He signed the title-page of *Tamerlane and Other Poems,* his first volume of verse, "By a Bostonian." Such he was by birth, since his parents chanced to be playing at the old Federal Street Theatre when he was born. He did not care to be identified with Baltimore at this first publication. More often he has been called *Israfel*—an excellent title for the discerning biography by Hervey Allen (1926). Other mystical pseudonyms used by Poe were "Hans Pfaal" and "Quarles Quicken." While he was in the army he called himself "Edgar A. Perry"; after one of the many quarrels with Mr. Allen over his debts, Poe assumed the name of Henri Le Reunét.

Thomas Dunn English, author of the song, "Ben Bolt," chose "Brigadier" for his pen name in earlier writings. He was a Philadelphian, born in 1819; his *American Ballads* and *Boys' Book of Battle Lyrics* are fitted to his pseudonym. Bryant signed some contributions to an annual, *The Talisman,* as "Francis Herbert." "C.B." had been his "mark" in earlier verses in the *Hampshire Gazette.*

Cincinnatus Heine Miller was too long and awkward for a poet's name; "Joachim Miller" is far better. "Benjamin F. Johnson of Boone" will be recalled as the droll mask under which James Whitcomb Riley began writing his doggerel advertisements. "Hans Breitmann" fits well the dialect verses by Charles Geoffrey Leland. Nixon Waterman, writer of lyrics and ballads that make wide appeal by their true humor and wistfulness mingled,

used "Peter Martin" as a pen name. He tells the reason in a personal letter:

Yes, one year I had charge of the editorial page of the Boston *Traveler*—and the fellows on the paper, knowing I went in heavy on gardening, bored the life out of me asking why their flowers didn't bloom or their vegetables produce. It was suggested that I start a department, called "How does your garden grow?" and I took the name "Peter Martin." The dept. attracted the attention of the Page Co., and they paid me to write *A Little Gardening Book for a Little Girl,* which they published as one of a series of "Little Books for Little Girls." On the title-page it said, "By Peter Martin, Gardening Editor of the Boston *Traveler.*"

"Emanuel Morgan" is not so musical in sound as the real name of this poet, Witter Bynner. Under his true name he has published several volumes of verse and plays; as "Emanuel Morgan" he wrote *Pins for Wings* (1921); with the same pen name, and in collaboration with "Anne Knish" (or Arthur D. Ficke), appeared *Spectra* (1916).

"H.D.," or Hilda Doolittle (Mrs. Richard Aldington), born in 1886, and a graduate of Bryn Mawr, has a volume of *Collected Poems* (1926) of varied themes and fine technic. A list of many pen names of recent writers of verse may be found in *Column Poets,* edited with an Introduction by Keith Preston (1924). Among them are "Alastor" and "Boy Brown," masks for Herbert Castle; "Ali Sultan," "Tunbridge Wells" and "Laura Blackburn," all pseudonyms of Charles G. Blanden; "Friar Tuck" and "Eileen Dhu" as pen names, respectively, of Irwin St. John Tucker and his wife.

Among other poets and playwrights of our time Helen

Huntington, now Mrs. Granville Barker, has produced charming *Songs in Cities and Gardens, The Days that Pass* and *Folk Songs from the Spanish.* "Ursula Bloom," in life Mrs. Ursula Denham-Cookes, began her writing from Dower House, in Harlow, Essex, with an intuitive volume of *Lyrics of Life,* in 1918. From the vicarage at Westgate-on-the-Sea comes a wistful, poetic volume, *Deep Waters,* by Miss Katherine Addison, who chooses to veil her identity as "Kathleen Anson."

Cecil Edric Morington Roberts, who writes as "Seer," is one of the younger English poets and critics. *Phillistrata and Other Poems, Through the Eyes of Youth, Charing Cross and Other Poems,* and a collection of war verses, are among his publications. Siegfried Lorraine Sassoon, one of the younger poets, was literary editor for many years of the *Daily Herald.* He lives in Kent and writes, sometimes as "Saul Kane," poems of deep feeling and stimulating thought, and others of biting satire. The poet who signed herself "Elspeth" to the volume *Strange Truth,* attributed to Dorothy Parker by some reviewers, has been revealed as Elspeth MacDuffie O'Halloran or Mrs. Edwin F. O'Halloran.

Is "Nancy Boyd" a pen name for Edna St. Vincent Millay in contributions to *Vanity Fair* (1924) and *Distressing Dialogues?* The preface and copyright of the latter bear her name, and she is so listed by authoritative sources.

CHAPTER XI

FAMILIAR PEN NAMES ON PAGES OF JUVENILES

FROM the first chapbooks and "Tommy Tripp's" stories to "Lewis Carroll" and "John Martin," authors of books for children have been veiled by many disguises. It has whetted the curiosity of readers, older and younger, to find such pseudonyms as "Peter Parley," "Oliver Optic," "Margaret Sidney" or "Adair Aldon" on the title pages of favorite books. In many instances the books have appeared anonymously, the work of writers for adults, in serious vein, who have found relaxation in these juveniles.

Chapbooks or small, inexpensive books for children in England, date back to the closing years of the sixteenth century, with such titles as *Guy of Warwick, The Seven Champions of Christendom* (1596), *The Ballad of the Two Children in the Wood* (1597), *Valentine and Orson* and *The History of Fortunatus* (1615). Most of these books were "informing" rather than entertaining, with an appended "moral."

John Newbery, who lived from 1713 to 1767, was the printer-friend of Dr. Johnson, Oliver Goldsmith and Smollett. From his press issued, in the last three decades of the eighteenth century, several juveniles with appealing titles that told the adventures of Tom Thumb and his companions among the Lilliputians. In America the

pioneer publisher of children's books, Isaiah Thomas, reprinted many of Newbery's books, thus affording the children of the Colonial days some literary relaxation from Cotton Mather's *Spiritual Milk for Babes.* At the American Antiquarian Society (whose library was founded by Isaiah Thomas with his own books as nucleus) may be seen a few of these reprints in original bindings, including *The Juvenile Biographer, Little Goody Two Shoes, Renowned History of Giles Gingerbread, the Little Boy Who Lived Upon Learning* and *The Adventures of a Pincushion.*

The first of these juveniles, just mentioned, is typical of the moralistic tone and the strained efforts to blend story and sermon. The title page reads: "The Juvenile Biographer containing the Lives of Little Masters and Misses, including a Variety of Good and Bad Characters. By a Little Biographer. The First Worcester Edition. Printed by Isaiah Thomas and sold at his Book-Store. Sold also by E. Battelle, Boston. MDCCLXXXVII." In black leather binding, this diminutive book has a frontispiece of "The Bust of the Little Author." In a last chapter the "Little Biographer" is vaguely identified as the son of a clergyman and a governess, a boy who was never an adept at sports, like trap ball and hockey, but "always found his pleasures in a book." The modern reader queries whether this "Little Biographer," probably an adult, was approving, or satirizing in secret, the little prudes and prigs who are extolled, like Miss Betsey Algood, Miss Nancy Careful, Master Sammy Careful, Master Jemmy Studious and Miss Polly Charity. Here are forerunners of the greatly improved tales by Maria Edgeworth in her "Waste Not, Want Not Stories."

With grim threats, the "Little Biographer" urges his young readers to find "Improvement and Amusement from this Volume" (costing "five hundred times" less than the huge works about "great and famous People, which would take a great Part of their Lives to read") and warns them that "if they behave amiss, I shall lay their Faults before the world, by publishing them in the next edition of my Biography." The teaching is found in the example of Miss Betsey Algood, who "says her prayers night and morning and Grace both before and after meat . . . who never contradicts her Papa or Mamma but cheerfully does everything she is bidden to do." In contrast with these "good"—and the author *says "happy"*—children are such criminals as Master Billy Bad Enough, Miss Fanny Dawdle and Miss Betsey Pert.

Did Oliver Goldsmith write *Goody Two Shoes* or was this and other "Tommy Tripp" stories the work of the brothers, Griffith and Giles Jones, associates of John Newbery at this time? This authorship has been disputed and discussed without any direct proofs except "internal evidence," that has been cited by Charlotte M. Yonge and other bibliographers of Goldsmith. Like *Robin Goodfellow, A Fairy Tale Written by a Fairy* (1770) and *Renowned History of Giles Gingerbread,* this juvenile has survived to entertain later generations with the tale of Mrs. Margery Two Shoes, as an "example" of industry and thrift to all,

> Who from a State of Rags and Care,
> And having Shoes but half a Pair,
> Their Fortune and their Fame would fix,
> And gallop in a Coach and six.

To the period of the Newbery books belong certain other juveniles, with pseudonyms or anonyms on their title pages, like *The Juvenile Tatler* by Lady Fenn (1783), *The Life and Perambulations of a Mouse* by "M.P." (1788) and *The Adventures of a Pincushion* by "S.S." (1788). Those mysterious letters, "M.P." and "S.S.," are ascribed to Dorothy Kilner and Mary Jane Kilner. The "make-believe" of the Pincushion was reprinted by Isaiah Thomas during the same year. In spite of too evident moral and crudities, it shows some attempt at imaginative method in narrating the "adventures" of this piece of crimson silk, fashioned into a pincushion by Miss Martha Airy—a model girl of industry and good nature. Then follow the changes of ownership of the cushion, through Polly Chant, Hannah Mindful and Sally Flaunt, to its tragic end. About 1783 *Cobwebs to Catch Flies, or Dialogues Adapted to Children* were published under the names of "Mrs. Lovechild" and "Mrs. Teachwell," didactic disguises for Miss Ellinor Frere.

Half a century before John Newbery and Isaiah Thomas had shown appreciation of children's needs for some form of literature, *Robinson Crusoe* had been written by Daniel Defoe in 1719. Many were the pseudonyms used by Defoe for his political tracts and satires, as has been emphasized in another chapter of this book. There is no evidence that his tale of adventure, now a classic juvenile, was so considered until much later times, when less stress was laid upon "inculcating lessons of morals and behavior" into stories for children. The books by Mrs. Barbauld and Dr. Aikin (sometimes issued with the initials "A.L.&J.") were didactic nurture for "Evenings at Home." More relaxing were the tales by

Mrs. Trimmer and Maria Edgeworth and an occasional anonymous story like *Dame Wiggins of Lea and Her Seven Wonderful Cats, by a Lady of Ninety. A Humorous Tale* (1823). *Original Poems for Infant Minds* were anonymously published by Ann and Jane Taylor.

The early decades of the nineteenth century produced two lovers of children who refused to submerge literature beneath didacticism in writing for youth—namely, Charles and Mary Lamb. Their *Tales from Shakespeare. Designed for the Use of Young Persons, Embellished with Copper-plates* appeared anonymously in 1807. They were followed by *Poetry for Children* and *Mrs. Leicester's School.* "The genial Elia," declared that his sister, Mary, wrote the major part of the *Tales:*

Mary is doing for Godwin's bookseller twenty of Shakespeare's plays, to be made into children's tales. . . . I have done "Othello" and "Macbeth," and mean to do all the tragedies. I think it will be popular among the little people, besides money. It's to bring in sixty guineas. Mary has done them capitally, I think you'd think.

Again he declares that Mary complains of

having to set forth so many female characters in boys' clothes. She begins to think Shakespeare must have wanted—imagination.

Even more intimate is the picture of the brother and sister, in Mary's words:

You would like to see us as we often sit writing at one table (but not on one cushion sitting), like Hermia and Helena, in

"The Midsummer Night's Dream," or rather like an old literary Darby and Joan, I taking snuff, and he groaning all the while, and saying he can make nothing of it, and then he finds out he has made something of it.

Success came at once for the *Tales,* and a second edition was demanded for which Mary wrote the preface, explaining that, although the *Tales* had been written for children, "they were found adapted better for an acceptable and improving present to young ladies advancing to the state of womanhood." One wonders how she ever was permitted by Charles Lamb to use that word, *improving!* The brother and sister collaborated, also, in the delightful stories in *Mrs. Leicester's School* but, again, Charles gave the credit to Mary for the "larger share" of the work.

There were recurrences of the desire for "improving stories," supplied by such disguised authors as "Pansy," or Mrs. G. P. Alden, and "Alice G. Lee," or Mrs. Alice Bradley Neal Haven, who gave a note of courage to her overburdened piety in a title like *No Such Word as Fail.* One of the most prolific writers of juveniles of the mid-nineteenth century in America was "Peter Parley," or Samuel G. Goodrich (1793-1860). He wrote one hundred and twenty juveniles of which seven million copies were sold in a few years. This editor and writer, associated with Hartford, Connecticut, and its poet, Lydia Huntley Sigourney, was a man of wide tastes and ambitions for his day. He visited England in 1823 and conferred with Hannah More regarding the best way to interest children readers in history, science and biography. To carry out his plan he wrote books like *A Tale of*

Adventure or the Siberian Sable Hunter, Tales of Peter Parley About Europe, books of fables, proverbs, history, Bible stories, poetry, and a miscellany like *Every Day Book for Youth,* which contained prose and verse of uneven literary merit.

So closely did "Peter Parley" guard his secret that only his wife and one sister knew that Samuel G. Goodrich, writer, publisher and bookseller, was this author of widely read juveniles. From 1828 to 1832 he wrote fourteen hours a day, his wife being his amanuensis. Gradually his financial success tempted other "Peter Parleys" to write and even to offer lectures, claiming the original pseudonym as their own. Among these impostors, or imitators, were Samuel Kettell of Newburyport and Peter Parley Martin of London. Amid much extraneous material in Mr. Goodrich's *Recollections of a Lifetime,*[1] may be found interesting bits of *personalia* and occasional wit. The animating motive in his writing for children was expressed in his verses, simply and crudely, yet with forecast of a new era in education:

THE TEACHERS' LESSON

I love to read a lesson true
From Nature's open book—
And oft I learn a lesson new
From childhood's careless look.

. . .

Begin with simple lessons, things
On which they love to look;
Flowers, pebbles, insects, birds on wings—
These are God's spelling-book.

[1] S. G. Goodrich, *Recollections of a Lifetime,* 2 vols. (1861).

With all his defects of form, "Peter Parley" was a pioneer teacher from nature, history and science, a herald of such later writers as John Burroughs and Bradford Torrey, and of "Neltje Blanchan," or Mrs. F. N. Doubleday, and her delightful *Nature's Gardens* and *Bird Neighbors.*

For pseudonyms, in the days of "Peter Parley," the choice fell upon words of euphony, often with alliteration and sentimental sound. Such were the pseudonyms of certain women who wrote for the "annuals," giving counsel on domestic and moral issues, like "Grace Greenwood" (Mrs. Sarah J. Lippincott), "Fanny Fern" (Sarah Payson Willis, sister of N. P. Willis), "Jennie June" (Mrs. J. C. Croly) and "Marion Harland" (Mrs. E. P. Terhune). Two writers with euphonious names wrote juveniles that were popular and showed progress in characterization: "Sophie May" and "Susan Coolidge."

"Sophie May" was Rebecca Sophia Clarke. Her sister, Sarah J. Clarke, who wrote stories for boys and girls, with the pseudonym of "Penn Shirley," never attained such popularity as "Sophie May" but long survived her sister. She died in their birth-town, Norridgewock, Maine, in June, 1929, at the age of eighty-nine. In their home her niece was a frequent visitor and became the Prudy of "Sophie May's" *Little Prudy Series.* "Penn Shirley" wrote *Silver Gates Series* for boys and *Little Miss Weezy* stories for girls, six volumes in all. To her Prudy and Dotty Dimple stories, "Sophie May" added those for older children, like *Quinebasset Girls,* with humor and friendly characters.

"Susan Coolidge," born in Cleveland, Ohio, was Sarah Chauncey Woolsey, niece of Theodore Dwight, president of Yale and a writer. She had a scholarly mind and poetic

gifts; her juveniles, *What Katy Did, A Little Country Girl* and other stories, had passing favor. "Margaret Sidney," creator of *Five Little Peppers and How They Grew,* with its sequels, was Mrs. Daniel Lothrop, wife of the publisher of children's books. She explained her pseudonym: "Margaret was my daughter's name and Sidney was a favorite word and made a good combination." For many years she lived in Concord, at the Wayside where Hawthorne once lived, close neighbor to "the Orchard House" and "Little Women."

Mrs. Mary Louise Molesworth, who chose to write as "Ennis Graham," was born in Holland of Scotch parents, in 1842. She married a Major of the Royal Dragoons. They lived part of the year in London, sometimes in Paris. With understanding of her own four children, she wrote for them several of the stories that have been often reprinted and translated, with the honor of illustrations by Walter Crane and other artists. Conspicuous among her most charming tales, replete with real life and imaginative skill, are *Adventures of Herr Baby, Carrots, Cuckoo Clock, Four Winds Farm* and *The Rectory Children.*

To portray *real* children, instead of puppets of extreme piety or naughtiness, was a distinct advance in literature. To give imagination loose reins, in narratives of history and travel, was another milestone in progress. The latter achievement dates from *Gulliver's Travels* by Jonathan Swift, who afterwards used the pseudonym "Lemuel Gulliver." Jacob Abbott and his Rollo books were a long-time favorite. "Oliver Optic," whose real name was William Taylor Adams, was born in 1822. He was a teacher in the Boston public schools and became familiar

with what then seemed "novel ways" of teaching history and geography. He wrote several series that were entitled *Young American, Navy* and *Army, Starry Flag, Lake Shore* and others. Discounted by the moral mentors of the youth of yesterday was "Nick Carter," or Francis Dougherty, whose tales of adventure seemed too spicy in tone, lacking literary merits. They were forerunners of bolder "dime novels" and cheaper "movies." Edward Eggleston, author of a classic, *The Hoosier Schoolmaster,* used "Penholder" as a disguise in early writing.

Juveniles of to-day include three kinds—stories of real life (outdoors and at camps and schools, as well as at home), tales of mystery and adventure, books of fanciful and fantastic plots, often with grotesque elements. This third type owes its popularity to the classics of "Lewis Carroll," in 1865 and 1871, *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking-Glass.* "Lewis Carroll," or Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, was a pioneer, as fantasist in English literature, and his stories still maintain priority of rank, both in literary skill and popular favor.

An outstanding example of dual personality is found in the life story of this writer of classic juveniles. That life story has been told by Stuart Dodgson Collingwood with delightful details and appreciation of both sides of this dual nature.[2] His ancestry numbered brave soldiers and churchmen. The tale of his grandfather, Captain Charles Dodgson, who lost his life in young manhood trying to capture an Irish rebel who had murdered Lord Kilwarden, while his young wife heard, at the same moment in her distant home, sounds of the fatal shots, must have been a romance familiar to the boyhood days of "Lewis Carroll."

[2] S. D. Collingwood, *Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll* (1899).

His father, Rev. Charles Dodgson, noted for proficiency in mathematics and Latin translations, married his cousin, Frances Jane Lutwidge. There were eleven children in this household, where Charles Lutwidge Dodgson was born, January 27, 1832, at Darebury, near Warrington.

The influence of the lovable mother, from "whose lips was never heard an impatient or harsh word," was traceable in the character of "Lewis Carroll." The lad found his own diversions—making pets of animals and "numbering snails and toads among his intimate friends." His later "wonderland," or that of Alice, had its inception in these years, although he was a normal boy in tree-climbing and rambles. When he was eleven years old, his father's parish was changed, by preferment, to Croft, a Yorkshire village, near Darlington. Inventive by nature, Charles made marionettes and a small theater for them, and wrote the plays. At Richmond School he came into contact with "his kind old schoolmaster, Mr. Tate," and with schoolmates who became lifelong friends. He wrote Latin verses and edited "local magazines," illustrating them himself; "The Rectory Umbrella" is a sample, forerunner of the parodies and caricatures in his later fantasies.

Life at Christ Church, Oxford, was varied for this excellent student by visits from Alfred Tennyson and Queen Victoria, and his own theatrical ventures, both as writer and actor. "First Class Honors" in mathematics and editorship of *College Rhymes* (in which his own poem, "A Sea Dirge" appeared) and contributing to *The Train,* filled the years of apprenticeship. Thus early he decided that he must have a pseudonym. He suggested to Edmund Yates, editor of *The Train,* the word, "Dares"—the first

syllable of his birthplace. This was disapproved, so he suggested four combinations: Edgar Cuthwellis, Edgar U. C. Westhall, Louis Carroll and Lewis Carroll.[3] The last, which included variants on his own name, with order reversed, was approved and adopted for his poems and plays. It was first used, his biographer thinks, for "The Path of Roses," in *The Train,* in May, 1856.

While this period of his life seemed placid, with study, hours on the river and friendships with Tennyson and Ruskin, he was meeting inward conflicts. As a candidate for clerical ordination, he was obliged to face the decree of Dr. Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, against "attending theaters or operas as a disqualification for Holy Orders." A compromise was made in his ordination as "deacon," with more leniency on his habits. He often preached, especially enjoying his sermons to children during the Long Vacation at Eastbourne.

Friendship with the family of Dr. Liddell, Dean at Oxford, began during the years as student. Among treasured mementos of these days are some photographs of Alice Liddell, taken by "Lewis Carroll," as he posed her and her sister, Edith, for *tableaux vivants.* More memorable is the entry in his journal, July 4, 1862: "I made an expedition up the river to Godstow with the three Liddells; we had tea on the bank there, and did not reach Christ Church till half-past eight." On the opposite page is the addendum: "On which occasion I told them the fairy-tale of 'Alice's Adventures Underground,' which I undertook to write out for Alice." His verses in the preface to the later book include memories of Lorina, Alice and Edith Liddell:

[3] *Ibid.,* p. 67.

Ah, cruel Three! In such an hour,
Beneath such dreamy weather,
To beg a tale of breath too weak
To stir the tiniest feather!
Yet what can one poor voice avail
Against three tongues together?

Imperious Prima flashes forth
Her edict "to begin it";
In gentler tones Seconda hopes
"There will be nonsense in it!"
While Tertia interrupts the tale
Not *more* than once a minute.

Anon, to sudden silence won,
In fancy they pursue
The dream-child moving through a land
Of wonders wild and new,
In friendly chat with bird or beast—
And half believe it true.

Alice (Mrs. Reginald Hargraves) has added details of the scene on the river or on the meadows when the story "grew." The title was changed from *Alice's Adventures Underground* to *Alice's Hour in Elfland* and then to *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland,* in June, 1864. She says that "Lewis Carroll" borrowed a Natural History from the Deanery for the illustrations of the story, as he first "wrote it out for Alice." When it was to be published, because of the urgence of his friend, George MacDonald, Tenniel was engaged as illustrator. It was three years after the "row up the river" before the first volume was presented to Miss Alice Liddell; the second was given to Princess Beatrice.

Among the many languages into which this fantasy has been translated, in whole or in part, is the Arabic. A collection of his poems, entitled *Phantasmagoria,* preceded the second, sequential book about Alice, first called *Behind the Looking-Glass and What Alice Saw There.* When it appeared with final title, *Through the Looking-Glass,* in 1871, thousands of copies were sold. The author's deep love for children, and his sensitive nature, are indicated by his question about using the picture of the Jabberwock as a frontispiece, lest it frighten little children. He consulted thirty mothers and, finally, chose the White Knight on horseback, for the first picture. He took a vital interest in the later forms of *Alice's Adventures,* as play and operetta and he contributed, for the Children's Hospital Fund, an edition of the book with his own illustrations. As "Lewis Carroll" he wrote *Sylvie and Bruno,* a fairy book especially designed for boys, between his two volumes about Alice. He was much amused at the efforts of critics "to explain the allegory" of his later poem, "The Hunting of the Snark" (1876) and he urged its acceptance as "nonsense."

Such was one side of the dual personality of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, lover of children and writer of delightful fantasy, wit and nonsense. This was the "Lewis Carroll" revelation. On the other side he was a mathematician and a productive scholar of logic and philosophy. Dissimilar as the two natures may seem to be, they were united by a bond of interest in young people and a desire to make life happier for them. So when Charles Lutwidge Dodgson edited his books, *Determinants* and *Euclid, Book V,* and wrote that last, incomplete treatise on *Symbolic Logic* his purpose was "to present the subject in

as short and simple a form as possible." He was a man of singular gentleness of nature; he disliked publicity and found pleasures in friendships with children and warm-hearted adults. Visiting his sisters at Guildford, in 1897, he died of influenza. He was mourned, not alone as an author who had contributed knowledge, mirth and fancy, but as a zealot in kindness. His friend, Frederick Harrison, commenting on his boundless generosity and patience, said: "He seemed a sort of missionary to all in need." An intimate picture of this author is in "Reminiscences of Lewis Carroll," largely letters, by Ethel M. Arnold, in the *Atlantic Monthly,* for June, 1929.

"A second Lewis Carroll" has been a flattering tribute paid to Hugh Lofting for his fascinating and fantastic books about Dr. Dolittle. So familiar have readers become with this central character that the author is often called "Dr. Dolittle"—an example of sobriquets which are discussed in the first chapter of this book. Giving animals certain human traits, and personifying them in dialogues and adventures are methods in many of the latter-day juveniles, from *Uncle Remus Stories* to the scores of volumes by Thornton Burgess. Joel Chandler Harris, like Hugh Lofting, is often called by the name of the character that he created, "Uncle Remus."

John H. Jewett signed himself "Hannah Warner" in his two volumes of "Bunny Stories." "Ouida," or Louise de la Ramée (listed among the story-tellers in another chapter) wrote an appealing story for youth in *A Dog of Flanders.* "Edwin Baldwin" was the pen name chosen by William Godwin for his *Histories for Children.*

Stories about schooldays have modern competitors in tales of Boy Scouts and outdoor campers and mountain-

climbers. Visitors to Rugby pause before the statue-tribute there to Thomas Hughes, and recall those early stories of never-waning interest, *Tom Brown's School-Days,* by "an Old Boy" (1857). "James Otis" has a third name, James Otis Kaler. He has interwoven history, adventure and graphic setting in the series of *Boys' Ventures, Boy Scouts* and similar volumes. One of his best stories is *With Washington at Monmouth.*

Ralph Henry Barbour is a name on the title pages of over one hundred stories of school life and sports. On certain earlier pages his name reads "Richard Stillman Powell." Why he took this pseudonym that is associated with his writings he thus explains, in a personal letter:

As I recall it, I simply picked three names from the contents table of a *Century Magazine* which happened to be in my hands at the moment of inspiration (to find a pseudonym) and arranged them in a sequence that satisfied my ear. Richard Powell Stillman *looked* just as good but it didn't *sound* so well! Under the name I contributed for a good many years, beginning at about seventeen, verses, dialogue and even stories to *Puck, Truth, Town Topics, Lippincott's* and various others. When my effusions became more ambitious I dropped the pen name, but, like a secret sin, it still tags after me.

Who was "Paul Fort," who contributed fables, sketches and brief stories, usually with European setting, to *St. Nicholas* from 1873 to 1882? This name appears in the Index against a score or more of titles. They varied in form but all were pithy and entertaining, from *Fanny Hopper's Choice* and *Wonderful River,* in November and December, 1873, to *Ludovick's Rocks, The Mysterious*

Barrel and *Story of the Secretary Bird* in 1882. It has been asserted that Frank Stockton was masking his identity under this pseudonym, while, in his own name he was writing for the same magazine during these years, forty-five stories and sketches, among them the serials, *Personally Conducted, Story of Viteau* and *What Might Have Been Expected.* Perhaps because of revived interest in Paul Fort, the French poet, born in 1872 in Rheims, and author of war poems and later symbolic verse (who has been duly honored in Europe and by Amy Lowell here) attention has again been called to this pen name of Stockton.

A challenging suggestion by Mrs. May Lamberton Becker sent the author of this book on a quest among libraries and into correspondence with Mrs. W. A. MacAllister of Westfield, New Jersey, niece of Frank Stockton. From the latter source came a gracious response regarding the probable reason for the choice of this mask: "My father's name was Paul, and Uncle Frank always had a liking for the name. *Fort* was a name running through a branch of the Evans family in the south and Fort Evans was Aunt Marian's [Mrs. Frank Stockton] cousin." [4]

Frank Stockton was the assistant editor of *St. Nicholas* while the "Paul Fort" writings appeared there. Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge was its editor for thirty years. Research has proved that she wrote, under her own name as author of verses and those charming tales, *Donald and Dorothy* and *Hans Brinker; or The Silver Skates,* and, at the same time, contributed whimsical verses to the magazine as "Joel Stacy" or "J. S. Stacy," with titles

[4] From a personal letter to the author.

like "Eight Day Clock" and "Santa Claus Messenger Boy." [5] Doubtless, for economic reasons, and to win readers for their juvenile magazine, these editors did double work through their "dual personalities."

With the pen name of "Tasma," Madame Jessie Couvreur has written a tale of Australia, "Uncle Piper of Piper's Hill." Miss Charlotte Marie Tucker, a missionary in India, writes *The Claremont Tales,* and others with the disguised signature of "A.L.O.E."

For girls of to-day there have been several writers of school life and outside interests. For the younger readers, "Emilia Elliot," who is E. E. Jacobs, has written a series of tales about Joan: *Joan of Jupiter Inn, Joan's Jolly Vacation, Joan's California Summer* and six other stories in the "Blue Bonnet Series," beginning with *A Texas Blue Bonnet.* "Henry Hayes," or Mrs. W. E. Kirk, is author of *Dorothy Deane and Her Friends.* "Frances C. Baylor," or Mrs. F. C. B. Belger, has told a picturesque story of Indian life in *Juan and Juanita.* L. M. Montgomery uses her name before her marriage—Lucy M. Montgomery—for the Canadian stories about *Anne of Green Gables.* George Madden Martin, which sounds much like a pseudonym, is the real name of the author (Mrs. Atwood Martin), of *Emmy Lou—Her Book and Heart* and later books.

In spite of the thousands of girls who have been in college during the last three decades, especially in the United States, there is a surprising dearth of good stories about this life. One of the best contributors to the limited supply is "Margaret Warde," in her series of eight books about Betty Wales. Replying to my inquiry

[5] William W. Ellsworth, *A Golden Age of Authors* (1919).

as to why she—Edith Kellogg Dunton of Rutland, Vermont—took this pseudonym, she says:

I chose a pen name because I had a sister at Smith College who, I thought, might be annoyed by a connection with anyone writing stories about college life. Also, I didn't want Smith to be embarrassed by a graduate's impressions, wholly fictional but never so regarded by one's friends.

I chose Margaret because I always felt as if my name ought to have been Margaret, and Warde, with an *e,* because it wasn't in the Smith Alumnæ list of names. I didn't know it was so rare; a Margaret Warde in California wrote me that she had never seen it except in her own family and in one other case, Frederick Warde, and wished to trace a relationship.

I boast that I am the only living author who has written, reviewed, and sold her own works, with and without recommendations. I reviewed one of my books for the *Chicago Post,* when I was working there, it being simpler to do it than to explain what was then a secret; for four years I *did* keep the secret of the pen-name. And when working for the *Dial* I used to go out into their delightful bookstore (Browne's) and sell books there and I sold many of my own, never telling the customer of the coincidence. One woman said to me, "My daughter thinks I won't get this set for her. Is there any reason why she shouldn't have it? She has the 'Little Colonel' set?" The manager of the store allowed that I gave my books an excellent recommendation. Anyhow the child got them all.

Favorite with boys and girls alike is Cornelia Meigs, author of tales of action and fine characterization. For her earlier stories she used the pseudonym of "Adair Aldon." To the foolish suggestion that it might be a

pun, or have some subtle meaning, Miss Meigs writes to me:

I have no very subtle explanation to give. I used it for my first story of adventure for boys as I wished to keep that kind of tale separate from the historical stories I was writing at that time. The name Adair was current—not precisely in my own family, but in one with which I have close connection. As it would apply either to a man or a woman I thought it useful for my purposes and took the name Aldon to go with it, as I liked alliterative names. On the strength of the masculinity a boy's camp wrote to me and asked me to spend the summer with them as they liked one of Adair Aldon's books so much. I never felt sufficient courage to disillusion them in the matter, so I had to reply that circumstances over which I had no control prevented my visiting them. . . . The book, *The Trade Wind,* which won the Little, Brown Co. prize, was submitted with the signature, "Adair Aldon," as it too was a story of adventure rather than directly of history. The publishers, however, did not wish me to use any other name but my own so I fear the usefulness of the pseudonym is now at an end.

Miss Meigs, born in Rock Island, Illinois, is a graduate of Bryn Mawr in the class of 1908. She began writing stories while she was a teacher at St. Katherine's School, Davenport, Iowa. While many of her tales are fanciful and imaginative, with poetic diction, like *Rain on the Roof, Master Simon's Garden* and *The Pool of Stars,* for older children she has written tales of adventure on the sea. She is the great-granddaughter of Commodore John Rodgers of the U. S. S. *Constitution.* Love for the sea is a dominating motive in her life and writing. She says:

While my sisters made up games having to do with Robin Hood and Little John, with emigrants crossing the prairies, I was playing long games of my own that had to do with ships. I was nine years old before I first saw the sea and I have, since then, spent as much of my time near it as circumstances would possibly allow. I keep my papers and manuscripts in John Rodgers' little green sea chest that went with him to the wars and back again, and whenever I take up my pen to begin a new piece of work, the spirit of the old Commodore seems to whisper in my ear—"Let it be about ships!"

"John Martin," author of magazines and books for younger children, is Morgan van Roorbach Shepard, born in Brooklyn, 1865. Sometimes he blends prose and verse in one book, as in *God's Dark and Other Bedtime Verses and Songs,* decorated by Harold Sichel, and *Æsop's Fables in Rhymes for Little Philosophers.* More familiar are the series, known as *John Martin's Book, Chubby Book for Chubby Children, Read Aloud Book,* or *Something to Do Book.*

As Gelett Burgess has written amusing books on manners for children, "The Goops" in sequence. Possibly this explains why he is given the pseudonym of "Gideon Wurdz" by one compiler of a dictionary of disguises. That pen name belongs to another humorist and journalist, Charles Wayland Towne, author of *The Foolish Dictionary, Foolish Finance* and *Eediotic Etiquette.* For this last book he uses another droll mask, "O. B. Hayve."

"Margaret Ormiston" is the pen name for Miss M. O. Curle, whose books deserve their popularity—*Tancred, the Hero and Other Fairy Tales, Angus with the Ass's Ears* and *Kerdac, the Wanderer* (1924). "Darley Dale" (Francesca Marie Steele) writes for old and young; for

the latter she narrates *Noah's Ark,* and volumes descriptive of religious heroes and heroines, like *St. Hildegarde and Her Visions* and *Brother Francis.*

"Janey Canuck," who is Emily F. Murphy, of Edmonton, Canada, keeps the pen name of her first heroine in *Janey Canuck in the West;* she has added other tales like *Seeds of Pine* and *Little Canadian Cousins of the Great N. W. Province.* Richard Hengist Horne left economic themes to produce, under the mask of "Mrs. Fairstar," a unique, fascinating juvenile, *Memoirs of a London Doll.* William J. Long, author of educational books like *School of the Woods,* disguises his identity at other times under the familiar analogy of "Peter Rabbit."

"E. Nesbit" (Mrs. Hubert Bland) has written novels for adults and yet more delightful volumes for children, like *Enchanted Castle, Would-Be Goods, Five of Us and Madeline* and the *Children's Shakespeare.*

CHAPTER XII

DEVICES OF ROMANCERS AND *CONTEURS*

FROM Daniel Defoe, with his many pseudonyms, to "S. S. Van Dine," is a far call in time but the years between are matched in story-tellers, with varying plots and styles, who have mystified the public by their clever evasions and devices. As *Gil Blas,* the Spanish adventurer, was one of the first heroes of romance of picaresque type, so *Robinson Crusoe* was a tale of pure adventure, in a setting of mystery. The nucleus of Defoe's story was found in the actual experiences of Alexander Selkirk on a deserted island. The ability to make characters live, to visualize the scenes, was due to the realistic imagination of the English author. Leslie Stephen, in his essay, "Defoe's Novels" (in *Hours in a Library*) pays tribute to this imaginative gift:

> To De Foe, if we may imitate the language of the "Arabian Nights," was given a tongue to which no one could listen without believing every word that he uttered—a qualification, by the way, which would serve its owner far more effectually in this commonplace world than swords or cloaks of darkness, or other fairy paraphernalia. In other words, he had the most marvellous power ever known of giving verisimilitude to his fiction or, in other words, again, he had the most amazing talent on record for telling lies.

Not alone in *Robinson Crusoe* but in the almost forgotten romances which held his own generation with amazing credulity, like *Captain Singleton, Roxana, Moll Flanders* and his *History of the Great Plague,* Defoe captured and held the imagination of his readers. He had a dual personality, strongly marked in his writings. Before he tried romance, he was a pamphleteer who wrote vigorous disputations on political subjects. When one looks over the files of old journals to which he contributed, one finds several pen names that veiled his identity, as "Eye Witness," "Andrew Morten, Merchant," "T. Taylor," in addition to his own initials and those of other, assumed names.

Robinson Crusoe was written when its author was nearly sixty years old. Into his life had come adventures as thrilling, and almost as many, as he gave to his heroes and heroines. He had been a merchant and manufacturer, an editor and a pamphleteer, and a satirist in verse. He had been both in bankruptcy and in prison for political offenses. From the first his imagination colored his life, as it did his characters in fiction. His father was a London butcher, named Foe, in St. Giles, Cripplegate, when Daniel was born in 1661. As a Nonconformist, his father was anxious to have his son enter the ministry of Dissenters. "It was his misfortune," said Daniel Defoe afterwards of himself, "first to be set apart for and then to be set apart from, that sacred employ." After five years of training for this profession, he left it to become a merchant of hosiery.

Although he was often indignant at family pride in *another,* that suggested inheritance from William of Orange or "the Norman bastard," as he calls him in *True-*

Born Englishman, yet he prefixed "De" to his name, indicating Norman-French origin; at first he wrote it De Foe, later he made one word of the combination. Of his own attainments he mentions, in a paper on "learning" (contributed to *Applebee's Journal*), that he excelled in geography and history: "He had all the World at his Finger's ends." In trade, he traveled widely, often to Spain and France; sometimes, he escaped, for a time, from his creditors. He took part in politics and, at the time of the Jacobite plot in 1691, he published, anonymously, a satire in verse entitled, "A New Discovery of an Old Intrigue, a Satire Levelled at Treachery and Ambition."

Defoe was very proud of his writings in verse and doggerel and they were popular with his contemporaries. A few epigrams have survived his local references to the now-forgotten "Sir Peter, Silly Will and Captain Tom, the tailor" of his day. Under King William he was appointed Accountant to the Commissioners of the Glass Duty and served several years. His pamphlets, in urgence of a Standing Army, and "Essays on Projects," were widely quoted. Political and religious dissensions, following the death of King William, undermined Defoe's influence and led to the pillory and two years of imprisonment. He wrote his "Hymn to the Pillory"; he established the *Review* which survived, for a long time, his years at Newgate. He gathered tales from fellow-prisoners; in later years, when he was less concerned in politics and more pressed for funds, he wrote out these stories, some of them as real biographies of criminals, others as imaginative romances.

His biographers agree that germs lived and grew in his memory. Thus, the experiences of Alexander Selkirk for

four lonely years on the island of Juan Fernandez, during the reign of Queen Anne, was expanded into *Robinson Crusoe,* in 1719. The exploits of Captain Singleton in Africa were retold by his fervid imagination as *The Life, Adventures and Piracies* of that Captain. It is well to emphasize that to this merchant and writer, whose last days were tragic in poverty, these stories became an analogy of what "might happen to Daniel Defoe at any time." He might be exiled or transported, by some chance turn of political favor. In reminiscence, he wrote:

> No man has tasted differing fortunes more,
> And thirteen times I have been rich and poor.

Some critics deplore the literary crudeness and psychological defects of *Robinson Crusoe* and other romances by Defoe. Despite faults and lapses, it has sustained its place as a favorite story of adventure for two hundred years. In our day of exotic romance, it has seen revival and reprints. In seventeen days the first edition of *The Life and Strange Adventures of Robinson Crusoe of York, Mariner,* was exhausted. In his time, almost equal response was given, three years later, to his *Journal of the Plague Year by a Citizen who Continued all the while in London.*

About a century later the Scottish romancer, who was to be given sobriquets like "The Great Magician" and "The Wizard," was turning from heroic poems to a new form of writing, historical romance. For many years he worked in secret upon what appeared anonymously, in 1814, as *Waverley, or 'tis Sixty Years Since.* His "secret" was kept, through persistent denials and subterfuges, until

many years after *Waverley* had been translated and acclaimed in many countries. Scott once said that his secret disguise was known by twenty people, at least, but he refused to acknowledge it publicly until the Theatrical Fund dinner, at Edinburgh, February 23, 1827. He explained his reticence because "like Shylock, such was my humour."

Waverley appeared anonymously and established the popularity of the type. Writing too rapidly for the best literary results, partly from temperamental urge, partly from increasing expenses in developing his estate at Abbotsford, he hurried on with what became known as "the Jedediah Cleisbotham series" (because of this unique pseudonym) that included *The Black Dwarf, Old Mortality, The Heart of Midlothian, The Bride of Lammermoor, A Legend of Montrose, Count Robert of Paris* and *Castle Dangerous.* The success was immediate and lasting; in six weeks nine thousand copies were sold and he recorded, "Jedediah carries the world before him." When Murray, the publisher, intimated that Scott was the author, he replied evasively, "he did not claim that paternal interest in them that his friends did him the credit to assign him." He seemed to join in the surmise that his brother, Tom, might be "the Scott" who was suspected to be the author.

Ivanhoe, in the first edition, had a dedicatory letter signed "Laurence Templeton," another pen name, but later the author was persuaded to change this to the confession, "By the Author of Waverley." Another bizarre pseudonym that he used was "Malachi Malagrowth," for a series of three letters, or more, which he wrote, in 1826, on subjects connected with banking and government, published by Ballentyne in a pamphlet; they were

modeled in style upon Swift's "M. B. Drapier's letters." This same year Walter Scott was writing *Woodstock,* completing the story in three months. Other evidence of his incessant industry had been earlier, in 1813, when he wrote *Bridal of Triermain; or the Vale of St. John: A Lover's Tale.* He wrote, during the same year, that other long poem, "Rokeby," and edited several volumes of the *Works of Jonathan Swift.* His "secret" applied to his heroic poems of this period; "Harold the Dauntless," 1817, was "By the Author of Bridal of Triermain," anonymous, and was reviewed with surmises whether Scott was the author. He must have been amused at the comment of the *Critical Review* that called it "an imitation of Scott of the Border Minstrelsy poems, but, like all imitations, it is clearly distinguishable from the prototype, it wants the life and seasoning of originality." Another amusing pen name, used by Walter Scott for journalistic purposes, was "Captain Clutterbuck." This was on the first title page of *The Monastery* (1820), that graphic and picturesque tale of Melrose Abbey in the middle of the sixteenth century.

In 1840 appeared, in *Bentley's Miscellany,* the first series of *Ingoldsby Legends,* signed by "Thomas Ingoldsby, Esq.," whose true name was Richard Harris Barham. Seven years later the second and third series were published. They were satirical stories in mingled prose and verse, that attracted much interest and resultant discussion in their day, but they remain as literary curios that fearlessly reveal the foibles and defects both in individuals and affairs of that period.

Waverley was not alone a pioneer romance of Scottish history but it was a first "best-seller" in this form of fic-

tion. Before it appeared any efforts to depict such setting had met with discouragement. John Galt, known often by his pen name, "Malachi Mailings," born in Ayrshire in 1779, was one of the victims of this discouragement when he would find a publisher for *Annals of the Parish.* This imaginative picture of Scottish life, which was published in 1821, anonymously, had been written many years previously and lost to memory, amid other papers, until its author accidentally found it—after Scott's romances had established favor for revivals of history. John Galt had a life of adventure, traveling in several countries. Once he was a companion of Byron on the continent; later he came to Canada where he was actively engaged in mercantile and commercial, or colonizing projects. Galt, a town in southern Canada on the Grand River, was named for him.

His first ventures in writing were poems and plays, now forgotten. Then he wrote descriptive accounts of his voyages under the pseudonyms of "S. Prior" and "T. Clark" —with titles like *Tour of Asia* and *The Wandering Jew.* In prose, *The Ayrshire Legates* appeared the year before *Annals of the Parish* (1820). In the former book the character of Mrs. Pringle was modeled from his mother. In *Annals of the Parish* his purpose had been to write an idyll of Scotland, akin to *The Vicar of Wakefield,* and to suggest a kinship between Dr. Primrose and Galt's character, Rev. Micah Balwhidder. *The Ayrshire Legates* seemed imitative of Smollett's *Humphrey Clinker.* Another book of earlier vintage and later imitation was *Castle of Otranto,* translated by William Marshal, Gent., from the original Italian of Omiphrio Muralto, canon of the church of St. Nicholas at Otranto, published in 1764;

it bore the name of Horace Walpole on the second edition.

A generation later Charles Lever, friend of Trollope and story-teller of history and adventure, wrote *The Confessions of Paul Gosslet in Love, War and the Civil Service* (1868).[1] An Irishman by birth, in 1806 at Dublin, with an English father, he had ready wit and attractive personality. From boyhood, he was a popular *raconteur* and the success of the Waverley novels inspired him with ambition to write similar annals of Irish history, colored by dramatic imagination. After broad education at Göttingen and Heidelberg, he studied and practiced medicine. Into his fiction were woven experiences of travel and the tragic scourge of cholera, as well as recreative, witty sketches. "Sketches of a Rambler" were contributed to the *Dublin Literary Gazette.* His marriage to Kate Baker was happy and stimulating to his literary work. In nearly all his stories one finds a "Kate."

O'Malley, which embodied much Irish history, was signed "By C. O'Malley," when it appeared in the form of letters. Lever could adapt himself to varied forms of fiction, as is evident in comparing *O'Malley* with *Harry Lorrequer* and *Tony Butler,* published anonymously. The last tale was reviewed by the *Athenæum,* in 1865, as "an unsuccessful attempt to combine the Irish novel of Lever with the later romance of Lytton." Sustained popularity of Lever's fiction, especially in its humorous aspects, was due to the illustrations by "Phiz" (Hablot K. Browne) the artist associated with the work of Dickens.

In the later decades of the nineteenth century came Sir Hall Caine, friend and biographer of Dante Gabriel Ros-

[1] Detailed study of his life and writing may be found in W. J. Fitzpatrick, *The Life of Charles Lever* (1879).

setti, with his novels of the Isle of Man, *The Manxman, The Deemster* and companion romances. His name was Thomas Henry Hall Caine. When he turned aside from the legendary history of his native island and its castellated setting, he became sensational but his fiction gained ardent, if temporary, response. Anthony Hope merely dropped his last name, Hawkins, when he entered the lists of romanticists with his *Prisoner of Zenda* and *Rupert of Hentzau.*

"Henry Seton Merriman" does not sound like a pen name but rather that of a real man, with family patronymics here combined. On the contrary, it is the pseudonym that Hugh Stowell Scott (1862-1903) used to disguise his personality so that no reader might trace his family connection. It was a most honorable ancestry that came to him by birth at Newcastle-on-Tyne, son of a wealthy shipowner and Mary Sweet Carmichael, daughter of the famous marine painter, James Wilson Carmichael. Hugh Scott was educated largely abroad, at Vevey and Weisbaden. At eighteen he was in an underwriter's office, varying his years by travel and romantic adventures.

He began to write romances in 1888 and, with the second venture, *The Phantom Future* (1889), he took his pseudonym "to avoid family disapproval" of his choice of career. Every year for the next decade saw the publication of some new story with melodramatic plot and vivid setting, like *Prisoners and Captives, The Slave of the Lamp, With Edged Tools* or *The Grey Lady.* The last, published in 1895, was a breathless tale of adventure, after the author's visit to the Balearic Islands. Still keeping the same pen name, by which he was almost universally known in social life, he formed a warm friendship

with Stanley J. Weyman, the English romanticist. Together they would write novels, in the mode of Dumas, which should portray crises in the lives of modern nations. *The Sowers,* which appeared in 1896 with Russian background, is still regarded as the best work by "Henry Seton Merriman." *In Kedar's Tents, The Vultures,* portraying Poland, and *The Isle of Unrest,* a Corsican tale, were later romances. With his wife's sister, Miss E. Beatrice Hall (who used the pseudonym "S. G. Tallentyre") he wrote several short stories that are found in the memorial collection of his writings, in fourteen volumes (1903). To a genial disposition this author added a keen power of observation and a dramatic imagination.

Similarities between some of the later romances by "Henry Seton Merriman" and the fiction by Prosper Mérimée suggest the influence of the French writers of fiction of this same period, or an earlier generation—Dumas, Victor Hugo, "George Sand," Balzac, Alphonse Daudet, "Anatole France," "De Stendhal," and "Pierre Loti." The pseudonyms and personalities of "George Sand" and "Anatole France" are discussed in other chapters of this book. The most vital influence upon many English and American romancers was that of Prosper Mérimée, with the name of "Clara Gazul." His romances of *Columba,* a story of Corsica, and *Carmen,* reveal his exuberant imagination and lucid style. Henri Beyle (or Marie Henri Beyle) who prefers to call himself "De Stendhal," borrowed his pen name from an obscure town in northern Germany. His novels, *Le Rouge et le Noir, La Chartreuse de Parme* and *Abbess of Castro and Other Tales* were highly rated by Balzac.

Louis Marie Julien Viaud is the long name of the

writer whom many readers of romance enjoy as "Pierre Loti." Born in Rochefort in 1850, he had training on the ship, *Borde,* and experienced adventures that give reality to his sea tales. He has traveled widely and written his reveries and romances in such a dreamy, poetic style that he has been called by his companions "Pierre Loti," from the name of the Indian flower. There is always a fascination about his exotic tales, like *Fleurs d'Ennui* and *Madame Chrysanthème. Le Desert* is marvelous in reproducing both the silence and the sentiment. Edmund Gosse, in his chapter on "Pierre Loti" in *French Profiles* (1905) regards *Le Desert* as the first in his Trilogy of Travel, which includes *Jerusalem* and *Galilee.* Captain Viaud, for such is the title which he has won by sea service, was made a member of the French Academy, as "Pierre Loti," in 1891.

"Ouida" was a name to conjure with in the last generation. There were mystery and apocryphal stories connected with the personality of this woman, Louise de la Ramée, who took the pen name of "Ouida" and has been called this by readers of many races. As a woman, she pled for those who were maltreated, animals or humans; as an artist in spirit, she deplored the desecration of Italian shrines and landscapes. She was born in the Bury of St. Edmund, where her father was teaching his native tongue in schools. He had been a friend of Louis Napoleon during his exile in England but they had quarreled later. Her birthplace, the home of her grandmother, Mrs. Sutton, on Hospital Road, is now marked with a memorial tablet. The influence of the educated, erratic French father was shown in the education of his only child and her first novel, *Friendship,* published when

she was nineteen. In London she began to contribute lively tales of animals and domestic life to *Bentley's Miscellany,* using from the first her pen name of "Ouida." She always emphasized her French ancestry and incorporated this in her musical pseudonym. Her first long novel, *Held in Bondage* (its final title), appeared in three volumes, in 1863; for the copyright, she received fifty pounds; for *Strathmore,* in the American edition, she was given $200 by Lippincott. Soon Baron Tauchnitz learned of her tales and fame, and he included her books in his famous series. Many of the letters that form the major interest of *Ouida: A Memoir* by Elizabeth Lee (1914) were those to and from this German publisher. The romances by "Ouida," that exerted influence in her day and are still remembered, are *Under Two Flags, Moths, Ariadne, Wanda, Toxin* and her many delightful stories for children, *Bimbi* and *A Dog of Flanders.* In her later life, after the years in Italy with their reflections in her authorship, she wrote an article on "Romance and Realism." With emphasis of her own fictional form she said:

> I have, I believe, been accused of writing "fairy-stories"; but is not life itself very often a fairy-story, if too often, alas! one in which the evil genius predominates and the wishing-cap is foolishly used by the unwise? . . . To many of us the world seems a marvellous union of tragedy and comedy, which run side by side like twin children: like a "web of Tyrian loom," with the gold threads crossing and recrossing, on the dusky purple of its intricate meshes.

In Dutch fiction the name of "Maarten Maartens" is the odd, euphonious pen name for Joost William van der

Poorten Schwartz, whose stories are pictorial and excellent in characterization, especially *God's Fool.*

No one who reads the two volumes of the life story of "Maxim Gorky," or Alexi Maximorsh Peshkoff, need seek further for the tragic sufferings and horrible sights of his youth which left their impress on such volumes as *Chelkash, Comrades* and *In the Steppe.*

Of the twentieth-century romanticists, three writers, with large patronage among certain types of readers, have unusual pseudonyms—"Sax Rohmer," "Baroness Orczy" and "Elsweth Thane." The first of the trio mentioned is Arthur Sarsfield Ward, whose stories are familiar on the film as well as in covers—*Bat Wing, Dope, Green Eyes of Bast, Yellow Claw, Tales of Chinatown, Tales of Secret Egypt.*

"Baroness Orczy" is Mrs. Montagu Barstow. She has shown a vital interest in French Revolutionary scenes, which she depicts, with colorful imagination and sentimentalism, in *The Scarlet Pimpernel, Pimpernel and Rosemary, Triumph of the Scarlet Pimpernel, Unravelled Knots* and *Flower of the Lily: A Romance of Old Cambray.* A chivalrous company, bent on rescue of English prisoners, reappear in the "Scarlet Pimpernel" tales.

Helen Ricker took the name of "Elsweth Thane" before she married the explorer and narrator, William Beebe. Together they visit and record picturesque regions on land and beneath the tropic seas. There is marked literary flavor to her romances of rapid action and intuitive characterizations, *Riders of the Wind* and *Cloth of Gold,* its sequel.

Olive Schreiner would seem a musical, vigorous name for a writer of such an impressive romance as *The Story*

of an African Farm but she chose to call herself by a masculine pen name, "Ralph Iron."

In American tales of western adventure, one of the most industrious writers has been "B. M. Bowers." She hides her identity as Mrs. Bertha Muzzy Sinclair-Cowan, who owns and manages mines as well as portrays them in her fiction.

"Kenyon Gambier," a frequent contributor to the *Saturday Evening Post,* in real life Lorin Lathrop, was consul to Bristol, England, under President Arthur. With his *nom de plume,* combining the name of the college, Kenyon, with its location at Gambier, Ohio, he has written several tales of adventure like *Buccaneers of the Bahamas* and *Mad Masquerades.*

From 1885 to 1924 Isabel Ostrander wrote under three pen names, "David Fox," "Robert Orr Chipperfield" and "Douglas Grant." A long list of fiction is accredited to these writers, beginning alphabetically with *Above Suspicion* and *Annihilation,* and ending with *Tattooed Arm* and *Unseen Hands.* More familiar are the titles *Heritage of Cain, Island of Intrigue* and *Suspense.*

In contemporary literature, an outstanding example of triple personality is the writer from British Columbia who calls herself, "E. Barrington," "Louis Moresby" or Mrs. L. Adams Beck. She has traveled widely and absorbed much of Buddhistic philosophy. In answer to a personal inquiry regarding the *whys* of her pen names, she answers:

I chose Louis Moresby as pseudonym because two of my names—I have a good many—are Louise Moresby. As to "E. Barrington," I wanted the initials E. B. because two of my names are those initials—*i.e.,* E. B. I am at present in

Japan, where I have many friends, and doing literary work before I go to Java again and the island of Bali.

The three types of writing by Mrs. L. Adams Beck are as dissimilar as her pen names. The books that record her impressions of Eastern people and their religious and philosophical ideas, including those that emphasize her own "conversion," are written in her own name. She is the daughter of the later Admiral Moresby and granddaughter of the late Admiral of the Fleet, Sir Fairfax Moresby, the friend of Lord Nelson. Thus for her tales of adventure, like *The Treasure of Ho, The Perfume of the Rainbow* and other romances, she signs herself "Louis Moresby." "E. Barrington" is reserved for her third form of writing, that of fictionized biography, or biographical novels, that began with *The Divine Lady,* or Lady Hamilton, and *Glorious Apollo,* or Byron, and have continued to *The Thunderer,* or Napoleon, and *The Laughing Queen* (1929) a portrayal in romance of Cleopatra in her younger womanhood. The asset in "E. Barrington's" romances is her dialogue; her marked defect is a lack of well-sustained plot.

More successful, in general, in biography than other writers of this popular form is "André Maurois," whose birth-name is Emile Herzog. Few narrators have merged so perfectly the complexities in Shelley's nature as did he in *Ariel,* written with poetic understanding, as is *Byron* of the current year. *Disraeli* merited its successful grip upon readers, by sympathetic character analysis and finely balanced situations in the life of the statesman-author. "Maurois" is novelist of *Bernard Quesnay, The Silence of Colonel Bramble,* and *Atmosphere of Love.*

Among writers of sea tales William Clark Russell held an assured place with the generation that spanned the last years of the nineteenth and first years of the twentieth centuries. He was born in New York in 1844, son of Henry Russell, a vocalist and song composer, and a mother who wrote verses and was a relative of Wordsworth. He was educated abroad at Winchester and Boulogne. While still a young man he shipped on the sailing vessel, *Duncan Dunbar,* and had adventures in India and Australia. His health suffered from privations and exposure to disease. After his return to London he wrote a tragedy in verse which failed to win success, so he turned his ambition towards sea tales, which had immediate response from the public. He wrote fifty-seven volumes, winning praise from many critics, including Sir Edwin Arnold, who called him "the prose Homer of the great Ocean." For seven years he contributed the column, "A Seafarer," to the London *Daily Telegraph.* He wrote songs of the road, sometimes concealing his identity under a feminine name, "Mrs. Letitia Booth." Among his large output of sea romances a few survive in memory, often well illustrated in later editions, *The Flying Dutchman, The Frozen Pirate, Honor of the Flag* and *Marooned.*

"Seamark" is the pen name of a later writer, Austin J. Small. His stories are of more sensational type, both in title and text, like *Frozen Trail, Silent Six, The Man They Couldn't Arrest,* and *Pearls of Desire.* The full name of "Basil King," popular novelist, was Richard Aste King.

"Lanoe Falconer," author of *Mademoiselle Ixe,* a tale of mystery, was Mary Elizabeth Hawker.

The revival of the story of crime and its detection—or more truly, its *detective*—has seldom been more fervent and long lived than during the third decade of the twentieth century. The "Great Detective Stories" have been analyzed, compiled and edited as never before, especially in *The Great Detective Stories: A Chronological Anthology,* by Willard Huntington Wright. That this analyst proves to be "S. S. Van Dine," author of several of the shrewdest crime stories of the decade, has increased the interest in this author with such a marked dual personality. The introduction to his anthology is a masterly essay by a scholar of unusual scope and grasp. He finds in Poe "the originator of the modern detective story," although its fundamental origin dates back to Arabian and Persian, possibly to Hebrew, surely to Greek tales. Wilkie Collins, says Mr. Wright, "carried on the tradition of Poe in England, and, by giving impetus to the detective-story idea and purifying its technic, paved the way for Gaboriau." Conan Doyle, with his Sherlock Holmes stories, "brought detective fiction into full-blown maturity."

These diagnoses by Mr. Wright of the appeal, motives and technic of the detective story, and his enumeration of "great detectives" in almost every literature, are indicative of the painstaking research which preceded the writing of his own series of crime and its detective, Philo Vance, beginning with *The Benson Murder Case* in 1926. Now that the secret is out, after nearly three years of rigid denial and subtle evasion, one can understand why the author of such critical studies as *Modern Painting, The Creative Will, What Nietzsche Taught, The Great Modern French Stories* and *Misinforming a Nation* veiled

his identity when he published his first melodramatic "thrillers" for the bookstalls and films. He was amused when he inquired casually of his bookseller who "this Van Dine" might be, and received the answer, "They tell me that he's a well-known motion-picture actor."

Why Willard Huntington Wright took this particular pen name he explains as well as his memory permits. Van Dyne was a family name, which he changed by inserting *i* for *y*. The reason for the "S. S." is lost in mystery unless it was suggested by "steamship." The author and his publishers were much amused to learn that "S. S. Van Dine" was found, filed with books on steamships, in the catalogue of a New England library. The lay-off which came to Willard Huntington Wright as an editor and researcher, Nature's answer to his "fourteen hours of mental work a day," was not an ordinary nervous collapse but three years of preparation for the fiction by "S. S. Van Dine." Before his three years were over, he had accumulated a library of two thousand books of this general type—stories of crime and mystery—and he had framed, in his own imagination, the plots of three tales, with an original character as detective, or "sleuth" as he often calls him, Philo Vance. Fame grew with the commercial success and persistent secret about the authorship. In an article contributed to the *American Magazine,* entitled, "I Used to Be a Highbrow but Look at Me Now," while his identity was still in some doubt, he makes comments upon "the topsy-turvy situation"—that of a man who had spent fifteen years "building up a cultural reputation" and then was "shunted by a crazy twist of fate, to detective fiction; and each one of my Philo Vance stories has made more money than all my nine serious

books put together." Philo Vance is a well-blended character—art connoisseur and criminologist.

Among the writers of excellent detective stories with distinctive central characters, mentioned by Mr. Wright in his introduction to *The Great Detective Stories,* are Arthur Morrison and his Martin Hewitt, R. Austin Freeman and Dr. Thorndyke, H. C. Bailey's Dr. Fortune, G. K. Chesterton's Father Brown, "Lynn Brock's" Colonel Gore, A. E. W. Mason's Hanaud, Robert Barr's Eugene Valmont, "Baroness Orczy's" logician in *The Old Man in the Corner,* J. S. Fletcher's Frank Spargo, Melville Davison Post's Uncle Abner, "Bennett Copplestone's" Chief Inspector William Dawson, John Buchan's Richard Hanney, the French detective in "Charles Barry's" *The Detective's Holiday,* and Mr. Collin in the series of clever, absorbing mystery tales by the Swedish author, "Frank Heller."

Glancing over this list, we find several writers who use pseudonyms. G. K. Chesterton has been mentioned as likely to use his distinctive initials, "G. K. C."; "Lynn Brock" has already been identified with Anthony Wharton; "Baroness Orczy" has been revealed as Mrs. Montagu Barstow; J. S. Fletcher often writes as "A Son of the Soil"; "Bennett Copplestone" is Frederick Harcourt Kitchin; "Charles Barry" has the real name of Charles Bryson of Herts, England, and "Frank Heller" is known to his Scandinavian friends as Gunnar Lerner, author of *Emperor's Old Clothes, Grand Duke's Finances,* as well as three books narrating *Strange Adventures of Mr. Collin.*

Two other writers of tales of crime and mystery belong on this list of pseudonyms—"J. J. Conington" and

"George A. Birmingham." The former, author of *Nine Solutions* and similar stories, is Alfred Walter Stewart, professor of chemistry in Queen's University, Belfast. The second is the pen name for the Rev. James Owen Hannay, rector of Mells since 1924, with a previous remarkable war record. For relaxation he becomes "George A. Birmingham," a playwright and romancer, author of *Spanish Gold, The Island of Mystery* and other tales. He is a noted writer on ecclesiastic themes. True Irish wit lightens his fiction in such a travesty as *The Runaways.*

The Dower House Mystery still ranks well in favor; "Patricia Wentworth," its author, is Mrs. G. F. Dillon; she writes occasionally as "Delta." "Diana Patrick," author of *The Family Group* and similar stories of characterization, is Mrs. Desemea Newman Wilson. Geraldine Gordon Salmon, author of *Fleur de Lys,* veils herself as "J. G. Sarason." "Harrington Hext" was a droll pen name chosen by Eden Phillpotts for his mystery tale, *Who Killed Cock Robin?* Louis Tracy, author of *Number Seventeen,* would answer to the pseudonym of "Gordon Holmes" on certain writings. For euphony, the author of *The Verdict of You All,* shortened his name of Henry Lancelot Aubrey-Fletcher to "Henry Wade." Anthony Berkeley, author of the Roger Sherman crime stories, omits his last name, Cox. Valentine Williams sometimes has masked as "Douglas Valentine," or "Vedette."

"Marjorie Bowen," or Gabrielle Margaret Long, author of historical romances and poems, is translator and lecturer, well known in Holland as well as England. *A Soldier from Virginia* (published in England with the

title, *Mr. Washington*) *Black Magic* and *A Knight of Spain* are among her typical romances. "Hugh Conway," whose *Called Back* and other melodramas in fiction were once in demand, in social life was Frederick John Fargus of Bristol, England. "Luke Allen" was the signature chosen by Lacey Amy, Canadian journalist, for *The Blue Wolf, The Long Trail* and other tales. "Anthony Wynne," or Wilson Robert McNair, whets the reader's curiosity in *Mystery of the Ashes* and *Sign of Evil.* Another romancer, author of "Mademoiselle Dahlia" and other tales, calls herself "Pamela Wynne." Her real name is Mrs. Winifred Mary Walton Scott. That "Francis Beeding," author of *The Seven Sleepers,* is a pseudonym is acknowledged, but his name, or names, are not divulged. "George Gordon," who has written group biographies of novelists, was Charles C. Baldwin.

Many of these *raconteurs* of romance and mystery, in longer form, have written short stories that are found in annual collections, as well as magazines. Two concessions are generally made to American literature, by foreign critics—one that the short story, or the *conte,* reached its most perfect development among our writers of the last generation, comparable to certain *conteurs* in French literature; the other that Edgar Allan Poe was "the father of the modern type of short story of fantastic mystery." His emphasis upon the technic of the short story, in *Graham's Magazine,* May, 1842, in a review of Hawthorne's *Twice-Told Tales,* is often quoted. Poe and Hawthorne, Bret Harte and Washington Irving, Sarah Orne Jewett and Mary E. Wilkins, "Charles Egbert Craddock," "Octave Thanet" and "O. Henry"—such names form an honor list of tribute to American *conteurs.*

A few comments upon the masks and personalities of the last three writers seem pertinent.

In the Boston *Evening Transcript,* March 4, 1885, appeared this notice:

> Last evening Dr. Holmes and Mr. Howells received a genuine surprise at the hands of the editor of the *Atlantic.* Mr. Aldrich invited these gentlemen to dine with him, to meet Charles Egbert Craddock, the author of *In the Tennessee Mountains, Where the Battle Was Fought,* and the remarkable novel now publishing in the *Atlantic* (*The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains*). The surprise lay in the fact that Charles Egbert Craddock is a pseudonym which for the past six years has veiled the identity of a very brilliant woman—Miss Mary N. Murfree of St. Louis.

During these six years, from May, 1878, when Mr. Howells, then editor, had delighted his readers by "a refreshing story of the Tennessee mountains," "The Dancing Party at Harrison's Cove," "Charles Egbert Craddock's" tales had been appearing, followed by a novelette and longer stories. In the judgment of many critics, her best work was as a *conteur,* painting the background that she knew so well about her birthplace, Grantlands, near Murfreesboro, Tennessee, and revealing her sympathy with the mountaineers and their pioneer romances. She came from Revolutionary stock: her grandfather was Colonel Hardy Murfree. As a child, Mary Noailles Murfree suffered from the results of a severe illness; she was slightly lame and unable to play like other children. At Nashville and Philadelphia, where she attended school, she showed ambition and ability to write. Her family, especially her brother and sister, encouraged this aspira-

tion; to them she read her tales and profited by their criticism. When she sought a pseudonym, partly from modesty and more from expediency—lest she might hurt the feelings of her "neighbors"—the family united in suggestions. Egbert Craddock was the name of one of her characters in a *conte* that she was writing; "Charles went well with that combination and finished out the disguise." The Murfree family lost much property in the Civil War and moved to St. Louis but she spent her summers in her Tennessee home.

Great was the contrast between the delicate femininity of Miss Murfree's personality and the sound of her pseudonym. She had "a positive chin" and wrote such "a masculine hand" that this added to the deception of the editor. "I wonder if Craddock has laid in his winter's supply of ink," asked Aldrich. Her sympathy with her characters was appreciated by them. She "was not making copy of their peculiarities," said one of the older men to me, many years ago when I was in that region. The first volume of her short stories, published in 1884, sold twenty-two editions in eight years. In her day, her longer novels, like *The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains* and *The Fair Mississippian,* sold well, but the short stories are reread to-day, because of their wistful pathos, humor, sympathy and picturesque atmosphere.

It was in the *Atlantic,* in January, 1884, that "The Bishop's Vagabond" appeared, with the pen name of "Octave Thanet." This mystery of authorship did not last so long as that of "Charles Egbert Craddock." However, many readers wondered whether the pen name belonged to a man or a woman; in support of the former theory, they cited the author's interest in iron mills and

the conflict between labor and capital. Alice French (born the same year as was Mary Murfree) at Andover, Massachusetts, was educated at Abbott Academy but moved, with her family, to Davenport, Iowa, during her girlhood. Here her father had an iron mill. Under her own name she wrote "very heavy essays" on sociology. Her grim realism was more pronounced in her novels than in the short stories, like "Knitters in the Sun" and "Stories of a Western Town."

Her explanation of her pseudonym is interesting, illustrating "chance":

Octave was the name of a school-friend of mine. It is both French and Scotch. I thought if I could find another name to go with it, that was both French and Scotch, I would adopt that. I was riding on a train one time when we stopped at a way station, and on a siding near where I sat was a freight car painted red. On the side was chalked the word, "Thanet." What it meant or how it got there, I have not the slightest idea, but I decided then and there to adopt it. Lots of people still think that Octave Thanet is a man and I frequently get letters like this: "My dear Mr. Thanet: I have read your works and I am sure you are a manly man." They usually contain a request for a small loan, to be repaid in the near future.

From another Western state, by inheritance and residence, comes a writer of short stories and refreshing novels of this later day—Bess Streeter Aldrich. A first impulse would be to discuss her in the chapter on the novelists, because of *Mother Mason, A Lantern in Her Hand*, the appealing tale of the pioneer grandmother and mother in Nebraska, and Mrs. Aldrich's other works—but

she has written more than a hundred short stories and her pen name was used for short stories only. For the earlier ones she took the name, "Margaret Dean Stevens." She explains, in a personal letter: "In a sort of foolish fashion (ostrich-like) I hid behind the pen name of Margaret Dean Stevens for several years. It was a combination of my grandmother's names. I felt a timidity in having my stuff read—the typical amateur's print-fright, which is the writer's stage-fright." In her memory there always lingered pictures of the pioneer days when her valiant grandfather and her heroic grandmother moved into their log cabin and found life both endurable and happy. Her first prize story was accepted by the *Ladies' Home Journal,* in 1911; it followed her days of teaching and marriage to Capt. C. S. Aldrich. It was written "while the baby was having her nap," said this mother of four children. Many of her short stories are in Braille type. Her humor and cheerful, sane philosophy bring entertainment and optimism, in the midst of sordid and morbid novels of home life. Her short story, "The Man Who Caught the Weather," was included in a recent "O. Henry Memorial Collection."

Fiction—long or short—offers no story so poignant in its romance as the life-narrative of William Sydney Porter, or "O. Henry." His friend of many years, Al Jennings, declares:[2] "Bill Porter had a sort of corner on the romance of life—a monopoly that was his by the divine right of understanding. He was the great adventurer with his hand on life's pulse-beats." When asked once why he did not read more fiction, O. Henry replied, "It is all tame as compared with the romance of my own

[2] Al Jennings, *Through the Shadows with O. Henry* (1921), p. 320.

life." His biographer, C. Alphonso Smith, makes an analogy between his life and his stories, with "four stages" in each.

The first "stage" of his boyhood, in Greensboro, North Carolina, where a hotel now bears his pen name, was quiet, with no hint of dramatic episodes. His grandmother and his father were doctors; the former was more business-like than the latter. There was no money to send Sydney to college, so he became clerk in the drug-store of his uncle. He made cartoons for local papers. A persistent cough brought release from this first stage and sent him on a visit to Texas ranches; Jesse Hall, son of his benefactor, was a model for his later stories. He read much, then wrote and destroyed his tales from lack of self-confidence. Always eager to find out "What's around the corner?" he went to Austin and Houston, doing newspaper work and mingling with many types. His delicate wife, Athol Estes, with whom he eloped from Texas, was a vital factor in his development of productive writing. He used his own name, or wrote anonymously, in his contributions to *The Rolling Stone* and other publications.

The tragedy of the third "stage" is too familiar to warrant detailed recital. To-day Sydney Porter's name has been cleared of charges against his honesty when he was teller of the First National Bank of Austin; the total amount of "misappropriated funds" was $1,153.68, due to shiftless methods of banking. Had he returned to Austin when summoned, instead of going to Honduras, Sydney Porter would, doubtless, have been acquitted—but literature would have lost the name and best stories of "O. Henry." He once told a friend, to whom he expressed

his liking for Conrad's *Lord Jim:* "I am like Lord Jim, because we both made one fatal mistake at the supreme crisis of our lives, a mistake from which we could not recover." [3]

The dual personality of Sydney Porter found expression during the years in prison and afterwards. On his night rounds, as assistant to the pharmacist in the Ohio Penitentiary at Columbus, he became friend to many an outlaw. As private secretary to the steward, he found more time for writing the stories that first began to appear in magazines, with the pseudonym of "O. Henry." To his daughter, Margaret, at school and unaware of her father's tragedy, he wrote whimsical, loving letters. If he emerged from prison silent and saddened, he was never bitter but always sympathetic. He was never "tired of watching life." There were other disguises which he used in his writing—"Olivier Henry," "S. H. Peters," "James L. Bliss," "T. B. Dowd" and "Howard Clark." After he went to New York to live and write, only "O. Henry" survived; this was engraved on his cards; his personality became merged in that of "O. Henry," so that when he was taken into the hospital, at his fatal illness, he urged the attendants and friends to let that name suffice.

Professor Smith thinks that the unique pen name was suggested by combined names in the New Orleans *Picayune;* other surmises have attributed it to names heard in prison, or seen on street signs. "A man of mystery" was "O. Henry" to those who saw him casually in New York, at Irving Place or on Broadway. His daily—and nightly—comrades were the men and women in

[3] C. Alphonso Smith, *O. Henry Biography* (1916), p. 145.

restaurants and on street corners, comrades for a passing word or a generous coin, in hour of need. He was writing stories of New York, collected as *Voices of the City* and *The Four Million,* of Texas and Central America, like *Cabbages and Kings,* or of green prairies like "Madame Bo-Peep of the Ranches." This love-tale brought about the renewal of friendship and marriage of Sydney Porter and Sallie Coleman, in 1907, for a few years of companionship. At his best, "O. Henry" was kin of Daudet and Maupassant, as *conteur* of poignant emotions and dramatic situations.

CHAPTER XIII

MASKS AMONG THE NOVELISTS

TO make a complete record of the novelists of the past and to-day who have used pen names would require more than a chapter in a book of this size. Sometimes the motive was modesty, more often expediency, frequently the desire to mystify the public. Of the first type are the novels signed "By a Lady," like *The Adventures of David Simple* by Sarah Fielding (1744), sister of Henry Fielding, or the first novels by Jane Austen. To conceal her identity, Charlotte Lennox, praised by Johnson and given a laurel crown, wrote *The Life of Harriet Stuart, written by Herself* (1750), and three years later, still disguised, produced *The Female Quixote, or the Adventures of Arabella.*

Many of the earlier novels by men appeared anonymously, or with masked names. *Pamela* was anonymous; six years later, in 1747, *Clarissa Harlowe* was announced "By the editor of 'Pamela.'" *The Sentimental Journey through France and Italy,* two volumes by Laurence Sterne, in 1768, were by "Mr. Yorick." In certain instances, as has been noted in other chapters, the pseudonym was used for specific contribution, often journalistic or challenging, as by Thackeray and Scott, Ruskin and Poe. "Runnymede" has been attributed to Disraeli as a pen name because of "the Runnymede Letters," that appeared in the London *Times,* in 1836. They were

philippics against the government and were addressed to Peel, Stanley and Lord Melbourne. This last statesman was depicted as "sauntering over the destinies of a nation and lounging away the glories of an empire." Disraeli did not acknowledge these Letters as his until near the end of his life; in a letter to his wife, while they were appearing, he said, "They have been foolishly ascribed to me."

Charles Auchester, one of the most haunting novels of the 1860's, dedicated to Disraeli, appeared anonymously; after much speculation its author was identified as Elizabeth Sara Sheppard. Mrs. Oliphant Wilson evaded the question of authorship in 1849, when the three volumes of *Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland of Sunnyside* were announced as "Written by Herself."

Alton Locke was published anonymously but later Charles Kingsley used the symbolic pseudonyms, "Parson Lot" and "The Chartist Preacher," for some of his social reform writings in fiction and essays. His brother, Henry Kingsley, whose novels have never been recognized as they deserve, often wrote as "Granby Dixon." Mrs. Mary St. Leger Harrison, the daughter of Charles Kingsley, has maintained the family habit of disguises. She chose "Lucas Malet" for her pen name, a combination of the surnames of her grandmother and great-grandmother. She said she "did not think it right to trade on the Kingsley name." She married the rector of the church at Clovelly, in North Devon, where her father was once preacher. Widely traveled and broad in sympathies, "Lucas Malet" has written studies and fiction like *Mrs. Lorimer, A Sketch in Black and White, Col. Enderby's Wife, The Golden Galleon,* and *The Gateless Barrier* with Laurence Rivèrs as hero.

The Moors and the Fens, a novel ascribed to "F. G. Trafford" (1858), was the work of Mrs. Charlotte Eliza Lawson Riddell, who lived until 1906 but never fulfilled the promise of this earlier book. Thomas Cooper, a well-known Chartist, concealed his name under "Adam Hornbook," when he wrote *Alderman Ralph* and *The Family Feud* (1855).

Among the group of Scotch story-tellers, with kindly humor and delicate sentiment, two have used familiar pen names. Sir James Matthew Barrie began his writing as "Gavin Ogilvy," a name that will be associated with the memory of his beautiful tribute, in literature, to his mother as *Margaret Ogilvy.* Rev. John W. Watson, as "Ian Maclaren," wrote an idyll of former popularity, *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush.*

Grant Allen, scientist and essayist, did not wish to use his own name for his novels, best exampled in *The Woman Who Did,* so he chose to be anonymous or to sign himself "J. Arbuthnot Wilson," or "Cecil Power." As "Martin Leach Warborough" he wrote a juvenile, *Tom Unlimited.* "Olive Pratt Raynor" was his pen name for *The Type-writer Girl* and *Rosalba.*

Meantime, across the English channel, French novelists were disguised in masks like "George Sand" and "Ouida," "Pierre Loti" and "Anatole France." "Anatole France," who lived to the full his span of eighty years, had written in moods of emotional tenseness and sharp satire. He had written histories and poems, novels of realistic baldness and idylls of domestic charm. His later literary form tended towards memories of boyhood and youth, like *Little Pierre* and *The Bloom of Life.* Between the earlier and later books of reminiscent flavor, he wrote novels, ironic

and naturalistic, like *Thaïs, The Revolt of the Angels, Penguin Island* and *The Gods Are Athirst.* Unlike certain other writers mentioned, he did not use his pen name —abbreviated and transformed from his real name, Jacques Anatole Thibault—for special occasions but he chose it from the first and maintained it to the last. So completely was his personality merged into the pseudonym that one of his biographers entitles his book, *Anatole France Himself.* Alphonse Daudet has been identified under such disguises as "Baptistet," "Jean Froissart" and "Marie Gaston." Occasionally, he is called by that delightful creation of his humor, "Tartarin."

In Prussia a young woman was finding incentive to write (secluded as she was on a large, lonely estate) in her garden and her "annual babies." *Elizabeth and her German Garden* was the title of her first book, in 1898, appearing anonymously; ever since she has been known to literature as "Author of 'Elizabeth and her German Garden.'" Mary Anette Beauchamp, Countess Russell, is her name in social life. She was a school girl when she married Count Henning August Arnim, twenty-five years her senior. In their château, with many retainers and cattle but ten miles from "the neighbor," she found material which was fitted to her zestful nature and her keen humor; this was given to a responsive reading public as *The Caravaners,* and *The Pastor's Wife.* To educate the children, after her husband's death, she came to England, where she married Earl Russell. Her time is divided between her English home and a delightful châlet in Switzerland, from which she sends forth her later stories, *The Enchanted April* and *Expiation,* clever in central theme and characters but lacking in spontaneity.

The mothers of two latter-day English novelists wrote with interesting pseudonyms. Mrs. John Maxwell, mother of W. B. Maxwell, often used the pen name of "M. E. Braddon"; sometimes she wrote as "Gilbert Forrester" or "Babbington White." Her son, author of novels of distinction like *Vivien, Elaine at the Gates, Spinster of this Parish* and *Bevan Yorke,* was educated as an artist but began to write dialogues and stories at the same time. He paid honor to his mother's influence and encouragement, saying, "She was never too busy or too detached, or too immersed in her own work, to discuss my abilities or my work."

"Frank Danby" was the pen name of Mrs. Julia Frankau, mother of Captain Gilbert Frankau. Her novels were daringly realistic for her day, showing influence of Zola, in *Pigs in Clover* and *Dr. Phillips.* In the latter novel is a challenging situation, similar to those in Mrs. Wharton's *Fruit of the Tree* or Warwick Deeping's *Sorrell and Son,* where morphia is given a patient to end suffering. In Mrs. Frankau's novel a sinister, ulterior purpose is emphasized in this climax. One of the writings by Gilbert Frankau has been a dramatization of his mother's book, *The Heart of a Child;* this was published, in collaboration with his wife, Aimée de Burgh Frankau, in 1920.

Other women have taken the names of men and awakened curiosity and response from readers. "John Strange Winter," who was Henrietta Eliza Vaughan Stannard, was the author of ninety-six novels with this pen name. She said that her publishers "made her take a man's name" before *Cavalry Life* was published, in 1881. "John Oliver Hobbes" had a very feminine real name—

Pearl Marie Theresa Craigie. She explained her pseudonym thus: "John was my father's name; and that of my son. Oliver was taken because of 'warring Cromwell' —and Hobbes because it was homely and I liked philosophy." It might "serve as a check," she affirmed, "upon inclinations towards sentimentality and emotionalism."

"Richard Dehan" is Clotilde Inez Graves, novelist of the present decade, whose books, *Pipers of the Market-Place, That Which Hath Wings* and *Sower of the Wind,* have created much discussion. Born in County Cork and daughter of the late Major W. H. Graves, she was educated in art and took an active interest in politics, as a Liberal Unionist. She has written plays including "The Matchmaker," "A Maker of Comedies" and "The Bond of Ninon."

Another contemporaneous novelist, who masks under a man's name, is "John Presland," or Mrs. Gladys Skelton, author of *Escape Me—Never, Dominion* and *Barricade.* She explains her pen name:

Presland was my mother's name and is rather an interesting one because it is rare in England. It comes, I think, from across the North Sea originally, but Preslands were settled in England as long ago as the fifteenth century and one John Presland was a hatter to George III. When I began to publish I was anxious to enter the lists as anonymously as possible. I disliked all kinds of publicity (though I have since made use of it like my betters) and I thought that if sex, as well as personality, were hidden behind a pseudonym, the author stood a better chance of being judged solely on merit. Now my aim was to make a serious contribution to literature in some way and I began by publishing poetry. For six years nearly I did this and no single reviewer pene-

trated my pseudonym or challenged me (as reviewers were wont to challenge a woman) on the drawing of men's characters. It was when I began to publish prose and wrote my first novel that my publishers persuaded me to use both my names because, as Mrs. Skelton, I had made something of a success in lecturing.

Of an older generation, "Marie Corelli," or Marian Mackay, wrote melodramatic novels that were popular. She had a home in Stratford-on-Avon that often rivaled the shrines of Shakespeare, in attention from tourists. "Edna Lyall" transposed the letters of her own name, Ada Ellen Bayly, as author of historical novels like *Won by Waiting, The Hardy Norseman* and *To Right the Wrong.* She was compelled to reveal her identity because a woman in Ceylon claimed authorship of the novels by "Edna Lyall."

Certain pseudonyms of women writers give no indication of sex. "Maxwell Grey," a contemporary of "Edna Lyall," was May Gleed Tuttieth, author of *Black Opal, Reproach of Annersley, World-Mender* and, best known of all, *The Silence of Dean Maitland.* "J. E. Buckrose," or Mrs. Annie S. F. Jameson, is author of some delightful stories of domestic life, with glints of humor, as *Down Our Street, Single Heart* and *Love in a Little Town.* G. B. Stern, author of *Debonair,* uses her own initials for a name less virile—Gladys B. Stern, or Mrs. Geoffrey Lisle Holdsworth. Elizabeth Robins, or Mrs. George Richmond Parks, has written with the pen name of "C. E. Raimond"—both plays and novels, with familiar titles like *The New Moon, Votes for Women, Come and Find Me* and *Time is Whispering.* Her ex-

perience as actress, added to her mental equipment and poetic imagination, gave distinctive rank to her writings. She has been an interpreter of Ibsen's characters. Louisville, Kentucky, was her birthplace, although she has lived much abroad, especially in England.

Ibsen's character of "Rebecca West" in "Rosmerholme" became responsible for the pen name of one of the most alert writers of treatises and fiction in modern England—Cecily Fairfield. In a letter to the author of this book she says: "I chose the pen name of Rebecca West because when I was 18, I was contributing articles to a paper which, because of its radicalism, my mother would not let me read and something had to be done about it. I chose *that* name because at an even earlier age I played that part in Ibsen's 'Rosmerholme.' I have never consciously adopted it but I have never succeeded in being called anything else."

"Cleone Knox," who created much curiosity and discussion in 1926, by her *Diary of a Young Lady of Fashion (1764-1765), edited by her kinsman, Alexander Blacker Kerr,* has the real name of Magdalen King-Hall. The next year she added another startling, fictional book of reminiscence, *I Think I Remember; Being Random Recollections of Sir Wickham Woolicomb.* The idea was cleverly conceived and well carried out.

Katherine Mansfield, author of some of the most original writings of this generation, especially in the short-story form, and her Journal, made a change from her name, Katherine Beauchamp. As Mrs. Middleton Murry, she achieved social and intellectual leadership before her premature death. "Anthony Carlyle" is a complete mask for Mrs. Patrick Milton, author of *Children of*

Chance, Like Ruth of Old and *Another Reapeth.* The real name of "George Egerton," translator of Knut Hamsun, is Mary Charelita Goldring-Bright of Australia.

"Q" was the laconic pen letter chosen by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch of Cornwall for his reminiscent sketches of scenery and characters in his *Delectable Duchy.* He was editor of the *Speaker* for many years and has written varied forms of fiction—historical novels like *The Splendid Spur,* a tale of Cornish England in 1642, and *The Westcotes,* Somersetshire in 1810. Representative of his genial personality and graceful style are such books as *I Saw Three Ships, From a Cornish Window* and *The Delectable Duchy.*

"Ian Hay," or "Junior Sub," are pen names for John Hay Beith, author of many stimulating books in wartime, like *The First Hundred Thousand* and *Carrying On,* and fiction before and after this crisis—*Pip, A Knight on Wheels,* and cheerful stories of heroes in the war and its aftermath.

"F. Anstey" is Thomas Anstey Guthrie, who won his first acclaim with *Vice Versa* in 1882, followed by such popular books as *The Tinted Venus* and *The Brass Bottle.* Humor is a salient quality of his work in fiction and plays. "Oliver Onions" dropped his first name, George, when he wrote his novels, *The Complete Bachelor* and *Back of the Moon.* "Berta Ruck," who has a clientèle of readers of her melodramatic novels, is Mrs. "Oliver Onions." "Michael Arlen" is a much more intriguing name for a novelist than Dikram Kuyumjian. Born in a Bulgarian village on the Danube, this author was educated in England and Switzerland. He has woven his experiences and observations of sophisticated society of Mayfair in his

sketches, *These Charming People* and the tale which won passing interest, both as novel and play, *The Green Hat.* His later novels are more conventional and domestic.

"Cynthia Stockley," author of *Virginia of the Rhodensians, Poppy, Wild Honey, Blue Aloes*, and other books with colorful titles and scenes, is Mrs. H. E. Pelham-Browne. Since the World War there has been a marked increase in the number of English novelists who wear masks, especially among the women of titled or aristocratic rank who are entering the arena of literature for the first time, and are using many of their own experiences.

Frequently an author, especially among the novelists, will first address the public under an assumed name, to test his or her ability or the quality of response on the part of the readers. When recognition has come, the mask is often dropped. John Galsworthy is an example of this class. In making a bibliography of his writings in fiction, one finds the first three of his books appeared by "John Sinjohn"—*Jocelyn* (1898), *Villa Rubein* and *A Man of Devon* (1901). Three years later he revealed his identity in one of the first distinctive novels of a social ironist, *The Island Pharisees.* Hawthorne used "Oberon" and "Ashley A. Royce" for some of his writings in "The Token."

D. H. Lawrence transferred the letters of his name and called himself "Lawrence H. Dawson." *The Journal of Arthur Stirling* gave Upton Sinclair his earlier pen name. More recently Jeffrey Eardley Marston has chosen to write "Jeffrey E. Jeffrey," as the author of his post-war novels, *The Breaking Point* and *The Longest Shadow.* Mention has already been made of "Ephesian," the novelist who fictionizes biography of Dickens, in *This Side*

Idolatry—this "Ephesian" being Carl Eric Bechhofer Roberts, not to be confused with the other "Ephesian," the Earl of Birkenhead. "George Forth," a passing pseudonym of Harold Frederic, has been forgotten but we recall the memorable novels under his own name, *The Damnation of Theron Ware* and *In the Valley.* Edward J. Harrington O'Brien's name was changed to "Arthur Middleton" in work that differed from his anthologies.

"Herbert Strang" conceals the identities of two writers, G. H. Ely and C. J. L'Estrange, authors of *Norman Maid* and tales of Drake and Lord Clive. "E. Burrowes," or Mrs. J. Hawkes Cornock, of Cornwall, has been accredited with more than fifteen hundred serials and short stories, familiar to English readers of home journals. "Onoto Watanna" is the picturesque pen name of Winifred Reeve, whose pioneer books were *Miss Mimi of Japan, Wooing of Wistan* and *A Japanese Nightingale,* followed by several other volumes from her ranch in Morley, Alberta.

Jerome K. Jerome sounded suspiciously like a droll pen name but it was the true name of Jerome Klapka Jerome, son of Rev. Jerome Clapp Jerome. The name fitted well the earlier, popular books like *Three Men in a Boat* and *Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow.* It was difficult to convince the public that he was not always a humorist, as the author of the play *The Passing of the Third Floor Back* and his autobiography, *My Life and Times,* attest. The keynote of this latter book is serious and religious in its deductions from years of activity in civic and literary life.

James P. Kirk dropped his last name and became "James Prior," the Nottingham novelist (1850-1922), writing tales of the Sherwood Forest like *Lion Heart* and

Forest Folk. "Harry Lindsay," eliminating his last name of Hudson, is a well-known schoolmaster, journalist and novelist of Glossop, Derbyshire. He was the first editor of the *Methodist Weekly* and one of his familiar volumes is *Methodist Idylls. Rhoda Roberts, a Welsh Mining Story,* and *Judah Pyecroft, Puritan* (1902) are still remembered.

In the junior years of American fiction there were two sisters who lived in New York State on an estate near West Point; they were generally called "the Warner girls." Both wrote stories of domestic themes and religious undertone. Both used pseudonyms. The elder, Susan Warner, was "Elizabeth Wetherell," and the younger, Anna Warner, was known as "Amy Lothrop." Susan Warner, born in New York in 1819, was a woman of scholarship and ambition; she was a member of the New York Bar before her death in 1885. Her literary fame was slow in arrival and very dear to her memory. At thirty-one she wrote *The Wide, Wide World,* signing herself "Elizabeth Wetherell." Her mother read it and showed some approval, but it was rejected when first offered to Putnam, the publisher. The next year, 1852, she wrote *Queechy* which, also, seemed "to fall flat." Then *The Wide, Wide World* was reread, revised, published and a quarter of a million copies sold in a short time. The story was translated into many languages and sustained its hold on adolescent and older, sentimental readers for two generations. Later "Elizabeth Wetherell" published *The Old Helmet, Daisy* and "The Say and Do Series," with strong religious trend. By permission, Susan Warner was buried near the Cadet's Monument at

West Point. The best known of "Amy Lothrop's" books were *Dollars and Cents, My Brother's Keeper* and *Stories of Vinegar Hill.*

Among recent revivals in American literature has been that of Ambrose Bierce, Civil War soldier, journalist, versifier and story-writer, who disappeared mysteriously in Mexico in 1913 or 1914. Many conjectures have been published since the State Department made a futile effort to locate him in September, 1914, but many of the stories about his "end" savor of imagination rather than fact. Not without justice has his biographer of 1929, C. Hartley Grattan, entitled his book *Bitter Bierce.* In his poems and tales, in his letters and journalistic columns, he revealed the "emotional instability" which this biographer believes accounts for much of his "bitterness," and his revolt against existent conditions in life and literature. In America and in England he used the pseudonym that he chose for his *Fables of Zambi, the Parsee,* contributed to *Fun,* and later writings in *Hood's Comic Annual*—that of "Dod Grile." The haunting effect of his tale, *The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter* (the conflict in the monastery near Salzburg, in 1680, between earthly love and ascetic vows) may be traced in many later novels, with similar *motif.* Controversy waged long over his definite claim to originality in this tale but he surely clarified the issue and visualized the characters, even if he used a translation for the plot. *Can Such Things Be? Tales of Soldiers and Civilians* and *The Devil's Dictionary* are other books now found in his collected works.

Many comparisons have been made between "O. Henry," Stephen Crane and Ambrose Bierce. His experiences were broader than theirs, both in this country

and abroad. In London he began his "trade as writer" and published his first books, going there from California, where he had combined engineering and newspaper work. Walter Jerrold unearthed interesting facts about his London writings in *The Identity of Dod Grile,* in the *Bookman* (London) for June, 1921.

The initials "H.H." recall the poet and story-teller, Helen Hunt Jackson. They are appended to her poems and associated with the second volume, at least, of the *Saxe Holm Stories.* Who collaborated with her in the first series of these tales has never been made public—and cannot now be divulged by their publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons. In a list of "Fictitious and Pseudonymous Names," appended to *Who's Who in Literature,* edited by Mark Meredith of Liverpool yearly, the name of Miss Rush Ellis is given as solving the identity of "Saxe Holm." It is not possible to verify or disprove this; perhaps two persons used the same pen names.

Another surmise was that Emily Dickinson, the poet, might have written those two wistful love-tales, "Draxy Miller's Dowry" and "Esther Wynne's Love-Letters." Possibly one reason for this latter suggestion was that Helen Fiske Hunt Jackson was born and lived in Amherst, Massachusetts, during her girlhood, the home town of Emily Dickinson. Her father was Nathan W. Fiske, professor at Amherst College. Both her parents died when she was a girl and she was educated at the school of the Rev. J. S. C. Abbott. At twenty-one she married Major Edward B. Hunt and, for a few years, they lived happily at West Point and Newport. Then, within two years, came direful griefs into her life. Her husband lost his life while experimenting with a submarine gun of

his own invention, and her little boy, Rennie, died of diphtheria.

It was in the sad aftermath of these losses that she wrote her first poem, "Lifted Over," which appeared in the *Nation*. Then she studied literary models and text-books in composition, and began writing both prose and verse. As poet she will be remembered by her melodious, hopeful lines, "Poppies on the Wheat," "Oenone" and "The Singer's Hills." Like her verses, her first sketches of travel and characterization were signed "H.H." In 1876 she married William Sharpless Jackson of Colorado, a wealthy Quaker banker. Her later years were devoted to two major interests, first, botanical study of the flowers and trees of this state—at a dinner she decorated her table with twenty-three different varieties of native wild flowers —and second, vital concern for the welfare of the Indians.

For five years she studied the history of the treatment of the Indians by the United States Government, and their customs and romances. The results were embodied in *A Century of Dishonor* and *Ramona,* the story which is alive to-day, both as fiction and as a picturesque film, with musical settings. In writing to a friend towards the close of her life, Mrs. Jackson said: "My 'Century of Dishonor' and 'Ramona' are the only things I have done of which I am glad now. The rest is of no moment. *They* will *live* and they will bear fruit"—a prophecy which has been fulfilled.

Two photographers of New England in fiction, Sarah Orne Jewett and Alice Brown, took pseudonyms for their first ventures. Miss Jewett wrote her earlier stories as "Alice Eliot." Alice Brown chose a masculine pen name, "Martin Redfield," for books that preceded her *Tiverton*

Tales, King's End, The Prisoner and *Dear Old Templeton.* She said, of the use of the pseudonym: "The publishers told me I would have better sale for my first novel if I took a man's name"; she chose one of virility and euphony.

Margaret Wilson, author of a book under current discussion, *Trousers of Taffeta,* a novel of children-mothers of India, sometimes called herself "Elderly Spinster" or "Elizabeth West," in earlier days of authorship. S. Weir Mitchell, with a triple personality as physician, historical novelist and writer of scientific books, veiled his identity as "John Chester." Sinclair Lewis first ventured into print as "Tom Graham."

With revival of interest in German fiction, a few pseudonyms may be noted. Thomas Mann, the winner of the Nobel Prize in Literature for 1929, used the pen name of "Paul Thomas," in writing for a magazine in his student days. "Talvi," a pen name composed of the first letters of her name, Therese Albertine Louise von Jacob, was a poet, historian, novelist and translator of the nineteenth century. She was the daughter of a distinguished German professor. At St. Petersburg, where her father taught, she studied Slavonic literature and there wrote her first poems as "Talvi." She translated some of Scott's romances, using the pen name of "Ernst Bertold." She married Professor Robinson and came with him to New York. In the United States she became interested in the Indian languages and translated books upon the subject. She wrote both German and English. *Heloise,* a novel, published simultaneously in English and German, was a story of the struggle of the Russian government in

the Caucasus. Goethe paid tribute to the poetry and prose of this gifted, versatile woman.

"E. Marlitt" was a pseudonym familiar in the 1860's and later. Eugenie John, the foster daughter of the Princess Schwarzburg-Sondershausen, was the author. She was educated as an opera singer and her novels—ten volumes in all—were poetic studies of German folklore; other tales depict the revolt against caste and prejudice. "Daniel Stern" was the pen name of an eccentric woman writer and friend of "George Sand," Countess d'Agoult, who wrote critical essays and a much-discussed book, *Nelida,* which was widely translated. "Henri Greville" was the *nom de plume* of Madame Alice Durand, whose dates were from 1842 to 1902. Many of her novels described life in Russia and France; her most famous heroine, Desia, was a Russian. *Frankley* was a novel with American background, written after a visit to the United States. Her father was Jean Fleury, a French professor in Russia.

"Ossip Schubin," or Aloisia Kirschner, was born in Prague in 1854. She traveled in Europe and became associated with circles of art and literature. Her novels depict the decadence of modern society. *Maximum, Frühlingstraum* and *Der Rosenkavalier* are representative of her best work.

"Gyp," one of the most familiar French "masks among novelists," explains her pseudonym from "le petit chien, Jip, dans *David Copperfield.*" This prolific and melodramatic novelist and playwright had a keen insight into character. Her full name was Gabrielle de Martel de Janville, Comtesse de Mirabeau de Martel. She was born in Château de Koetsal Morbihan. She has taken an active

part in antisemitic nationalistic movements. Into her pictures of the fads and customs of her time she has woven many keen comments upon politicians and society leaders.

Even more international is "Gervé Baronti," or Mrs. Paul Danner, born in Egypt of Italian and Egyptian parents, and living in Shanghai, in 1926. She has contributed to the journals edited by Rabindranath Tagore but is best known by her *Eyes of India.*

Have pen names become a relic of a past literary fashion? The answer may be found in the index. There have been periods of fluctuating favor but every generation of writers has had its quota. There would seem to be an increasing number of pseudonyms since the World War, especially among authors of tense records of that conflict. The popular wave of mystery tales has brought even more disguises, as has been noted. Modern ingenuity has varied the forms of pen names and added many with droll devices to supplement the "quips and cranks" of earlier literature.

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